

## Faces

Roddy Ricch

Nigga I can't lie, shit changed  
When I start countin' the faces  
Soon as I bust my face down  
All these niggas wanna hate me now  
Got blue cheese in a safe now  
Diamonds outline my name now  
I done seen the worst outcomes  
Why a nigga ride around with my drum (yeah, yeah)

Why these niggas gotta envy me?  
Is it cause I got them racks on me?  
Chanel's on the drip, double C  
Jewelry cold as the ice in my lean  
I was in the field, like Madden  
Hopped off the porch, and I ain't know what happen  
I can feel this codeine in my abdomen  
Now I got more money than I was fathomin'  
I was rich, went broke, and got a bag again  
I just wanna make sure I got enough saved for the kids  
I just wanna make sure my habits ain't effectin' the way I live  
I came up out the streets, nigga I can't lie that's how I live

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