

## Funk Flex (#Freestyle197)

Roddy Ricch

Ayy, hey  
Ayy

Make fifty million in the gamer chair  
Don't count the money 'cause I know it's there  
Don't play with me, this shit ain't fair  
Carry it and bear it  
Shit gettin' scary  
Rich, I'm very  
Sunday with the Cherri  
Whip all white, red guts, cherry on top  
Guarantee they send my closet every thread you cop  
Lot of you niggas is lukewarm, but, none of you niggas is hot  
Went eleven weeks number one, bitch, I came up with, "The Box"  
Lot of horses in the engine, Forgies when a bitch trot  
Michael Jordan with the ball, Jay-Z with the Roc  
Got my mind from my mama  
Got the hustle from pops  
Niggas want me to stop, so, I'ma keep on droppin'  
Around the mansion it's a ostrich, I'm a trendin' topic  
My lil' bitch from out the yajects, drop off this deposit  
Wrappin' all these diamonds 'round my neck 'cause I'm a narcasist  
My whip look like darkness  
You got me like a cartridge  
How the fuck you look at us and act like you don't know we rich?  
They say, "Yo' bitch be on my dick," never find no ho in me  
I'm what I forward to be  
Bitch, ain't no recordin' me  
Out in Portugal, I don't speak no Portuguese  
But, she know get on her knees  
I'm black Jesus in my city, nigga  
I was seein' Ps way before the CDs, nigga  
I ain't embarrassed when they say rap changed my life  
Make another five hundred when I got on the flight  
Reebok got me deals, I need mills  
Got to sit down with Doner and show him what I can build  
I could make a hundred million off tennis shoes, for real  
Might sit back like Ye and stack me a couple mills  
Audemar- Mar-M-M- Mar, M- M- Mar- Mar  
Pagani, P-P-P-Pagani, Pagani  
The doors chop a nigga up like the whip Chinese  
Rollin' in a Demon, tell the Devil, "Get behind me"  
Ayy, ayy  
Ayy  
Ayy, look  
I got in my environment and I can't warm a studio  
Junkie, suicide  
Barma, stay away from socials, I don't like my name in drama  
Devil take my life away, I told God to take my trauma  
Got famous on my own, my time to go find a Madona  
And make a million-dollar baby, I might celebrate Kwanzaa  
A famous collar, I make the whole bedroom Prada  
Make fifty million next year, I'm just being modest  
'Til then, it's sheepskin, condoms, and mix all on my clothes  
A regular day, it might be Nike down all the way to my toes  
Been internalizing scriptures and writin' down my goals  
I can't never flip, and never fold

It's Ricch, ayy