

Position

Roddy Ricch

She said she wanna ride in a coupe
So I might pour a five or a deuce, ay
Might pour five or a deuce, yeah
She said she wanna ride in a coupe, ay
Listen, baby, I play my moves with you maybe
Listen, baby, you know how I'm livin', baby
Young nigga trappin' off the iPhone
Black bands, I forgot to turn the lights on

Me and my niggas rollin' in the eight-six
On some player shit, but yeah, I keep that TEC, bitch
I want a hundred bands on a necklace
So I get a hundred bands on my necklace
20K on Instagram so, bitch, you think you poppin'?
Chase a bag, won't chase a bitch, 'cause broke shit ain't a option
I was kickin' in doors, I was really flockin'
Know some niggas down bad, know some niggas locked in
That's why I keep that double cup poured up
That Rollie on my wrist, you know it's frozed up
She want a rich nigga, so she chose us
See LA 250 how I roll up

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My Cuban Diddy Boppin'
My Rollie Millly Rockin'
It's Ace bottles, if I got it then my niggas got it
And we was down bad, now my niggas really shoppin'
We cop Birk' bags, 'Lenciaga, Cargan dollars
That bitch gon' fuck with niggas 'cause she know I'm ballin'
She hit my iPhone, told that bitch stop callin'
I clicked on her, told the money, "Bitch, I'm all in"
You couldn't dig me, if you did then you would fall in

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