

# Ricch Forever

Roddy Ricch

I just lost my dawg  
Nigga my brother taught me how to chase the bag  
Get right in the field I had to make a bag  
The day he lost his soul wish I can take it back  
I just wanna go get one mo' bag wit my nigga  
Wanna be rich forever for my dawgs  
Posed to take you on you first trip on a private jet  
I vow to always ball until I fall

And we been on this money shit for years  
Gotta drink this mud to make the pain go away  
I been dropping these codeine tears  
Praying Roddy rich don't go insane today  
We was in the high speed like fuck the static  
He wanted the Rollie I wanted the Patek  
Gotta get this safe my nigga fuck around and drag it  
I done seen a lot of shit behind these glasses yeah  
My life goin' through many different phases  
Gotta keep the gundo on me can't go too many places  
Runnin' V12's just to mimic drag races  
Nigga we was bag chasers before we had braces

I just lost my dawg  
Nigga my brother taught me how to chase the bag  
Get right in the field I had to make a bag  
The day he lost his soul wish I can take it back  
I just wanna go get one mo' bag wit my nigga  
Wanna be rich forever for my dawgs  
Posed to take you on you first trip on a private jet  
I vow to always ball until I fall

Got the Burberry jacket and an Ace of Spade  
Get a hunnid racks I gotta make it today  
Gotta get a tintless bracelet punch you right in your face  
My dawg looked out for me when I ain't have nothin'  
Pass on 30 then he put up in a jag or somethin'  
When the opps seen him pull up cold nigga they was mad or something  
We was countin' them hundreds back in Steelo's crib  
I wanted to drip with my brother in Valentino for real  
Remember I was talking to him on the jail phone on Christmas  
Said when he get out we gon' add the check up like arithmetic  
If you try to rob a nigga I vow to get the stick  
I might slide on a nigga like a rip stick  
I don't know why all these legends always gotta die young yeah  
Nigga gotta cut these snakes up out the grass  
Out of everybody I suspected you last  
Supposed to take all these flights in first class

I just lost my dawg  
Nigga my brother taught me how to chase the bag  
Get right in the field I had to make a bag  
The day he lost his soul wish I can take it back  
I just wanna go get one mo' bag wit my nigga  
Wanna be rich forever for my dawgs  
Posed to take you on you first trip on a private jet  
I vow to always ball until I fall