

Ricch Vibes

Roddy Ricch

(This boy got a hit)

I just want you hear me when I pull up skirt
Have a conversation don't wanna see you hurt
You ain't settle for him 'cause you know your worth
Got it from the mud I got it out the dirt
These bitches tell you anything to get into your pocket
These bitches fucking with me 'cause they know I'm all vibes

Pull up in the i8 and these bitches jaw dropping
She wan' roll up my plate tell them bitches go drop it
See, I gots all my feeling gotta tell the truth
You could be for these bitches they won't be for you
I had a down bitch I ain't know what to do
I had to check this rap shit and go get the lube
And I don't mean that I ain't give the world to my bitch
I know she was down so she deserve to be rich
Shorty I wan' go and get you Birkin bags
That Rolls Royce you can be the first to have it
If I see it, I'm a grab it
Take you to Atlanta we gon' flood out magic
You not by my side shorty I can't imagine
You make me choosing you but you know rap my passion
I ain't tryna play you this not on the map
Tryna run that check up tryna get them bands
That bitch ain't my fan I am not your man
I don't know these bitches they just want my sand
Blow up twenty piece 'cause I know I can
Put it on a ring so I can axe your hand
I'm just tryna blow up while I'm on tour
So I can have the flowers hopping off that Benz

Look at you it's like look in the mirror
Bought you Cartier's now you seeing clearer
I bought that new Ferrari gon' take it dinner
Come fuck with double R we some fucking winners

Get your best friend I call Chris he can tag team along
Talking bout my feelings I ain't tryna brag too long
I'm just tryna tell you that I'm all yours
Shopping bags, we can have a car full
Slide down the window while I pull up
Backwoods had the windows rolled up
Just make sure that you never ever use me
'Cause I can never fuck with none these groupies
Your friend tryna tell you that I ain't the right nigga
Don't listen to em they ain't tryna handle life with you
Just hang em up don't let them break the frame of my picture
They fuck the same niggas these bitches won't ride with you
See I'm just tryna tell you how I feel inside
Turn this music on when you ain't feeling right

Turn on Roddy Ricch when niggas tryna vibe
I'm in your mind, I'm in your mind
Aye I'm in your mind
Aye, aye, tell em I'm in your mind
Aye, shorty do you mind

Can I just vibe, aye
Aye can't break the frame of my vision
Hey these bitches they won't ride with you
Tryna take you to the sky, ride with me
Hey baby I just wanna take you high
Fly with me, aye

Hey, yeah, yeah, yeah
Hey, hey, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, hey
This boy got a hit