

Stop Breathing

Roddy Ricch

Ayy

Look out the window, what do I see?
A couple yachts, they got some thots that trot the seven seas
Got CCs and Louis Vs out of every season
Card me please, Forgis make 'em stop breathin'

Mustard just sent the new Ferrari, I just might cop me one
They can't be rich, they just tryna make a carbon copy of 'em
Countin' up this new money, every single day I'm home
I ain't worried 'bout what they be on
You do what you can, I live a lifestyle on the daily, homes
Bracelets on my right wrist, I got eighty on, my fragrance strong
My bitch on top, we're tapin', she don't ride it with no lace on
The lean poured, the Ace gone, the double R, the gray stone
The inside blueberry and the outside is Akon

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It's hard to stomach that
I'm out runnin' laps and I ain't comin' back
Maybach jumpin' like a jumpin' jack off the mumble rap
Where Roddy at? I be chasin' chicken, had to cut the fat
Only wear it one time, did a show, forgot to cut the tags
Another day, another seal, another deal, another bag
Was nineteen, chartin' up the jets, I'm in another class
Niggas couldn't even tell, I was out gettin' cash
I graduated from the streets, I ain't gotta bring up my past

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