

Bugatti

Soulja Boy

I'm in that Bugatti fuckin' up my wrist
Standin' in the trap tryna whip a brick
Catch me in that Gatti tryna whip my wrist
360 whip my wrist, whip my wrist
Ice on my neck, Ice on my wrist
Ridin' in that Gatti fuckin' up my wrist
Ridin' in that Gatti and I broke my wrist
I done sold everything from that to this

Standing on the block, tryna make it flip
In that Bugatti fuckin' up my wrist
Standing in the kitchen wit' a triple beam
Young Nigga flexin' with this rich team
Rich Gang pull up in that fire flame
Diamonds on my neck, diamonds in my chain
You know what I do
I fuck up a check
Whippin' and Flippin' a chicken
I finesse

Rich nigga Pull up Bugatti, switch to the Rari
Scuse me pardon me sorry
Soulja Boy having a party, hoes in the lobby
She give me sloppy toppey
Whippin' I'm breaking my wrist
QC the label the shit
Rich Niggas still hittin' licks
I'm the dropping the top while she suckin' the dick
Back then she ain't like me now I'm rich now
In the kitchen water whippin' break a brick down
Ridin' in that Rari to the trap
I got birds in it
Playing with the water on that stove I need more fishscale
They mad cause I made it
You can have crack like the 80's
I got the killers in Haiti