

Marble Floors

Summrs

(Yeah, it's that Really Rich shit, nigga)
(It's that double R, bird business shit)
(I got rich off and I cut everybody off, fuck 'em)
(It's that bird business shit, it's fuckin' global)
(I love you, I love you too, ha-ha)

Cleanin' my car in the rain (In the rain, nigga)
Nigga can't ask me for shit, you know they ain't hittin' my motherfuckin' drank
Fifties look like my cup, it's pink, yeah
Go to the bank and pull out them Franks
I put on Cologne in the bank (Yeah)
Fifty thousand for the chain on my motherfuckin' neck, I'm a walkin' saint
Asked her, said she wanna cry in the bucket or come cry in the Bentley, yeah
(Which one you really wanna cry in?)
Up in the club and I got my lil' Glock tucked, Fatty got a semi, yeah
Fuck all them niggas, they know it's gon' go up
(Niggas gone have to kill me, gotta kill me nigga, yeah, fuck you nigga)

Take half a mil' out the bank, put it in this bitch face, she got scared, kinda she ain't ever seen that much money, bet I make her faint (I make her faint)
She told me, "Change the light in the car," so she can get her a lil' picture
Soon as I bought her Chanel, she ain't wanna go back to her nigga (Ain't wanna go back to that nigga")
(She like, "Fuck that nigga, man, that nigga could never do what you do")
(Yeah)
(Yeah, fuck that nigga, fuck 'em)
Black trucks behind me in traffic (Traffic, yeah)
Snipers on the fuckin' roof, I give 'em the green light, he gon' smash it (Woo)
Don't hurt your head, turn backwards (Turn backwards)
Got a lil' bitch and she up in my payroll, workin' that magic
Bitch twice my age (Woo), but she still calling me daddy (Woo)
In a black truck (Woo), it's a Caddy
Got a lot of these bad bitches on me shakin' ass, yeah, they get ratchet
I'm off that boop, baby, what's happenin'?
Tell that boy you'll see him later, finna pick you up in the Rolls (Woo, skrrt)
Fast forward through the night, then I had her friend up in the Ghost (Skrrt)

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I ain't the type of nigga to share my fragrance, yeah

Can't be smellin' the same around these bitches young nigga, you hear me
My memory clouded up by drugs, sip codeine 'til I'm dizzy
Park the Maybach on the curb, got these white people like, "He trippin'"
I snaked you but you snaked me first, why it gotta be reptilian
I sip on the purp', not the green, that's yo boyfriend, he chameleon
You gotta know what's going on, I'm not a regular civilian
I told my mom before she was gone that I'd see me a million
Oh, the irony, oh-oh
Better get his bitch 'fore I take her home 'cause she eyein' me, oh
Bitch, I ain't stupid, think I'm a trick, I ain't buyin' it, yeah
Sit in the back of the Ghost like I'm possessed
Take her to designer stores, watch her get undressed
Instagram bio say she highly favored and she blessed