

# Chit Chat

Token

Red

(Oh my God, Ronny)

Sit on the couch, ho  
Pimp shit intro to outro  
Rich and I'm shallow, spit like thinkin' I might choke  
Drink like Cinco de Mayo  
Tints on the ride home, bitch I've been tryna hide  
Pop shit like Prince or a Michael  
All white whip, it's albino  
By no means I'ma quit, I'ma die on top  
Pop-pop to the enemy  
Shop with a cop-cop tendency  
Hot like I got-got felony  
Gotta to be a dog, top, top, top pedigree  
Give me top-top in the top-top mezzanine  
While my opener on, right-right in front of me  
Gotta fuck three for the night to be fun to me  
Swipe, swipe, check the price, all on me  
Homie is the best, strap to your chest like, like dungaree  
Enemy, I hold smoke, bro I'm chim-chimney  
I'm Soho living but I'm homegrown mentally  
I'm so-so wise that the homies tryna get like me  
My bro-bro from Brooklyn, he call his timbs Timothy  
A boatload of women like we're goin' on a trip  
Don't trip 'cause my bro's clip so-so finicky  
The slowmo fuckin' with the cold-cold Hennessy  
Put me at peace like when KC and JoJo sing to me

"What the fuck?"

By 9 PM I need a possible bitch at the crib (Fuck)  
Hop up in the sleigh with a big bag of gifts (Fuck)  
I don't put my time into chitchat, I'm rich (Fuck)  
Hop up in a sleigh with a big bag of gifts (Fuck)  
Take it through the city and give back to kids (Fuck)  
When she get to toppin', I Big Mac the bitch (Fuck)  
I don't put my time into chitchat, I'm rich  
Rich, rich, rich, rich, rich

She fuck like a celebrity more than me, uh-huh  
I gotta repeat if she freak-freak, uh-huh  
I never cheat-cheat but I see three of 'em  
T-T, she call me T, I'm the boss and shit  
Pray to that motherfucker like it's a cross and shit  
G, Gs, C, Cs all on her bag and shit  
Smack that ass, now it's redder than some MAGA shit  
Stuntin' like my daddy when I'm snappin' at the mic  
Trigger-happy, kitty catty on my lap, I got the mice  
Nice fanny pack, I got a couple K, and that's light  
Baby, did you really make a inde milli? That's right  
All the women pretty, more petty than that  
Chameleon with everything because I really adapt  
I line them up and I'm like Kanye and 50 in the Rolling Stone  
Head to head to head to head to head to head  
Treat the homies like a bread knife, break bread  
I be tryna count the bread 'til I'm braindead  
Fresh, so clean, I do what Andre said

Baby I ain't from Atlanta, I look like a bank-head  
Head of the bank offices  
Credit with great confidence  
'Bouta cop the presidential, I never debate politics  
Henny, I'm eight bottles in  
Baby, I'm faded, take me to bed where the runway model is  
Fuck, what time is it? 'Cause

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Rich, rich, rich, rich, rich