

Rich As Hell

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

17

D-Roc

I gotta bring it
Any time and however you want it
Late at night and I can't sleep
I'm staying up, I'm tossing, turning
That's them bodies from my temper creeping on me
That's from me cuttin' 'em off and being home all by my lonely
Bricks and bales
I prefer that chopper, it's gon' kiss you and won't never tell
I can cook that dope just like a worker, you can ask VL
Look and I can eyeball, I don't talk loud, I don't need a scale
Plenty money, but I'm still thuggin', this the rich as hell

Get it and bring it, I flip it
You know how I get it, I know some hard layers
I can speak that work and talk that work
I leave it scarred and pale
Presser, I got solids on that semi, bust your head for real (Presser)
Give me head and then I flip or get that dick for real
Ballin', my niggas haulin'
Niggas be talkin' and I catch 'em walkin'
I do this often, fuck it, I off 'em
Know that I got 'em, you know I'ma stalk 'em
Fuck his fam, I pick his coffin
Catch who bad? Bitch, I doubt it
I got youngins wanna off 'em
All this smoke, it got me coughin'
MAC's-11, I be steppin', bitch, I'm reckless, I'm dumb
Catch you wrestling in your section with that Wesson, you slumped
I got bro on top, ain't tell through a message, we come
We hang guns with them drums, Draco sounding like a bomb
Yeah, you talk that shit, I'm with it, hmm
Watch how quick I whip it
I go Shmurda with them glizzies
I got murder on my tension
I got black on top my lenses
I got straps inside that Bentley
You wan' play, I make you feel it
Come your way, make sure you get it

Bitch, I trap out like Griselda, hollows, I mail 'em
Mojo with my celly, police walk in, I won't tell 'em
Talkin' on my celly with this bitch who came from Heaven
Stutter in my precious, I got uh-uh in my mansion

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Whip that bitch out and she lick it
Check how a nigga be kickin'
I got cases pending, I got THC, it's liquid
If I point, them youngins hit it
I got bitches throwin' up Billy, Blood
I got problems, really, I piss out red inside the tub
Choppin' it
Run her a song, she follow that
Smoking strong, a pressure pack inside my bag, got big racks
She took the Roxies out her pocket, told that bitch don't sniff that
'Cause bitch, I'ma kick you out, you know that we ain't with that
I put that strap in her mouth, bitch
I thought I told you don't talk, bitch
I don't care 'bout what they talkin', fuck her best friend, bitch, I'm rich
Fuck your man man, ho, I'm lit
Plus my whole clique full of pits
I go put on Fendi pants
Thot, your dad can't drip like this

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