

# Rich The Kid, Chanel Frames

Oh, oh' oh

She rockin' Chanel frames  
It's time to go shoot today  
We dumpin' out with the K  
She taste it like lemonade  
My brother just beat the case  
I'm drippin' in fashion  
I'm all in her throat and she gaggin'  
She know that we really a savage  
Call Shotta 'cause he really saggin'  
She suckin' that dick in the cabin  
Thank God I'm livin' lavish  
Don't play with my chicken like Gladys  
Cute bitch' we speakin' in letters  
There ain't no nigga takin' my cabbage  
And my chain cost your new addy  
They got pockets on the fashion' yeah

Who hit that boy, we ain't sayin' no names, Chanel frames  
Wanna cop that Rollie bustdown' fuck a plain Jane  
Go score on an opp like a touchdown, put 'em up like a plane  
We ain't cuffin' no thots over here, my nigga' they all get trained  
Ain't no opps get passes over here, lil' nigga, they all get flamed  
And you fuck with the opps and you duck with the opps, we gon' treat you the same  
I run up a check like a treadmill, you know I'm big boy flexin'  
Couple P's in the vacuum seal, nigga, try me, you know I'm gon' stretch you  
Gang spinning like a Ferris wheel, yeah  
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All this ice on me, I'm gettin' chills  
Me and Bino, we keep that steal, yeah, yeah

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Chanel, Chanel, the bag  
We whip out that fire like a flag  
Too much money, I'm doin' the dash  
Try to take it, we bustin' his ass  
Say she want a Rollie on her wrist  
But she gotta really suck a dick  
Then we really set fire like a Bic  
Spent 'bout five racks on the 'fit  
If she don't turn around, she a trick  
Thought about a whole gang in this bitch  
Different nigga turn 'round, get flipped  
These pussy ass niggas be little  
That nigga wanna rap for a deal  
That's why when I walk out, I really gotta keep my steel, yeah  
I ain't fuckin' no ho if she ain't trill, yeah

These niggas steady cappin', ain't kill nothin'  
Probably they tell in that building  
These niggas bleedin' like a period  
Pussy nigga lookin', get furious  
When you gonna shoot? We ain't hearin' that  
Double cross these niggas in a cul-de-sac  
Chanel furs, I can afford that

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You know, fly like Aladdin  
I need me a carpet when I walk through  
Bitch, I ain't no iron, I ain't pressin' you  
I'll be damned if I let 'em play me like a fool  
These brand new Chanels got me seein' through  
I ain't talkin' Ray Charles, I ain't seein' you  
How your homie die, nigga, you ain't shoot?  
Now they out here smokin' on him 'cause of you  
I don't care who you with, pull that fire  
I don't care where he at, we gon' ride on him  
Yeah, that nigga dead if my eyes on him  
Screamin', "Fuck you," if you ain't my home  
Screamin', "Fuck you," if you ain't my nigga  
You ain't never kill, I ain't ride with ya  
Whenever I see you, better have that iron  
Know I'm tryna snap a nigga like a picture, ayy  
But I'm on some other type of time now, I got a bustdown  
I got some freak hoes at the room, they tryna get bust down  
Better free Smoke, he just did ten, my uncle didn't touch down  
Really in the field, really tryna kill, nigga, don't get touched now

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