

Rich The Kid, Easy

AXL (AXL), AXL (AXL), AXL (AXL)

My wrist, that's a hunnid easy (Hunnid)
Double C when you see my bitch
Hell nah, she bad, she don't want no Yeezys (Bad)
Big bag so the money don't fall
I'm a young nigga still trapping that like easy
All the bands on me, she a fan on me
Young nigga brought the check out of DC
Popped a pill, I'm the man – E.T
Bitch bad, she might get a new cheek (What?)
Make a twenty, turn it to a hunnid (Woo)
Hit the plug, get the bands, sprinting
But a broke nigga ain't talkin' nothing (Nothing)
Send to sleep, in there it was bussin'
Made a fifty, double to a hunnid
Cut the bentley, put the porches on it (Skr)k
Her thot bag like it was frontin'
All these racks all I ever wanted

Throw a bag
She want a Birkin but she can't get none of that (What?)
Ass fat, she want the right, I told that I'm making cap
Damn, I done made a hunnid easy
I use this chalker, she could get a free
My Lamb', bitches say she didn't mean
Now she broke in busses for the freezers
Ouh, I done bought the Lamborghini (Skr)k
I've been facin' on a nordic season
Pass that, told him the butter was fifty but he could've match that
Make a twenty, turn it to a hunnid (Hunnid)
She don't want no Yeezy, is you dummy?
Drop a bullet, place it in the Tommy
Niggas love that cappin' but it's on my wrist

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