Rich The Kid, Famous

Shorty say that I would never make it Now I'm shitting on her cause I'm famous Pulling up in Porsches and I'm racing Paper, I got paper

Young nigga I made it I'm finally famous These bitches, they're driving me crazy They turn on the t.v They see me I'm getting the spinach The broccoli, veggies my pockets is heavy I was on the phone with Offset Takeoff, told me we was finna takeoff, takeoff Quavo told me put into the bando Whole lotta money on the table, pesos Now I pull up in the [?] And I'm sippin' on syrup Ya bitch is a bird, so I kick her to the curb The bitch got sum nerve Feels good to be rich Tryna figure out why you mad? Fucking all the bitches that been had... I'm addicted to the money Fuck rehab Had to buy mama a Porsche Hot like a torch Lil nigga jumped off the porch She said I wouldn't make it But now that I'm famous I'm thanking the lord I wrecked in the Masi I switched to the Rarri He driving a Ford A rich nigga walking around with a 50 Count up when I'm bored

Paper on top of paper, yea we made it All my old hoes, wanna have my baby We was hittin' licks Had the fucking block hot Domingo hit my phone Say he bouta touchdown know his [?] was out I told em I make it rapping They thought it was funny... Then young nigga got rich Start counting blue hunnids Me and Rich flexing on a bitch Then we go to [?] Really don't know I'm thinking bout, copping a masi And I want it black and white like Sylvester I'm a let you tell it What would you do for the cheddar? We moving together I know that you just a beginner 50 choppers in a sprinter My momma she told me go kill em'