

Rich The Kid, Famous (Remix)

Shorty said 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, I got paper

Young nigga I made it
I'm finally famous
These bitches, they're driving me crazy
They turn on the TV
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 pull up to the bando
Whole lot of money on the table, pesos
Now I pull up in the vert
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 I been had
I'm addicted to the money, fuck rehab
Had to buy mama a Porsche
Hot like a torch
Young 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
You driving a Ford
A rich nigga walking around with a 50
Count up when I'm bored

Paper on top of paper, yeah 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 bout to touchdown know his name was out
I told em I make it rapping
They thought it was funny (What the hell is so funny young nigga?)
Then young nigga got rich, Start counting blue hunnids
Me and Rich flexing on a bitch
Then we go to Follies
Really don't knowl 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'

Rose Rolex, eating pork rinds
Aquaberry diamonds froze the hands of time
Codeine pouring with the purple swans
I'm playing hackey sack in the valet parking at Hakkasan
Neon swim shorts, I don't play sports
The way I ball, I burn through money like a Newport
Mentos seats, and the paint orange
Should I sip codeine, or should I sing a chorus?
I got an all star team, but I'm running late
I got talk show dreams, like I'm Ricky Lake

Yeah you can't tell me nothing, you can tell I'm stunting
Who woulda knew I'd have Versace jewels across my tooth