

Rich The Kid, From The Streets

(OG Park..
This that old trap shit..)
(Deko)

(Trap..Trap..)

In the trap eating busy bee's, Rich the kid, I'm from the street
I got ice all over me, got four ho's in the back seat
My pockets so swoll like a fat nigga, Had the gas and the pills I was taxing ya'
Had to tell mama we made it! Bitch in the coupe goin' crazy. (Trap..trap..trap..)

In the coupe goin' crazy, no license
She wanna fuck, yeah cause of my diamonds
I ain't finna buy the bitch red bottoms, she must be crazy. (Bitch you crazy!)
Had the pussy more diamonds than the Rich the kid Chain
Shooters on shooters, ain't saying no names
I got the gwalla just look at my ring
QC the label they not playing no games
Put my wrist in the pot where the woop, with a watch cause my motherfuckin' rollie is a waterproof
Everything Vintage, you can not find it. Me and your bitch, somewhere in Hawaii
I really worried bout another, cause Nick he keep the chop. (In the trap..trap..trap..)
Eating Busy B's, Rich Nigga in the foreign I don't need no key

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Pockets on swoll like a fat nigga, Rocking the work, no taxin'?
I ain't never been a fake watch busta. These bitch gon' fuck, can't trust 'em
Ridin' round, sippin' on lean. My chopper got an infrared beam
Trap gon' Jump got fiends. Ain't talkin bout Alicia, got keys
Rich the Kid, I'm from the street, Yeah I made it, so I got to thank Jesus
She gave me nothin' but head, no Beavis. That brain so good, no genius
Like French, I ain't worried bout nothin'. That pistol got a hundred round drum
In the trap like Busy B's, I'm about your bitch like an mp3

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