

# Rich The Kid, Moon Walkin

Bitch I be ballin' like KD  
I fuck a bitch and her friends  
I think we did it again  
I been walkin' with them bands

Hey, moon walkin' off a xan  
Ayy, fucked a girl, she a fan  
She let me hit it on video  
My circle small like a cheerio

Bitch I be ballin' like KD  
I fuck your bitch off the gram  
Pull up in a Rari like damn  
Foreign ho from Japan

Ayy, bitch I stick to the plan  
Remember I was juggin' for the grams  
Ayy, then we ran off with your pack  
Young nigga ran up a sack

Run it up, run it up  
Nasty bitch, fuck her right on the furniture  
Paris ride in a Rari, foreigner  
Fuck a model bitch and I'm recording her

She wanna fuck 'cause I'm comin up  
Pull up in Rari's, no Hummer truck  
Ayy, bitch I be ballin' like Mike and 'em  
I got the bands, now she likin' him

Yeah, took your bitch no pardon me, sorry  
Skateboard bitches callin' me gnarly  
Diamonds flash like the paparazzi, yeah

Big thirty, now them boys don't want problems  
Stepback, now that boy look like Harden  
Rich Forever, now my chain look like water, yeah

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Ah-Dexter, look  
Bitch I be ballin' like KD  
Blockin' bitches off the gram  
Naw I do not do no xans  
I like to draw on my pants

Ice on my neck, colosseum

Come get your girl, she be all in my DMs  
Sixteen, I was whippin' that BM  
She fuckin' on me 'cause her man wanna be him  
[Rich The Kid:] I just might make her my BM

Foreign bitch, she Korean  
I let her stay for the weekend  
Fifty K on a backend  
I get the money, them M&Ms  
I fuck your bitch, she ain't in to him  
I'm ballin' hard above the rim  
Run up on me, put the blood on your Timbs  
Don't wanna bump me, got the guard on my hip  
She suckin' me up, I'm gon' cum on her lips  
Big choppers, I got guns like I'm Tip  
Ran off with that pack, hit the block, make it flip  
Big choppers like I'm Tip  
I'ma just nut on her lips  
Oh shit, she got milk  
My homies be blood, and some of 'em crip

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Yeah, diamonds on me and they wet, splash  
Trap nigga, birds takin' a bath  
Whip a brick then I'm buying a Jag

Hey, zip 'em up like Bathin' Ape

Whip it up like we bakin' cakes  
Chop-chop it up, yeah shavin' weight  
We was broke, now we rich forever  
Too many diamonds, might break the bezel  
We got the money, might flex together  
She suck my dick on the dresser

She give me brain like professors  
I'm a professional flexer  
And I ball, Michael Vick  
We was broke, now we rich

Trap phone, hangin' up on the plug  
Rich nigga with a cup full of mud  
Xans on me, I been takin' the drugs  
Bad bitch wanna fuck with a thug  
Come too close, catch a couple of slugs  
Chain shining on me, now she fallin' in love

You ain't grinding homie, you ain't gettin' no buzz  
Maserati, used to ride on the bus

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