

Rich The Kid, On My Pradas

Baking soda on my Pradas, all I do is fuck the models...

20, 30, 50 bottles...

All I do is count them dollars...

I been about them Benjamins, I said I been about them Benjamins...

I'm all about them Benjamins, I said I been about them Benjamins

I just bought a new whip, I just bought a new Rove

I got 35 bitches, I don't need no new ho

Got a iPhone 4, got a iPhone 5

Got, niggas tryna kill me so I'm tryna stay alive

Got my nigga T with me and you know he strapped up...

And my nigga peel it so you better back up...

And I'm racked up...

Truey and that Prada

I'm in Magic City Mondays throwing way too many dollars...

Now I'm up in Onyx, strippers up in Follies

Got your girl open and she fuckin' on a Molly

In my Aston Martin, and it's extra Foreign...

Got your old girl with me, bitch is extra boring

I be draped up in Versace swagger jackers tryna copy

Pull up in that Maserati, foreign bitch she do pilates...

If that pussy good, I put her in Armani

She be flippin' on a Molly, diamonds straight from the Safari

Burberry, Range Rove... Hit the mall I change clothes

Captain cup, y'all save hoes, well I'm tryna get these bankrolls...

Rolex, Breitling... Don't you see my diamonds?

Love the way I'm shining, hit the club I'm blinding...

I just bought a Ferragamo Porsche on 26's...

Pull up to the mall and leave with 20 bitches...

Young nigga been about them Benjamins...

Big face hundreds, I be stackin' 'em