

# Rich The Kid, Routine Rouge

Five in the A.M., pourin' these shots of wine  
No parents allowed, turn off the stars and the clouds  
We smoke and foggin' around  
Phone calls go straight to the pound  
We talkin' pound after wooo  
We talkin' pound after the pound

Turn my suite into the club  
You gon' have to wait up for me  
Sextape selfies, don't be selfish  
You gon' have to play that for me  
Can you feel it, baby? Can you feel it?  
You gon' have to wait up for me  
Girl don't you know PARTY?  
You gon' have to play that for me

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Pound after the pound  
Pound after the pound

Shawty know I'm trappin' pounds, nigga, blow it down  
Bust it open, I got paper, what you playin' for?  
And that pussy, I'm a pound it  
She already know, rich nigga got so many racks, can't count it  
Trap pounds, trap pounds, I serve all around  
When I come to your town I'm a lay it down  
Got a bitch on a bitch, and I want to know about  
She spit on the dick  
She gon' turn to a freak  
Pop a perc, can you feel it?

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Pound after pound, I take a fade in it  
She told me, "Don't stop, " so I stay in it  
"Ain't no nigga been this deep, " that's what she told me  
When we're done all you wanna do is hold me  
I ain't finished, from the kitchen to the bed  
You gon' have to keep up with me  
I don't mind if you stay  
But you're gon' have to wait up for me  
Do you feel it, baby? Can you feel it?  
Shot after shot got us faded  
Girl you look amazing when you're naked  
Stop playin' with it, come give it to me

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