

# Rich The Kid, So Sorry

(Hurt what it do?)

(Ayo, 'Llari, this shit fire)

I done got my granddad into real estate  
So my baby momma fifty thousand, make sure my daughter's straight, yeah  
I go rent a Wraith then ride around LA  
Tryna come up with a plan to save more what I made (Mhm, ayy)  
See the M, visualize, I need that plane by tomorrow, yeah  
She don't take my cup, she know there's drank on my heart, yeah  
Different type of flex, I like the vibe, don't post cars engine  
Stick back, smoke that life in the fastlane, momma, I'm so sorry

Counters on, light is off, yeah, ah-ah  
Conversate a lot with the devil  
I could swear I ain't your child  
Need the bank, what's in the bag? Whole lotta lies  
Lotta shit went on, that's truly wrong, I had to make it right  
Ain't buyin' no more chains, I'm buyin' real estate (I'm buyin' real estate)  
Don't need no more friends, 'cause your intentions, freak (You're really fake)  
Movin' too fast, I had to hit the brake (Skrr)  
Never goin' broke, we gon' hit the bank (Hit the bank)  
Don't touch my cup, that ease the pain (Ease the pain)  
Don't touch my racks, that'll leave you stained (Leave you stained)  
Tryna make another four million by tomorrow (Tomorrow)  
Tryna sign a young nigga, turn him to a star (Star)  
To blessed, gotta share the blessings (Share the blessings)  
Say a prayer, got a few confessions  
If they play, we gon' have discussion  
Pour a six in my cup, the [?] (Rich)

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