

# Rich The Kid, That's Right

That's right, that's right  
That's right, that's right  
That's right, that's right  
That's right, yeah  
Cashed out on a Masi  
Hunnid racks, got it on me  
Broke niggas hatin' on me  
Flexin' on 'em with the rollie  
That's right, that's right  
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That's wrong, they was hatin' all alone  
With the money, not alone  
Trap talk on the phone  
Wonder why they did hatin' me  
One verse that's a rollie  
I was runnin' from the police  
Servin' the J, he got no teeth  
Fit the work like a skateboard  
I got the molly she asked for  
She gon' talk me in a two doors  
Now I'm rich, I want more  
That's right  
I put your bitch on a flight  
I can buy you what you like  
I run to the check like a night  
Rich forever in these diamonds  
You cannot stop me from shining  
Look in my rollie, going blind man  
Stevie I play with the key but no blind man  
That's right, I got rich over night  
Sniper hit you in your life

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You broke to that place with a hunnid bands  
You blow diamonds cloudy  
Rich niggas all around me  
They lookin' at me like a OG  
Fuck niggas, all hatin'  
I got choppers, puttin' haze  
Hit the jewel, hit the jewel  
I'm the plug, I'm the plug

Flippin' out work on a [?]  
Too many geeks like a genator  
Phone rings  
[?] bitches drink semen  
Flexin' on you my rollie  
Hunnid bands carry got it on me  
Ask your clips never lonely  
You don't want beef you want baloney  
That's right, she rode that dick like a bike  
I give this bitch what she like  
Fuck her, she coming me twice  
Big, big, big diamonds  
They was hatin' but I'm shining  
In the field like a [?]  
I'm in the hills you can find me

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