

# Rich The Kid, Touchdown

Boy you know I got them Haitians  
And they waiting just to touch down  
Put a chopper on a pussy nigga  
Boy you know I got them Haitians  
And they waiting just to touch down  
One call, they gon come and get you

Pa jwe ak m' cop (don't play with my money nigga)  
I made me a milli, you broke with no job  
Had to go raw, I wasn't gon starve  
You see me, my Haitians go through your garage  
They in camouflage  
I'm flexing in cars, you flex and you floss  
All my young niggas got Haitians, waiting  
Half a mill cash in the basement  
Mama she said I'll make it  
Just pray to the lord, be patient  
Touch down, sitting in the Maybach, feeling like Curtis  
Riding with 100 rounds

You don't want no problems  
QC the label, young nigga got choppers  
One call, that's all  
Now you in a room with your head chopped off  
No trapping young nigga, I boss, I floss  
I'm buying, it really don't matter the cost  
I came from the bando, I finally made it  
I trap out a loft  
Trap out a [?] seat  
Cause I pull up in an Aston Martin, bitch I got felonies  
I'm sipping the syrup so heavily  
Kissing the bitch but she sucking me  
You know that I'm Haitian  
My sucker punches in there patiently waiting  
They said I wouldn't make it, I trap out of vacants

Kodak Michael Vick, touchdown with them bricks  
I'm finessing shit, all I do is catch pics  
I'm a Haitian prince, my old girl from Port-au-Prince  
I be in the field, you little niggas on the bench  
Boy be quiet, you don't make no dollars, you don't make no sense  
Kodak Black, I be creeping in a Jag, windows tint  
[?], I'm a roll out and scramble with the skit  
I'm the shit, I don't take no shit  
I be with the shits  
Early morning when I'm fourteen, act like [?]