

# Rich The Kid, What You Been Doin

What you been doin'?  
Working, racking, flexing on purpose  
Pull up, that Maybach swerve  
Sippin' on syrup  
Who got them birds?  
I got them birds  
I'm looking for somewhere to serve  
Give me the word, these bitches they get on my nerves!

Bitches, they get on my nerves  
Cause of the trap I got birds  
The Rollie it cost me a vert  
Came from the bottom, the dirt  
I just might put all my chains on  
Flexing on purpose it ain't wrong  
Still sippin syrup outta styrofoam  
Bitches I fuck then they goin' home!  
All of my niggas still trapping  
Your bitch disappearing, no magic  
Racking and stacking the paper  
I'm Rich, I got too many haters  
Hoes they fucking and doing no talk  
Sipping the syrup in the morning  
Young Rich Nigga, I am not sorry  
I'm flexing on purpose, I bought a Bugatti

Addicted to chasing the cash  
I'm thanking the lord I ain't mad  
Thinking bout' shit I ain't had  
Now I got plenty of racks  
Now I got cars in garage  
Bitches they know I'm a star  
I got a brick on my arm  
30 my Rollie and charm  
Where the fuck was you when I was locked up?  
Now I'm flexing, walking around with my wrists up  
They asking me what I been doing  
The money it's coming it's moving  
I think that I'm hurting their feelings  
We not the same cause I'm different  
Fuck it I'm dropping the ceiling  
Young nigga been chasing the millis