

Rich The Kid, Why You Mad

Hopping out the Rarri
I don't come from the bottom
Got a whole lotta cash...
Money on the table
Got money on the floor
Got money in the bag...
Why you mad?
Why you mad?
Why you mad?
Why you mad?

Broke nigga wanna talk
Got money in the vault
She buy me Giuseppe, she tell me she love me...
You cuffing her, choosing her, giving her money
Why ya mad cause I came up?
Say I wouldn't make it fuck nigga I'm famous...
Pull up in the Audi, the Rarri I'm racing
No mo' wearin Ralph Lauren
My bitch so foreign
Trap jumpin like Jordan...
How many times I told ya'll
I'm drinking that lean
Out the bottle in the morning...
Yung nigga I come from the hood
Flex and finesse and I juug
Rich nigga I made me a milli
My momma she told me I would
Red bottoms when I'm walking it's a murder scene
OG gas bags light green, Listerine
I didn't judge history
But it don't get to me
Racking and stacking the currency...
You love her, you give her yo card
I'm in yo garage
She suck me
She getting me hard
You kissing that broad

You mad? Or nah?
Rockstar, pull up, no guitar
I'm fucking yo bitch but you buying her cars
I ride in that Phantom, a boss
My neck and my wrist on glacier
Paper and paper, I'm relay the mayor
Shorty she know I'm a player
She thick from Jamaica
Rich nigga in the club, throwin money in the air
Broke niggas, just staring over there
Pull up in a Rarri, but you riding on a spare
My diamonds so clear
Hunnid bands my ear
I ain't round no square
You busted yo tire
You ain't got bus fare
By the way, these haters ain't talm bout nothing
I'm still getting hunnids
In the mall with yo bitch
With yo money
I'm buying me something
Maison Margielas
And brand new Giuseppees
You still wearin pradas...
I pull up in Rarri

I came from the bottom
You riding the motor