

# Rich The Kid, Body Bag

Ayy, yo, that's Dre  
Dubba-A flexing  
Yeah, big gang  
Louie Bandz made another one  
Turnt up, turnt up  
[?]  
This Is The Sound

I got dope inside my cup, I think I poured too much  
No Instagram, told that bitch don't come around, we postin' that  
Assassination-style, I won't show you nothin'  
Originate with 38 Baby, if you don't bang with me, then blow you some  
Nigga, fuck you, I don't own you nothin'  
I'll show your ass that how lead feel  
I've been thuggin' outside then I run around in town going on seven years  
If you thought that, nigga, show you is  
We don't talk down when I say it is  
I'm on gang, baby mama shed tears  
They seven serving over fifty years  
You know me, then you know I keep a steel  
Cock his ass, do this shit for real  
Been that boy since I was a child, I ain't showing tires, they ain't know how I feel  
I step on a nigga ass, nigga make me mad, don't stop until he killed  
My Mama know I'm thugging, it get ugly like when me and you feel  
Oh yeah

From the block, hop out with them Glocks and leave 'em dead  
I go hot top, I pick 'em up, I bring 'em down straight to this bed  
Leave 'em for real, like y'all know trill  
Most niggas want me, they be scared  
Pop your cut as fast you pop a pill  
I know these niggas better be ready

Pop you're cap 'cause if you're playing with the gang, we leave him dead  
You was flexin' for the 'Gram, we pullin' up like what you sayin'  
Body bag, toe tag me a nigga  
Can't play with 4KTrey and have your baby momma miss us  
Drop a bag on her, see these racks and diamonds, got the Jag' on me  
Your body comes up missin', they like where the homie?  
Red bean on him like just like pepperoni, if a nigga own me

Uh, what happened to that boy  
Them red beams look like forbidden apples to that boy  
I pop then I add snap and crackle to that boy  
My wings flopping like a pterodactyl to that boy  
I spin the block  
Leave his body stretched out looking like 6 o'clock  
Half a brick on the counter looking like a cinderblock  
I got gorilla guap when I shop  
Keep spinning like a fucking spinning top  
Pour the lean to the top, still never spill a drop  
I left in an SUV, I came back in a drop  
I got your recipe, it came back with a pop  
Can't forget who I know, but I know who I forgot  
If I ain't hit everybody, let me know who I forgot  
Come back with a street sweeper, I just hope you got a mop  
I'mma throw your body over a yacht  
You're body gon' float back to the dock  
Get the body bag in a toe tag, that's new clothes and new socks  
You lil' bitch