

# Rich The Kid, Dabbin Fever Intro

Had a dream I was counting racks  
In that Maybach it was all black  
Niggas hate when you got a sack  
I was fucked up had to make it back  
Woke up still had a roly on  
Fuck around and gave the world the dab fever  
Givenchys my frames I see no evil  
Running with the money still chasing dead people  
Liter and a pint and I'm poured up  
I got good dope fuck your nose up  
Whip it with the fork scrape the bowl up  
They was sleeping on a nigga now I'm racked up  
Fuck your feelings make a millie  
Rich I woke up in a Bentley  
Pour a four I got a fever  
Dab flu I'm sipping easter  
Dab school I'm a have to give em a lesson  
Twelve got us tour bus full of weapons  
Fuck feds I ain't answering one question  
I'm a felon you ain't getting no confession  
Dab fever dab fever riding around in a two-seater  
I'm in the middle of the beeper the whole world got dab fever