

# Rich The Kid, End Of Discussion

End of discussion  
I went from nothing to something  
I want them real deal hunnids  
Ooh, she a blondie, look like Kehlani  
Pussy tsunami  
They talkin', no money, it's nothing  
End of discussion  
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Big bag, truckload (huh)  
I'm in her throat (throat)  
Plug call, I finesse for the dope (plug)  
Gucci, my coat (gucci)  
Rich nigga, had to come up from broke (rich)  
100 a show (100)  
Want a feature, it'll be 50 or more (50)  
Pull off with yo thottie, I just got that 'rari (skrrt)  
Pack touchdown like I'm James Harden (pack)  
From nothing to something  
Dolce Gabana, my bitch now she stunting  
Was trappin' a onion  
Rich Forever, boy you know how we bomin'  
Matte black Wraith  
Pocket, all faces  
Can't sit on the bench 'cause I ball baby  
Shut down every store in the mall baby  
Swerving, she nervous  
Young nigga, I was trappin' a birdie  
Cook it up, hurry  
All of my niggas on 730

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I went from nothing to everything  
I went from finer to better things  
Colombiana and Mary Jane, stuffed the Eddie Bauer with Eddie Cane  
Straight to the top, fuck the middle man  
I cut him out, Edward Scissorhands  
Everytime I pop thousand milligrams, spin to the top like the ceiling fans  
Bad bitch pretty, she pretty bad  
She might get a bag that come with a bag  
Pull out a molly bag, let her dib and dab  
Let the money talk 'til it jibber jab  
My plug just hit me with a give and go  
Now I'm over the stove and I'm whipping ass

Tell the boogeyman I'm the bigger man  
Tell the trigger man, "pull the trigger, man"  
Pull up on yo ass, two seater  
Pull off fast like a loose cheetah  
One diamond ring on two fingers  
Cheating on these hoes, call me Tune Cheadle  
Look how they grinnin' and blushin'  
I got the enemy rushing, get it, the enemy Russian  
Fuck it, end of discussion  
Tune  
Money team

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Blue cheese, hundos  
She gotta go  
Want a bag, left the bitch at the door  
Pinky on froze  
Made a milli, you was chasin' them hoes  
The money don't fold, baby mama keep calling my phone  
She ride it like a Harley, bitches call me gnarly  
Them diamonds fufu, you ain't tricking nobody  
I came up from nothing  
They was hating, I was getting to the money  
My wrist lookin' sunny  
Pussy good and she look like Kehlani  
Stars in the Wraith, automatic face  
She wanna fuck my chain  
Pussy poppin', but you bought her a ring  
Just to come pull up on me  
You probably flex for a week  
In Paris, a 50 at least (50)  
Too many racks up on me (rich)

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