

Rich The Kid, Like Mike

(Nard & B)

Motherfuckin' bum nigga
More rain, more change
Hey

I spend it all, get it right back (Right back)
You niggas acting up, niggas showin off
Niggas not even like that (niggas not even light)
Got to go run to the money
I pick up a bag and I'm comin' right back
Them niggas lookin' real funny
I'm whippin' the Jag' I know they don't like that
Diamonds, they dancin' like Mike Jack'
I'm on a roll like dice
You gotta pay that price
She give me face, like Skype
I got her old man tight
I gotta ball like Mike
VVS's dancing, they moonwalk
I put the gang on ice
Runnin' to the bands, gotta cool up

I blow the racks when I'm pissed off
Pull out the Wraith, throw the top off
You niggas is softer than cotton
Mad 'cause all my diamonds be bossin'
Rich Forever gettin' to the check now
I bought me a Maybach to ride around
I'm flexin', they pullin' the cameras out
They're askin' me, what's there to talk about
Left wrist froze, got pointers
The bankroll too big, it don't fold up
Rich Forever whole gang froze up
She a motherfuckin' liar, she don't know us
Back to the trap
VV, bring my diamonds intact
Still sippin' the Act
Ride around with a pint and a Mac

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We ain't into the hoe talk
Turn a nigga whole afro to a mohawk
And I'm making mad money, no lie
In a big body, but it's fast like a go-kart, aye
They be so mad when I pull up
Put your girlfriend in the back of the tour bus, aye
Ain't got time for a ho now

Put my dick on her tonsil
Make her throw up, aye
The way she be rockin' Hermès
The way she rockin' all this Gucci and Louis
I wanna rock her to bed
I hope that pussy ain't loose and it's goeey
Let's take a flight to Berlin
I'll get you Givenchy and Jimmy Choo things
I skeeted all on her chest
Watch it drip all the way down to the pussy

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