

Rich The Kid, No More Friends

Yeah
Yes sir
Huh (big bank)
(Painkid got all the sauce)
Put you in a chokehold like a wrestler (wrestler)
Teach you how to get rich, the professor (proffes')
Told mama she raised a flexer (flex)
Told my bitch she rich forever (bitch)
Back then, I was broke, I was hustlin' (hustlin')
Now, me and the money be cuddlin' (huh?)
I'ma pull out the stick, I ain't tusslin' (grrah)
I might step on a nigga like Timberlands (Timberlands)
I'm so rich, I can never go broke again
For my mama I woke up and bought a Benz (woo)
I be trippin', I sleep with the F&N
I want racks, I want no more friends
Huh, I made two mill' off a mixtape
Like I seen a whole hundred like a pancake (what?)
Hell nah, I don't want a handshake
Ain't worried 'bout bitches, I money make
I was way in Dubai when I crashed the Wraith
Cut her brakes, so this mornin' was wide awake (wide awake)
My bitch with me, help me count up the backend (yeah)
Young nigga get the M&Ms (yeah)
I been a professional flexer
Pin her down, I'm motherfuckin' wrestler (wrestler)
I put that bitch on the stretcher (woo)
Now, she get caught up for inches
Put you in a chokehold like a wrestler (wrestler)
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I be trippin', I sleep with the F&N
I want racks, I want no more friends (yeah, yeah)
Who callin' me?
This must be the money it got to be (what?)
Be proud of me, before I sleep I'ma pray on my enemies
Bitch, you ain't rich, pretend to be
Got a bitch so gutter from Tennessee
He done turned to a opp, was a friend to me
These bitches can't get my energy
These bitches can't ride my wave, no
Tryna play with me, this ain't play dough
Took a whole thing like I'm Fabo
Got a Bentley color of the bankroll (what?)
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