

# Rich The Kid, On My Way

On my way to the bank with some hundreds  
Bitch thats where my money stay  
(I was on my way)  
On my way to her place  
She said turn up then we turn up everyday  
(I was on my way)

On my way to the jeweler  
Told nigga that I need a new chain  
(that I need a new chain)  
On my way to my jeweler  
Told that nigga that I need like two chains  
(that I need like two chains)  
And if a nigga try to snatch it  
Then that nigga gonna need a new brain  
(he gonna need a new brain)  
I told my team fore' you pop em  
And you drop em  
Bro just leave my shoes clean  
Before we pick it up  
We pick em up and throw his ass through the food chain  
Chewy 7:30 loco I'ma show you nigga's how to do things

On my way to your bitch house  
Young rich nigga in the bank pullin' racks out  
Pourin' I pull up in Forgi's  
Bitches is gorgeous  
Droppin' the top on the Porsches  
Too many chains, she looked at my pinky she gave me the brain  
Walk in the bank and they knowing my name  
I'd rather be rich before the fame  
You ain't drop 50 racks on the Rollie  
Back then I was broke you ain't know me  
In the trap I been trappin' until I OD  
Fuck 12 I be runnin' from the Police  
On the way to the check, I got the tech  
Pull up I spray at your neck  
She suckin' me up in the back of the Bentley  
Where is the roof on the Bentley?  
Got a whole lot of hoes they turn up  
Bitches too foreign they come from the border  
Countin' Blue Benjamins racks on the way  
Smokin' on cookies they come from the Bay  
Sippin the syrup in the morning, purple like Barney  
I got a 'Rari it's orange  
She keep on callin', drippin' and pourin'  
I cannot fuck her I'm touring

(Schmoney!)

Bitch I'm trapping and dappin, like my young nigga Rich  
I just copped me an Aston, music keep blasting, too much water with grits  
Shout out to all my QC brothers, it Feels Good to Be Rich  
Jump Out the Gym, my house of the cliff, 2pac and Flip  
Above the rim, that's a brand new car, don't lean on it  
She wanna roll with a star, I told her dream on it  
She tried to hop in my car, I had to speed on it  
Saw it when hit 220 on the dash, with both feet on it  
Fuck the speed limit, if coming too far [?]  
Because I be rushing to the schmoney, I'm a fiend with it  
Got the cups with the ice with the lean in it  
Red dot on a Glock, that's a beam on it  
Schmurder she wrote, red ink on it  
The ship too full, don't sink on it  
Yellow diamonds in the rollie, put pink in it

And the Glock got a bite, don't think of it (Bow!)