

Rich The Kid, Red

Ayy, let me hear that ho, Jeff (Ayy, let me hear that)

Red bitch, red hair, she get flown out
Red bottoms, but ain't slippers, got her toes out
Red guts on the Lamb' when I pull it out
Money all blue and my bitch all red
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Drank, red, bitch, red, gimme head
She gon' suck me 'til I'm dead
The Glock got a beam on it
My money so tall, I can lean on it
He talkin' the smoke but we want it
I pull out the dick, she ease on it
I pull out a bag and sleep on it
You talkin' 'bout the beat? I got Jeff on it
Forgiatos got the red on it
Fuck her on the floor, not the bed only
Some my niggas they bangin' that blue
Some of 'em bangin' that red
Know she want some brand new shoes
'Long as them bottoms is red

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Pour up the red, I'm on the meds
Her Birkin is red, middle finger to the fed
Bitch, I was broke, then I got rich, did it in real life
Got a red bitch, let her count the fifties at a red light
Lamborghini got the red guts
She a good girl, but she bad as fuck
Beep-beep, when she backin' up
Get a bag when she actin' up
Red cup, she got Henny, I got red stuff (Drank)
First class to redevye, how she pullin' up

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