

Rich The Kid, Touchdown

Boy you know I got them Haitians
And they waiting just to touch down
Put a chopper on a pussy nigga
Boy you know I got them Haitians
And they waiting just to touch down
One call, they gon come and get you

Pa jwe ak m' cop (don't play with my money nigga)
I made me a milli, you broke with no job
Had to go raw, I wasn't gon starve
You see me, my Haitians go through your garage
They in camouflage
I'm flexing in cars, you flex and you floss
All my young niggas got Haitians, waiting
Half a mill cash in the basement
Mama she said I'll make it
Just pray to the lord, be patient
Touch down, sitting in the Maybach, feeling like Curtis
Riding with 100 rounds

You don't want no problems
QC the label, young nigga got choppers
One call, that's all
Now you in a room with your head chopped off
No trapping young nigga, I boss, I floss
I'm buying, it really don't matter the cost
I came from the bando, I finally made it
I trap out a loft
Trap out a [?] seat
Cause I pull up in an Aston Martin, bitch I got felonies
I'm sipping the syrup so heavily
Kissing the bitch but she sucking me
You know that I'm Haitian
My sucker punches in there patiently waiting
They said I wouldn't make it, I trap out of vacants

Kodak Michael Vick, touchdown with them bricks
I'm finessing shit, all I do is catch pics
I'm a Haitian prince, my old girl from Port-au-Prince
I be in the field, you little niggas on the bench
Boy be quiet, you don't make no dollars, you don't make no sense
Kodak Black, I be creeping in a Jag, windows tint
[?], I'm a roll out and scramble with the skit
I'm the shit, I don't take no shit
I be with the shits
Early morning when I'm fourteen, act like [?]