

Token, Chit Chat

Red

(Oh my God, Ronny)

Sit on the couch, ho
Pimp shit intro to outro
Rich and I'm shallow, spit like thinkin' I might choke
Drink like Cinco de Mayo
Tints on the ride home, bitch I've been tryna hide
Pop shit like Prince or a Michael
All white whip, it's albino
By no means I'ma quit, I'ma die on top
Pop-pop to the enemy
Shop with a cop-cop tendency
Hot like I got-got felony
Gotta to be a dog, top, top, top pedigree
Give me top-top in the top-top mezzanine
While my opener on, right-right in front of me
Gotta fuck three for the night to be fun to me
Swipe, swipe, check the price, all on me
Homie is the best, strap to your chest like, like dungaree
Enemy, I hold smoke, bro I'm chim-chimney
I'm Soho living but I'm homegrown mentally
I'm so-so wise that the homies tryna get like me
My bro-bro from Brooklyn, he call his timbs Timothy
A boatload of women like we're goin' on a trip
Don't trip 'cause my bro's clip so-so finicky
The slowmo fuckin' with the cold-cold Hennessy
Put me at peace like when KC and JoJo sing to me

"What the fuck?"

By 9 PM I need a possible bitch at the crib (Fuck)
Hop up in the sleigh with a big bag of gifts (Fuck)
I don't put my time into chitchat, I'm rich (Fuck)
Hop up in a sleigh with a big bag of gifts (Fuck)
Take it through the city and give back to kids (Fuck)
When she get to toppin', I Big Mac the bitch (Fuck)
I don't put my time into chitchat, I'm rich
Rich, rich, rich, rich, rich

She fuck like a celebrity more than me, uh-huh
I gotta repeat if she freak-freak, uh-huh
I never cheat-cheat but I see three of 'em
T-T, she call me T, I'm the boss and shit
Pray to that motherfucker like it's a cross and shit
G, Gs, C, Cs all on her bag and shit
Smack that ass, now it's redder than some MAGA shit
Stuntin' like my daddy when I'm snappin' at the mic
Trigger-happy, kitty catty on my lap, I got the mice
Nice fanny pack, I got a couple K, and that's light
Baby, did you really make a inde milli? That's right
All the women pretty, more petty than that
Chameleon with everything because I really adapt
I line them up and I'm like Kanye and 50 in the Rolling Stone
Head to head to head to head to head to head to head
Treat the homies like a bread knife, break bread
I be tryna count the bread 'til I'm braindead
Fresh, so clean, I do what Andre said
Baby I ain't from Atlanta, I look like a bank-head
Head of the bank offices
Credit with great confidence
'Bouta cop the presidential, I never debate politics
Henny, I'm eight bottles in
Baby, I'm faded, take me to bed where the runway model is
Fuck, what time is it? 'Cause

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I don't put my time into chitchat, I'm rich

Rich, rich, rich, rich, rich