

# Rich Chigga, Crisis (ft. 21 Savage)

wake up about 6  
think about money  
than abour yhis  
I got mothing on my wrist  
but I still gladly take your bitch  
who produced that beat?  
yes sir, I did!

got that ass on me  
sound like I'm from NYC  
Airbnb gon' fuck in it  
She know that I do the music  
always cook at home  
I'm tryna to save up  
tryna do my friends some favors  
gave her head  
she facin backwards

27 shows  
I go through cities every now nad then  
I watch the crowd  
they jumping watching me  
cut cut to day ago  
I;m just a kid not old enough to smoke a cig  
they wonder, what's the recipe?  
they want me to come home  
I can hear the drum roll  
but understand I'm out here for a reason  
livig in my own home  
father miss me I know  
but also he know that I;m on a mission

I got diamonds on my fist and shit  
diamonds on my wrist and shit  
so icy, bitch  
I'm colder than a freezer  
my main bitch bithcin  
side blitch tripping  
bitch I love ya'll both but none od y'all ain;t no keepers  
I'll leave ya  
Rolls Royce look like Jeepers Creepers  
Made a million dollars with Adidas  
Can't have a ticket niggas  
of my beeper  
take this shit to trial, nigga  
I'm gona beat it  
split my lean  
it got me headed  
naby, get down on your knees and eat it  
walking out of Louic V with the big box  
I pulled at St. Laurent  
I made a pit stop  
young Savage walk around with the big Glock  
with that 20 hangong out  
nigga that's hip-hop  
car too fast 12 can't stop me  
bitch you bad  
hoes can't fuck me  
you was running form smoke  
nigga, not me  
Rich Chigga, 21 Savages, now it's O.D .

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