## Rich The Kid, 4 Phones

Got it on smash

They know I got cash, I ain't gotta brag no more (Woo, woo, woo, what?)
I play with the money, I just might go snatch the Ghost (I just might go snatch the Ghost)
I run through the check, but fuck it, the bag is close (Bag is close)
I don't want the bitch, but fuck it, I had the ho (Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo!)
I made a hundred thousand in the same clothes (Same clothes)
I drop a whole quarter, now my neck froze (Neck froze, ice)
Rich Forever, put my team on (My team on)
Think I'm still trappin', I got four phones

Niggas is cap for real Ain't seen a half a mill My bitch ass thick so real (So real) I was trappin' to pay the bills (Woo) Money long need to pick-up truck (Pick-up-trunk) Lotta hundreds you can't pick 'em up Gotta make sure my niggas rich (Rich) In the Tesla but I had to switch Niggas fraud, really counterfeit (Counterfeit) Flip her over then she do a split They was lying but I'm really rich She be lying you can't trust the bitch Want the money yeah the check that's it (That's it) Rubber bands all around my wrist Broke niggas they ain't talkin' 'bout shit (Shit) I was broke, had to hit that lick (Lick)

I'm thinkin' 'bout the Wraith, I just might go snatch the Ghost I'm all into Forbes I ain't gotta brag no more (Ain't gotta brag) She give me top at the red light (Red light) She get a bag if the head right Cuban links nigga iced out Pinky ring that's a lighthouse

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Nigga the block is hot (Hot) My niggas they trap a lot (Trap) My bitch got the ass out (Ass out) Fuck her, she tap out My money don't max out (Max out) What is the cap about? These niggas they cap a lot I'm dropping the top on spot She ain't tryna fuck, then she get kicked out Niggas keep talkin' they gon' get x-ed out Mama said don't have my house trapped out Got a little foreign, 'bout to blow the back out Too many shows, packed-out He keep talkin' he can bring the racks out New Lamb, now I'm about to back out Want a Porsche but that shit was sold out

Run a lil check, there's no more relaxin' I brought the Rich, you bought the Rollie Bitch probably lyin', said she don't know me I wanna ball like better than Kobe 100 racks, blue cheese that's on me We ain't friends, no you're not my homie Rich Forever we got tall racks Broke bitch better fall back (Lil bitch)

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