

Rich The Kid, Dabbin Fever Intro

Had a dream I was counting racks
In that Maybach it was all black
Niggas hate when you got a sack
I was fucked up had to make it back
Woke up still had a roly on
Fuck around and gave the world the dab fever
Givenchys my frames I see no evil
Running with the money still chasing dead people
Liter and a pint and I'm poured up
I got good dope fuck your nose up
Whip it with the fork scrape the bowl up
They was sleeping on a nigga now I'm racked up
Fuck your feelings make a millie
Rich I woke up in a Bentley
Pour a four I got a fever
Dab flu I'm sipping easter
Dab school I'm a have to give em a lesson
Twelve got us tour bus full of weapons
Fuck feds I ain't answering one question
I'm a felon you ain't getting no confession
Dab fever dab fever riding around in a two-seater
I'm in the middle of the beeper the whole world got dab fever