

Rich The Kid, Nintendo

Hey, hey
Damn, ayy
Hold up

New coupe, lane switch though
Couple bands on the fit though
I'ma go and get the wrist froze
Hey, chains shine like a disco
Got to keep the heater 'cause my shit cold
Pull up stuntin' with a rich ho

Ayy, she playin' games like Nintendo
I was trappin' out the bando
She wanna fuck me 'cause my wrist froze
Ayy, two seater, no four door
I was runnin' from the five-oh
Kick a bitch out the back door

Remember runnin' out the back door
I need all the pounds, where it's at though?
We was broke, where was you at though?
Me and bunny was juggin' them packs though
We was doin' a lot for the green
In the telly she suckin' up seed
In the telly, her head in the sheets
Shawty came through just to eat
They like why he got spikes on his feet?
They like is that LaRon on the beat?
Me and Vic had to Balmain the jeans
Hit a lick, I ran off with the cheese
She keep suckin' me up, she a skeeze
I'ma pass her off to kilo
Niggas trappin', moving kilos
My niggas stickin' to the G code

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Too many racks in my jeans
I broke the money machine
She was fuckin' for Celene
Trappin', break the triple beam
New wave, young niggas gettin' paid
Way too much Act with the Sprite
I need the racks in my life
IPhone and the beeper
I was trappin' out the bando
Kicking bitches out the back door
Give me top, now she got to go
The money keep liftin' my vans
She want the molly, she tan
She lick it right off my hand
She a freaky lil bitch

Did it again, now we rich
My niggas trappin' the bricks
I can teach you how to whip
Chains shine like disco
Throw the bitch out the window
She only want me 'cause my wrist froze
Count it up 'til the bank close
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