

# Rich The Kid, Phone Tap

Phone tapped like The Wire  
Birds sing like the choir  
Rich nigga, Gucci attire  
With a bitch look like Mariah

Got birds singing like a recital  
The chopper sit right by the bible  
I am America's top trap idol  
And as a teen I was packing the rifles

24 inches, I ride in that Chevy  
Pick up my wallet, that shit kind of heavy  
Bitch see my face and that bitch call me pretty  
Beat up that kitty and nut on her titty  
Told that lil bitch don't you dare act siddity  
Your ass is fake and your weave looks shitty

Bitches fucking for some Remy  
She was flexin', drive a Camry  
I told that bitch don't you call me  
Got her geeked up on the molly  
Sent her home in a cab  
Goyard, got the racks  
Put Atlanta on my back  
I was broke, I got the sack  
Flippa running with a Mac  
Lil Yachty in the trap

Louboutin with the Supreme  
I trap Yao Ming, do you know what I mean?  
Photoshoot, Flippa in teen magazine  
The cap ain't nothing, nigga it ain't what it seems  
See my bitch then make a play when I serve a scene  
Stay down, stay 100, and expect greater things  
30 racks, 30 rounds, it's in my jeans  
Get money, fuck bitches, it's in my genes

I remember in high school I was serving the beans  
15 hundred for a young nigga's jeans  
Young nigga, I'm the king of the teens  
Dick deep, make the pretty bitch scream  
Young nigga, I'm a fuck up a check  
Two months, I'm a say check my neck  
I'm a call up Flippa, tell big bro bring the TEC  
Real flex, spend my guap on my neck