

# Rich The Kid, Thousand Times

I got 8 chains on, 6 rings on, feel like Jordan

I done fucked it up and made it back 1000 times  
Niggas hated on my struggle, I stayed on my grind  
Tried to block me, tried to stop me, you can't stop my shine  
Got to hustle off the muscle and take care of mine  
I done fucked it up and made it back 1000 times  
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I done fucked up a sack, had to make it back  
Had to hit a juug, hit licks in all black  
The struggle, the struggle, the struggle  
I got to go get it in bundles  
Ain't nobody give me shit, bitch I had to juug  
I done ran up a sack, now my family good  
The haters see me on top, I'm grinding, they wish I would stop  
I'm tipping the strippers, the hundred, the fifty, the twenties  
I get to the money  
The kitchen, I'm cooking and whipping and flipping  
The bricks I serve in a dummy  
Our money Gianni Versace, the Gucci, the Louis, the Fendi  
I'm trapping and eating at Bennys  
You broke, you eating at Wendys  
I done fucked my [?] up like 1000 times  
If it ain't guala than please don't waste my time  
Trapping, it turned into rapping  
I don't even know how it happened  
Vacations across the world  
I'm cooling, I'm chilling, relaxing

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I perfected my hustle, all you rappers in trouble  
My first bed was a single, the money under it double  
Yeah I came from the rubble, now I'm a diamond the rock  
And your bitch want a shot, we know her nigga gon block  
Just to get to where I'm getting, nigga take a second  
Cold shit dropping and they say I got the lake effect  
Hot boy, but every time I hit em I can make em wet  
They say he getting money, well little homie place a bet  
See I done fucked it up and made it back 100 times  
A new watch, a new whip, homie you can see the signs  
And if you can't see that, then you're probably blind  
Nigga say he get it like me, then he probably lying

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I ain't never been worried bout no dollar, nigga

Cause getting what I want ain't never been no problem, nigga  
I got watches, I got chains, I got coupes and trucks  
Revolvers, automatics, when we shoot em, duck  
I'm from the ghetto where they smoke, snort, and shooting up  
And for them robbings choosing [?] niggas boosting stuff  
If it's a [?] my BGs booting up, rolling up  
Heavy skunk, cop a brick, shave it down till the corner cut  
Make 40, then burn it up  
Off of that one night of turning up  
I done made it back a million times, a million times  
Off a million grinds  
Now my Cuban bracelet got a million diamonds  
And a hater blocking, tryna stop this shining gon get this iron

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