

# Rich The Kid, Automatic

All these foreigners automatic  
They know where we come from, now they see us livin' lavish  
And I done fell in love with all that money, I wan' marry it  
My niggas in the feds, they almost had it, they was grabbin' it  
Fresher than a manic  
All this money make you panic  
She don't wanna lose her soul  
All for these racks, she let me have it

I bring them cars out, nigga  
I made it straight up out them trenches  
Ever since go all I win, VVS's in all our fits  
I get shawty Chanel filled with vintage  
I ain't know she a ball out spender  
When I see it, no waitin', I'm divin' in it  
If you want it, you got it, don't do the lendin'  
In the back of the back with the richest lender  
I got fifty, nevertheless taking out the glizzy  
Got the latest yo-yo with them bodies in it  
From the front of the yard like it's dotted, man  
From the top of the bleed like I'm Spiderman  
You know that I'm on it, you know that I'm holdin' it  
Ain't no way, if you play I'ma pop a nigga  
I ain't doin' no time, forever I'm chosen  
Quit throwin' them B's with a hundred pistols  
But Quando my nigga, forever we rollin'  
On Twitter right now, been inside the system  
I done ran it way up, nigga, I'm fully loaded  
Bitch, I pull up, nigga

Fresher than a manic (Manic, oh, oh, oh)  
All this money make you panic (Oh)  
She don't wanna lose her soul  
All for these racks, she let me have it (She let me have it, yeah, yeah)  
All these foreigners automatic (—matic)  
They know where we come from, now they see us livin' lavish  
And I done fell in love with all that money, I wan' marry it (Hell yeah)  
My niggas in the feds, they almost had it, they was grabbin' it (Grabbin' it, woo)

Money automatic, racks, I gotta have it (Racks)  
Talk about the cash, I'm a fucking addict (What?)  
And your bitch on my dick, she a dick fanatic (Dick fanatic)  
She flexin' but might just be acrobatic (Principle)  
I'ma ball out with it (Ball out)  
Don't need a rubber, she comin' with it  
She a freak ass bitch, let three hit it (Let three hit it)  
Pull up in the Lamb', that's three-fifty (No cap)  
All these foreigners in my yard, she gon' fuck me in the car  
'Cause she know that I'm a sta-a-a-ar  
Kill the pussy, I'ma stab it (Stab it)  
See the money, gotta grab it (Woo)  
You do too much hatin', that's a bad habit (Rich)

Fresher than a manic (Manic, oh, oh, oh)  
All this money make you panic (Oh)  
She don't wanna lose her soul  
All for these racks, she let me have it (She let me have it, let me have it)  
All these foreigners automatic  
They know where we come from, now they see us livin' lavish (Lavish)  
And I done fell in love with all that money, I want to marry it  
My niggas in the feds, they almost had it, they was grabbin' it (Grabbin' it)