

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)