

# Rich The Kid, Don't Want Her

Ya, I don't want that bitch cause she garb'  
Ya, I just want her [?] faster

Shout out my new bitch, she perfect  
Jabbed her, trap still jumpin' like Kermit  
Flexin", I'm makin' 'em vomit  
The Rollie is water, it came out the faucet  
I put a M in my closet  
Racks cannot fit in my wallet  
The money is comin', can't stop it  
I don't want that bitch 'cause she garbage  
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I'm a hit ya ho and then I give it back  
Married to the money, all these greens have a icy tag  
"Flexin' on Purpose", then ya nigga had to sit back  
Money on my mind, I was thinkin' 'bout a hundred right  
Lil thot gimme top ice in my wrist watch  
Oh my mother, I won't love her, can't trust her  
Both rubbers on and face down, bust it  
Kissed a hoe and I'm appreciate, she sick (urgh)  
Your chain came out the more you bust it (whoop!)  
Call me the goat  
Too much lean, got a purple fo  
I do with that bitch, 'cause she garbage  
Fucking ho's, all the runway models  
Diamond's water, like they came out damn faster  
You was winnin', had a soul, but you lost it  
Nigga they tryna be me  
Give a fuck about a bitch, roll your money up  
I got a foreign, I just make her count it  
All of my business don't need no accountant  
Niggas are the poor, fuck these niggas I ain't tryna be cool  
Grow bad money, got bands like a fo'  
I'm a count hundreds, I ain't think about you

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Keep on winning, got the face up  
Rolling with a MAC with a back up  
Ain't stressin' on bitch, I'm a player

Fucking all eve, I can't buy you no help  
Cut her off with a scizor  
Countin' money, get a spinner  
Nigga fall like the winner  
Came for the ball and gotta flex up  
See a hundred, got a learn keep callin'  
Current traps, just trippin', I'm ballin'  
Take her home, I'm a fuck to the molly  
Fuck her 'round, with a hundred, it's on me  
Wake up and see more Benjamins  
Change a check, yeah dat way  
Countin' money, get a headache  
Rich Forever, I'm in Beverly  
I was gonna had it clean, now I'm facing really  
You can't see, find no nigga that ain't got a milli  
You slapped me the ho, put your Paypal  
I'm on the way till I pick up the phone  
Shoutout my new bitch, December she call  
Got a quarter milli, now I'm flexin' you both

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