

# Rich The Kid, Famous

Shorty say that I would never make it  
Now I'm shitting on her cause I'm famous  
Pulling up in Porsches and I'm racing  
Paper, I got paper, I got paper

Young nigga I made it  
I'm finally famous  
These bitches, they're driving me crazy  
They turn on the t.v  
They see me I'm getting the spinach  
The broccoli, veggies my pockets is heavy  
I was on the phone with Offset  
Takeoff, told me we was finna takeoff, takeoff  
Quavo told me put into the bando  
Whole lotta money on the table, pesos  
Now I pull up in the [?]  
And I'm sippin' on syrup  
Ya bitch is a bird, so I kick her to the curb  
The bitch got sum nerve  
Feels good to be rich  
Tryna figure out why you mad?  
Fucking all the bitches that been had...  
I'm addicted to the money  
Fuck rehab  
Had to buy mama a Porsche  
Hot like a torch  
Lil nigga jumped off the porch  
She said I wouldn't make it  
But now that I'm famous  
I'm thanking the lord  
I wrecked in the Masi  
I switched to the Rarri  
He driving a Ford  
A rich nigga walking around with a 50  
Count up when I'm bored

Paper on top of paper, yea we made it  
All my old hoes, wanna have my baby  
We was hittin' licks  
Had the fucking block hot  
Domingo hit my phone  
Say he bouta touchdown know his [?] was out  
I told em I make it rapping  
They thought it was funny...  
Then young nigga got rich  
Start counting blue hunnids  
Me and Rich flexing on a bitch  
Then we go to [?]  
Really don't know  
I'm thinking bout, copping a masi  
Yea  
And I want it black and white like Sylvester  
I'm a let you tell it  
What would you do for the cheddar?  
We moving together  
I know that you just a beginner  
50 choppers in a sprinter  
My momma she told me go kill em'