

Rich The Kid, Feel It

I'm 'bout to get some money and I feel it
I promise you are fucking with the realest
She said that ass is real but let me feel it
You niggas stay the fuck up out my business
The syrup creeping on me and I feel it
Tryna get some money, I can feel it
You bitches stay the fuck up out my business
I promise you are fucking with the realest

Ok I'm cashing out
I got them haters, stack that paper at my grandma's house
They was sleepin' on me, I'm gon' make 'em feel it
Drop the ceiling
I'm too worried 'bout that paper, why you chasing bitches?
I been steady winning
Bout to get some more money, I can feel it
I promise you are fucking with the realest
Bobble-head bitches, they keep calling me
You don't benefit so stay the fuck away from me
I just got some pictures, she gon' whip it, put 'em in the kitchen
She gon' let me feel it, I'm a kill it, I don't leave no witness
Rich nigga, I ain't worried 'bout nothing but these Benjamin's
Ain't talking on the phone, I know they listening

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'Kay she really bad, really bad, bitch bad
Ten chain swang, she gon' throw it back
Wrist in the water, I can bring it back
On that Motorola talkin' 'bout the racks
I been known she freaky, she want Waffle House
Bought that bitch a biscuit, put it in her mouth
We fucking in the mansion, then I kick you out
I don't got no bitches sleeping at my house
In all black like John Wick, I'm a whip a brick
Jumpman, had that trap house jumping ever since
Ran up in your spot and I don't leave a print
I got lot of money, you can't have a cent

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