

Rich The Kid, I Don't Answer

I did the most for the bands, niggas can't tell me shit
New ice and it dance, swimming like Phelps and shit
She wanna fuck on my mans, I might go sell ya bitch
I count my bread in advance, I don't need help with it
I pour the lean by the ounce, never a drought
I'm still scoring like the answer
She call my phone what about, I'm in her mouth
She too boring, I don't answer
I'm in the club with an ounce, stand on the couch
Chain lookin' like the dancers
We get in, get it out, diamonds they shout
Diamonds on me throw a tantrum

Pour a six in a Fanta
Fuck your lil bitch, give her gifts like I'm Santa
I got lil bitch, she a dancer
I just might put her on camera
Wait, fuckin' her mouth
Matter fact kickin' her out, can't stay in my house
Run to that cheese like a mouse
Pounds they right in the couch
I make the money look easy
She want a bag, you cannot be greedy
Look at my AP it's freezing
Yeezys on, check the season
They tryna copy the wave
Too many chains like a slave
I was broke, now I'm paid
Poppin' two pills then I geek on the stage

I did the most for the bands, niggas can't tell me shit
New ice and it dance, swimming like Phelps and shit
She wanna fuck on my mans, I might go sell ya bitch
I count my bread in advance, I don't need help with it
I pour the lean by the ounce, never a drought
I'm still scoring like the answer
She call my phone what about, I'm in her mouth
She too boring, I don't answer
I'm in the club with an ounce, stand on the couch
Chain lookin' like the dancers
We get in, get it out, diamonds they shout
Diamonds on me throw a tantrum

Diamonds on me throw a tantrum
Got the Rari, park the Phantom
Paparazzi with the cameras
We keep flexin', they can't stand it
Quarter mil stashed in the couch, I'm in her mouth
Fly the birds down south
The brick is official, I stamp it
She wanna be, remember ride in the Camry
Money is close
Born with a hundred, I'm doin' the most
I gotta boast
These rappers is fraud, really they broke
We got a MAC
Audemar arm, Givenchy my tag
We got the cash
Stuff fifty racks in the paper bag

I did the most for the bands, niggas can't tell me shit
New ice and it dance, swimming like Phelps and shit
She wanna fuck on my mans, I might go sell ya bitch
I count my bread in advance, I don't need help with it

I pour the lean by the ounce, never a drought
I'm still scoring like the answer
She call my phone what about, I'm in her mouth
She too boring, I don't answer
I'm in the club with an ounce, stand on the couch
Chain lookin' like the dancers
We get in, get it out, diamonds they shout
Diamonds on me throw a tantrum