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

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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

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