

# Rich The Kid, Money Machine

I remember sellin' CD's for another nigga to make my money, ya dig?  
I ain't goin' back broke, nah, nah  
Check  
SipTee, I'm him  
Check  
Ah (Yeah), yeah  
Yeah, yeah, ayy

I was trappin' out that basement (Trap)  
Mama said, "Stay on that grind, boy, be patient" (Boy, be patient)  
I was runnin' to the money, had to chase it (Chase it)  
I had made a couple racks, I couldn't waste it (Racks, racks)  
Now I'm laughin' to the bank, got a big bag (Bag)  
Freaky little bitch, she gon' ride like Six Flags  
How the fuck I ran these millies up but I had skipped math?  
How the hell I got this water on me like a full bath? (Drip)  
Let me call my doctor (Doctor), I'm so sick (Sick)  
When I pull up in that 'Rari, they take a pic (Skrtrt)  
How the fuck I got a Bentley truck? They said I wasn't shit  
How the fuck I made it rappin'? I done really went legit, damn

I'm a college dropout that signed a deal  
And I know they didn't believe that I'd make it for real  
I did sleep on the floor, but I never did miss a meal  
'Cause mama made a way for a nigga, that's for real  
I had been broke, had no hope  
Niggas went down when I sold CD's at the store  
Lost real niggas that I can't see no more  
Looked at my past, I ain't goin' back broke

Money machine shit (Machine shit)  
I done seen my nigga dead, you ain't seen shit (You ain't seen shit)  
Bitches tellin' me they love me, that don't mean shit (That don't mean shit)  
I done spent a couple milli on that lean shit (Lean shit)  
That's some fiend shit (No cap)  
How the fuck I made it rappin'? I was trappin' out the back (Back)  
Tryna pull up Magic City and tried to hit me with a MAC  
They'll hit you for a rack (For a rack)  
From the bottom, I done made it, that's a fact (That's a fact)  
Now I walk around, pockets on blue bills (Bills)  
Fuck a bougie bitch but I be in the trap still (Trap)  
And my niggas rich forever, tryna make a hundred mil' (Mil')  
Tell her, "Turn around, bend it over," baby, how it feel? (Hey)  
I'm the boss, I been cashin' (Cashin')  
Plain jane Patek, I don't do no flashin' (No flashin')  
I told my mama, "What you tryna get, that Aston?" (Skrtrt)  
She said, "I just want the bands and some cashin'"  
Then I started laughin' (Ha)

Look, then I started laughing, yeah, uh-uh

Fuck my ex, fetched with my niggas, I do not care how she feel, though  
Know she prolly get jealous, she should've kept it real though  
I know real freaks that called on FaceTime to use a dildo  
I ain't hungry, I've been eatin', I'm tryna touch a mil' though  
And I'm still the same nigga that I was without this chain on  
I'm just out the way, so ain't no one to put the blame on  
And I know she hide her face 'cause that's exactly where I came on  
Sold my PlayStation, I ain't the one you gon' run game on  
Cracked the code on 'em  
VVS hangin' on my chest, that boy done froze on 'em  
No paparazzi, all these diamonds strike a pose on 'em  
You gave 'em trust and now you mad because you told on you  
Yeah, you told on you

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SipTee, I'm him  
Money machine shit  
Money machine shit, money machine shit, ah