

Rich The Kid, Moon Walkin

Bitch I be ballin' like KD
I fuck a bitch and her friends
I think we did it again
I been walkin' with them bands

Hey, moon walkin' off a xan
Ayy, fucked a girl, she a fan
She let me hit it on video
My circle small like a cheerio

Bitch I be ballin' like KD
I fuck your bitch off the gram
Pull up in a Rari like damn
Foreign ho from Japan

Ayy, bitch I stick to the plan
Remember I was juggin' for the grams
Ayy, then we ran off with your pack
Young nigga ran up a sack

Run it up, run it up
Nasty bitch, fuck her right on the furniture
Paris ride in a Rari, foreigner
Fuck a model bitch and I'm recording her

She wanna fuck 'cause I'm comin up
Pull up in Rari's, no Hummer truck
Ayy, bitch I be ballin' like Mike and 'em
I got the bands, now she likin' him

Yeah, took your bitch no pardon me, sorry
Skateboard bitches callin' me gnarly
Diamonds flash like the paparazzi, yeah

Big thirty, now them boys don't want problems
Stepback, now that boy look like Harden
Rich Forever, now my chain look like water, yeah

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Ah-Dexter, look
Bitch I be ballin' like KD
Blockin' bitches off the gram
Naw I do not do no xans
I like to draw on my pants

Ice on my neck, colosseum

Come get your girl, she be all in my DMs
Sixteen, I was whippin' that BM
She fuckin' on me 'cause her man wanna be him
[Rich The Kid:] I just might make her my BM

Foreign bitch, she Korean
I let her stay for the weekend
Fifty K on a backend
I get the money, them M&Ms
I fuck your bitch, she ain't in to him
I'm ballin' hard above the rim
Run up on me, put the blood on your Timbs
Don't wanna bump me, got the guard on my hip
She suckin' me up, I'm gon' cum on her lips
Big choppers, I got guns like I'm Tip
Ran off with that pack, hit the block, make it flip
Big choppers like I'm Tip
I'ma just nut on her lips
Oh shit, she got milk
My homies be blood, and some of 'em crip

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Yeah, diamonds on me and they wet, splash
Trap nigga, birds takin' a bath
Whip a brick then I'm buying a Jag

Hey, zip 'em up like Bathin' Ape

Whip it up like we bakin' cakes
Chop-chop it up, yeah shavin' weight
We was broke, now we rich forever
Too many diamonds, might break the bezel
We got the money, might flex together
She suck my dick on the dresser

She give me brain like professors
I'm a professional flexer
And I ball, Michael Vick
We was broke, now we rich

Trap phone, hangin' up on the plug
Rich nigga with a cup full of mud
Xans on me, I been takin' the drugs
Bad bitch wanna fuck with a thug
Come too close, catch a couple of slugs
Chain shining on me, now she fallin' in love

You ain't grinding homie, you ain't gettin' no buzz
Maserati, used to ride on the bus

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