

# Rich The Kid, No More Friends

Yeah  
Yes sir  
Huh (big bank)  
(Painkid got all the sauce)  
Put you in a chokehold like a wrestler (wrestler)  
Teach you how to get rich, the professor (proffes')  
Told mama she raised a flexer (flex)  
Told my bitch she rich forever (bitch)  
Back then, I was broke, I was hustlin' (hustlin')  
Now, me and the money be cuddlin' (huh?)  
I'ma pull out the stick, I ain't tusslin' (grrah)  
I might step on a nigga like Timberlands (Timberlands)  
I'm so rich, I can never go broke again  
For my mama I woke up and bought a Benz (woo)  
I be trippin', I sleep with the F&N  
I want racks, I want no more friends  
Huh, I made two mill' off a mixtape  
Like I seen a whole hundred like a pancake (what?)  
Hell nah, I don't want a handshake  
Ain't worried 'bout bitches, I money make  
I was way in Dubai when I crashed the Wraith  
Cut her brakes, so this mornin' was wide awake (wide awake)  
My bitch with me, help me count up the backend (yeah)  
Young nigga get the M&Ms (yeah)  
I been a professional flexer  
Pin her down, I'm motherfuckin' wrestler (wrestler)  
I put that bitch on the stretcher (woo)  
Now, she get caught up for inches  
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I want racks, I want no more friends (yeah, yeah)  
Who callin' me?  
This must be the money it got to be (what?)  
Be proud of me, before I sleep I'ma pray on my enemies  
Bitch, you ain't rich, pretend to be  
Got a bitch so gutter from Tennessee  
He done turned to a opp, was a friend to me  
These bitches can't get my energy  
These bitches can't ride my wave, no  
Tryna play with me, this ain't play dough  
Took a whole thing like I'm Fabo  
Got a Bentley color of the bankroll (what?)  
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