

Rich The Kid, Ray Charles

Ayy, let me hear that ho, Jeff
Bitch-ass niggas
Ho-ass niggas, we countin' this shit up
We rackin' this shit up
Spent a whole M for the whole team
You know what I'm sayin, on just ice (Swear)

Put a whole hunnid racks in my left hand (Hunnid)
I cook it up like a frying pan (Woo)
Bought my bitch some Chanel, cost nine bands (Bands)
I don't see y'all niggas like a blind man (Woo)
Playin' wit' the keys like I'm Ray (Ray) Charles (Charles)
I can stuff a fifty in my Go— (Go—) yard (Water)
Crossin' the border (Border), Florida (Woo), headin' to Georgia
Ray Charles, I put my hoes in order (Ray Charles)

Yeah, let that bitch play
You hear that? (Woo, woo)

Bankroll, bankroll bigger than ever
My niggas richer than ever (Rich)
Ray got a quarter mill' out this dirt
He dug it up wit' a shovel
I don't see y'all bitch niggas like a blind man
Made a mill' last night, think I'm lyin', man?
In the trap, hit 'em with the frying pan
He ain't got no heart like the Iron Man (Woo)
The bitch on my body, might fuck again
Bitch, I'm Ray Charles, gon' and bring a friend (Woo)
Money countin', keep it rackin' in (Rackin' in)
I gotta sleep with a F&N (What?)

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Yeah, real spill
The first young nigga with a Richard Mille, huh
Nah, real deal
No cap
Boss Man