Rich The Kid, Red

Ayy, let me hear that ho, Jeff (Ayy, let me hear that)

Red bitch, red hair, she get flown out Red bottoms, but ain't slippers, got her toes out Red guts on the Lamb' when I pull it out Money all blue and my bitch all red Red bitch, red hair, she get flown out Red bottoms, but ain't slippers, got her toes out Red guts on the Lamb' when I pull it out Money all blue and my bitch all red

Drank, red, bitch, red, gimme head She gon' suck me 'til I'm dead The Glock got a beam on it My money so tall, I can lean on it He talkin' the smoke but we want it I pull out the dick, she ease on it I pull out the dick, she ease on it You talkin' 'bout the beat? I got Jeff on it Forgiatos got the red on it Fuck her on the floor, not the bed only Some my niggas they bangin' that blue Some of 'em bangin' that red Know she want some brand new shoes 'Long as them bottoms is red

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Pour up the red, I'm on the meds Her Birkin is red, middle finger to the fed Bitch, I was broke, then I got rich, did it in real life Got a red bitch, let her count the fifties at a red light Lamborghini got the red guts She a good girl, but she bad as fuck Beep-beep, when she backin' up Get a bag when she actin' up Red cup, she got Henny, I got red stuff (Drank) First class to redeye, how she pullin' up

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