

Rich The Kid, So Sorry

(Hurt what it do?)

(Ayo, 'Llari, this shit fire)

I done got my granddad into real estate
So my baby momma fifty thousand, make sure my daughter's straight, yeah
I go rent a Wraith then ride around LA
Tryna come up with a plan to save more what I made (Mhm, ayy)
See the M, visualize, I need that plane by tomorrow, yeah
She don't take my cup, she know there's drank on my heart, yeah
Different type of flex, I like the vibe, don't post cars engine
Stick back, smoke that life in the fastlane, momma, I'm so sorry

Counters on, light is off, yeah, ah-ah
Conversate a lot with the devil
I could swear I ain't your child
Need the bank, what's in the bag? Whole lotta lies
Lotta shit went on, that's truly wrong, I had to make it right
Ain't buyin' no more chains, I'm buyin' real estate (I'm buyin' real estate)
Don't need no more friends, 'cause your intentions, freak (You're really fake)
Movin' too fast, I had to hit the brake (Skrr)
Never goin' broke, we gon' hit the bank (Hit the bank)
Don't touch my cup, that ease the pain (Ease the pain)
Don't touch my racks, that'll leave you stained (Leave you stained)
Tryna make another four million by tomorrow (Tomorrow)
Tryna sign a young nigga, turn him to a star (Star)
To blessed, gotta share the blessings (Share the blessings)
Say a prayer, got a few confessions
If they play, we gon' have discussion
Pour a six in my cup, the [?] (Rich)

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