

Rich The Kid, Two Cups (feat. Offset & Big Sean)

Two cups, two sluts (Two sluts)
Jump right in it like like I'm playin' double dutch (Ooh)
Whippin' in that pot, I hit it uppercut (Woo, woo, woo, woo)
I put my drip up on the plate, she eat it up (Hey)
Big body keys, the Bentley truck get mounted up (Big body keys)
You can't buy me for no million, nigga, that ain't enough (That ain't enough)
But I only spent a dime to get your tummy tucked (Dime)
Nigga done lost your fuckin' mind tryna beef with us (Lost your mind)

We run it up from the ground, nigga, don't sleep on us (Yeah)
LeBron James, none of these niggas ain't equal to us (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Bitch get hit on the bus (Yeah)
The bitch a runt, a mutt (Yeah)
Grippin' on my clutch (Yeah)
Watch that nigga, he sus' (Yeah)
Hard for me to trust (Oh, yeah)
I got the Midas touch (Woo, woo, woo, woo)

Bitches seen the milli' got the bubble guts (Milli')
Butterfly doors, gotta let 'em up
They takin' pictures of me, hold my Richie up
When I slide in, oh, she ride in
Knock a nigga off quick with a light ten
Oh, she ride like a pro, get a new Benz
Off the jet to a check, it's a backend
I can't trip, I put Fendi on my slips (On my slips)
I got gang with me, you might wanna dip
I got plaques on plaques, Maybach, way back
Drop a hundred where my stash spot at (Rich)
Chain frozen, and I bought my bitch a Range Rover (Woo)
Lambo with no top, yeah, bitch, the game over (Skrrt skrrt, hey)
Brand new mansion spot, invite the gang over (Gang, gang)
We ain't soaked, but baguettes look like rain soakin' (Baguettes)
Bands out the gym, jumpin' like double dutch (Bands, they jumpin')
You kissin' on the bitch and we gon' split 'em up (Lil' bitch)
You got a problem, go and speak it up (Go and speak it up, Uh-huh)
Why you capping? 'cause the money, it ain't big enough (Whoa, whoa, whoa)

Yeah, had to cut the middle man, I ain't talking Malcolms
When you put the work in, just look at all the outcomes
When you blessin' faith, what these niggas be like, "How come?"
Know we quick to fuck these niggas up like round one
I got no time for hissy fits (No), can't count on you, you counterfeit
It's just me, Offset, and Rich
When you lose and win it all, that's a feeling you'll never forget
Graveyard shifts, tales from the crypt
See, I'm the boss, no calling sick, look
It's just me and all my dogs and we ridin' like we lawless
She hit me with "Let's talk," shit
But bitch, you might as well be talking to a fucking wall
Than to have a heart-to-heart with a nigga that's as heartless
Yeah, I look exhausted (Woah), but that's just what it cost, shit
I still proceed with caution (Uh-huh)
'Cause I done seen some people have it all and then they lost it (Straight up)
Got a dime bitch ridin' with me even when she nauseous (Damn)
Done made it through the fire, but I'm still that fucking raw, bitch (Fucking raw, I'm that raw, bitch)
I go off, go in, go up, but never go back (Go)
I know we in a league of our own, bitch, I'm pro-black (Huh)
Just hit a lick for my grandsons and I don't have sons (Woah)
But that's how far I'm thinking ahead, bitch, and some

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