

Rich The Kid, What You Been Doin

What you been doin'?
Working, racking, flexing on purpose
Pull up, that Maybach swerve
Sippin' on syrup
Who got them birds?
I got them birds
I'm looking for somewhere to serve
Give me the word, these bitches they get on my nerves!

Bitches, they get on my nerves
Cause of the trap I got birds
The Rollie it cost me a vert
Came from the bottom, the dirt
I just might put all my chains on
Flexing on purpose it ain't wrong
Still sippin syrup outta styrofoam
Bitches I fuck then they goin' home!
All of my niggas still trapping
Your bitch disappearing, no magic
Racking and stacking the paper
I'm Rich, I got too many haters
Hoes they fucking and doing no talk
Sipping the syrup in the morning
Young Rich Nigga, I am not sorry
I'm flexing on purpose, I bought a Bugatti

Addicted to chasing the cash
I'm thanking the lord I ain't mad
Thinking bout' shit I ain't had
Now I got plenty of racks
Now I got cars in garage
Bitches they know I'm a star
I got a brick on my arm
30 my Rollie and charm
Where the fuck was you when I was locked up?
Now I'm flexing, walking around with my wrists up
They asking me what I been doing
The money it's coming it's moving
I think that I'm hurting their feelings
We not the same cause I'm different
Fuck it I'm dropping the ceiling
Young nigga been chasing the millis