

# Rich The Kid, Why You Mad

Hopping out the Rarri  
I don't come from the bottom  
Got a whole lotta cash...  
Money on the table  
Got money on the floor  
Got money in the bag...  
Why you mad?  
Why you mad?  
Why you mad?  
Why you mad?

Broke nigga wanna talk  
Got money in the vault  
She buy me Giuseppe, she tell me she love me...  
You cuffing her, choosing her, giving her money  
Why ya mad cause I came up?  
Say I wouldn't make it fuck nigga I'm famous...  
Pull up in the Audi, the Rarri I'm racing  
No mo' wearin Ralph Lauren  
My bitch so foreign  
Trap jumpin like Jordan...  
How many times I told ya'll  
I'm drinking that lean  
Out the bottle in the morning...  
Yung nigga I come from the hood  
Flex and finesse and I juug  
Rich nigga I made me a milli  
My momma she told me I would  
Red bottoms when I'm walking it's a murder scene  
OG gas bags light green, Listerine  
I didn't judge history  
But it don't get to me  
Racking and stacking the currency...  
You love her, you give her yo card  
I'm in yo garage  
She suck me  
She getting me hard  
You kissing that broad

You mad? Or nah?  
Rockstar, pull up, no guitar  
I'm fucking yo bitch but you buying her cars  
I ride in that Phantom, a boss  
My neck and my wrist on glacier  
Paper and paper, I'm relay the mayor  
Shorty she know I'm a player  
She thick from Jamaica  
Rich nigga in the club, throwin money in the air  
Broke niggas, just staring over there  
Pull up in a Rarri, but you riding on a spare  
My diamonds so clear  
Hunnid bands my ear  
I ain't round no square  
You busted yo tire  
You ain't got bus fare  
By the way, these haters ain't talm bout nothing  
I'm still getting hunnids  
In the mall with yo bitch  
With yo money  
I'm buying me something  
Maison Margielas  
And brand new Giuseppees  
You still wearin pradas...  
I pull up in Rarri

I came from the bottom  
You riding the motor