Rich Chigga, Crisis (ft. 21 Savage)

wake up about 6
think about money
than abour yhis
I got mothing on my wrist
but I still gladly take your bitch
who produced that beat?
yes sir, I did!

got that ass on me
sound like I'm from NYC
Airbnb gon' fuck in it
She know that I do the music
always cook at home
I'm tryna to save up
tryna do my friends some favors
gave her head
she facin backwards

27 shows
I go through cities every now nad then
I watch the crowd
they jumping watching me
cut cut to day ago
I;m just a kid not old enough to smoke a cig
they wonder, what's the recipe?
they want me to come home
I can hear the drum roll
but understand I'm out here for a reason
livig in my own home
father miss me I know
but also he know that I;m on a mission

I got diamonds on my fist and shit
diamonds on my wrist and shit
so icy, bitch
I'm colder than a freezer
my main bitch bithcin
side blitch tripping
bitch I love ya'll both but none od y'all ain;t no keepers
I'll leave ya
Rolls Royce look like Jeepers Creepers
Made a million dollars with Adidas
Can't have a ticket niggas
of my beeper
take this shit to trial, nigga
I'm gona beat it
split my lean
it got me headed
naby, get down on your knees and eat it
walking out of Louic V with the big box
I pulled at St. Laurent
I made a pit stop
young Savage walk around with the big Glock
with that 20 hangong out
nigga that's hip-hop
car too fast 12 can't stop me
bitch you bad
hoes can't fuck me
you was running form smoke
nigga, not me
Rich Chigga, 21 Savages, now it's O.D .

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