Rich The Kid, Famous

Shorty say that I would never make it
Now I'm shitting on her cause I'm famous
Pulling up in Porsches and I'm racing
Paper, I got paper, I got paper

Young nigga I made it
I'm finally famous
These bitches, they're driving me crazy
They turn on the t.v
They see me I'm getting the spinach
The broccoli, veggies my pockets is heavy
I was on the phone with Offset
Takeoff, told me we was finna takeoff, takeoff
Quavo told me put into the bando
Whole lotta money on the table, pesos
Now I pull up in the [?]
And I'm sippin' on syrup
Ya bitch is a bird, so I kick her to the curb
The bitch got sum nerve
Feels good to be rich
Tryna figure out why you mad?
Fucking all the bitches that been had...
I'm addicted to the money
Fuck rehab
Had to buy mama a Porsche
Hot like a torch
Lil nigga jumped off the porch
She said I wouldn't make it
But now that I'm famous
I'm thanking the lord
I wrecked in the Masi
I switched to the Rarri
He driving a Ford
A rich nigga walking around with a 50
Count up when I'm bored

Paper on top of paper, yea we made it
All my old hoes, wanna have my baby
We was hittin' licks
Had the fucking block hot
Domingo hit my phone
Say he bouta touchdown know his [?] was out
I told em I make it rapping
They thought it was funny...
Then young nigga got rich
Start counting blue hunnids
Me and Rich flexing on a bitch
Then we go to [?]
Really don't know
I'm thinking bout, copping a masi
Yea
And I want it black and white like Sylvester
I'm a let you tell it
What would you do for the cheddar?
We moving together
I know that you just a beginner
50 choppers in a sprinter
My momma she told me go kill em'