Rich The Kid, Flex Up

TheLabCook

I got three bad bitches tryna go whichever way (What?)
Too much money, I can't count it, that's the Rich Forever way
They wanna copy the wave, they wanna copy the style too
I done made 'em go dat way, bougie bitch acting brand new
Flex up, racks up (What?)
Money long, I got extras (Beep)
Check up, flex up (Flex)
Blue cheese, no ketchup (Rich)

Ayy (Hey)
Too many chains like Django
I be walking with the bars, a nigga walkin' with a bankroll (Yeah)
She just came over to fuck, but that really is my bae, though
Got the cheese on me (Racks), young nigga got the queso (Hey)
And my brody got it tucked, ridin' 'round with a K though
Niggas ain't getting no money
I get it, I throw it, I spread it like Play-Doh (Racks)
These bitches broke and they bummy so fuck 'em
I swear I can't fuck with no lame ho (Hey)
Had to go get me some money
I hit me a jugg, skrrt off in a Range Rove' (Hey)
Woah, diamonds on me cold (Froze)
I swear I was just by that stove (Woah)
Niggas talkin' but they broke (Broke)
Now I got three bad bitches for the night
I was dead broke hittin' licks, I had to get right

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Diamonds on me dancing so perfect (Yeah)
All these clowns in the club like a circus (That's right)
Goddamn, her body lookin' so perfect (Alright)
She must've got it done India
She threw that gut, don't hurt me (Yeah)
Oh, oh, no, no (Right)
With the little ass waist, she working
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Look at my ring, it's so frozen
And my teeth got the glow too (Yeah)
Ain't gotta do what's your boo, so bae got too close, ooh
I love the way she throw back and put it in her throat too
Said she was a singer so I guess it's good for her vocals

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