Rich The Kid, Phone Tap

Phone tapped like The Wire
Birds sing like the choir
Rich nigga, Gucci attire
With a bitch look like Mariah

Got birds singing like a recital
The chopper sit right by the bible
I am America's top trap idol
And as a teen I was packing the rifles

24 inches, I ride in that Chevy
Pick up my wallet, that shit kind of heavy
Bitch see my face and that bitch call me pretty
Beat up that kitty and nut on her titty
Told that lil bitch don't you dare act siddity
Your ass is fake and your weave looks shitty

Bitches fucking for some Remy
She was flexin', drive a Camry
I told that bitch don't you call me
Got her geeked up on the molly
Sent her home in a cab
Goyard, got the racks
Put Atlanta on my back
I was broke, I got the sack
Flippa running with a Mac
Lil Yachty in the trap

Louboutin with the Supreme
I trap Yao Ming, do you know what I mean?
Photoshoot, Flippa in teen magazine
The cap ain't nothing, nigga it ain't what it seems
See my bitch then make a play when I serve a scene
Stay down, stay 100, and expect greater things
30 racks, 30 rounds, it's in my jeans
Get money, fuck bitches, it's in my genes

I remember in high school I was serving the beans
15 hundred for a young nigga's jeans
Young nigga, I'm the king of the teens
Dick deep, make the pretty bitch scream
Young nigga, I'm a fuck up a check
Two months, I'm a say check my neck
I'm a call up Flippa, tell big bro bring the TEC
Real flex, spend my guap on my neck