Rich The Kid, Running Threw It

Walking with that rollie cost a fifty
Bitches want to fuck me, I got millys
Then I made, know they hate it said I would do it
I trap that pack I got that sack and now I'm running threw it
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She said that she fuck with the new me
I fuck that bitch in my coupe
You stupid you kissing that groupie
Pouring the foreign, with a doubie
I was riding through the six
I got a trunk full of bricks
....
Flexing hard take a pic
Fucking your bitch and I smash
Look at my rollie, like cash
I'm walking around with a bag
My foreign ain't got paper tags
Got a pool like I'm Drake
Got a mansion on a lake
Rich nigga, eatin steak
Chasin money always late
Look at the time on the watch
I fuck it you eating the box
....
Fuck it, I'm losing the top
Fuck it I'm doing the dab on em
Hollywood ....
I'm a fiend for that money

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You just be talking the trap
I hit a bitch like a bat
Fuck it you eating the ....
Rich forever on the map
I put them rings on my fingers
Birds sing like singer
I got them .... like ....
I used to trap out the beeper
Fucking that bitch from the back
She give me top like a hat
Sticking my dick in yo cat
My Bloods, they bagging like blaat
I might off with your sack
I'm taken they know me for that
Walking with too many racks
Old money like a cadillac
I did a show in Bermuda
She riding the dick like a scooter
Pop a molly I'm a Buddha
Money trapper, scary, Freddy Kreuger
I be running through the money
Always prayers like Easter Sunday

I was broke, jug the hunnid
Money ...., what I wanted

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