

Betcha' Didn't Know

Riff Raff

Betcha' didn't know that I was balling like this
Betcha' didn't know that I had rocks on my wrist
Betcha' didn't know that I don't want your bitch
Betcha' didn't know that I don't want yo'
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Raspberry fist in an F-3-5th
Frostbit wrist, diamonds dancin' like Chris
James Bond blimp
Aquaberry diamond smile
Tryna' cop my style, Versace laundry in the pile
I can Bill and Ted, got more ice than a sled
Hot as head in the tool shed
Rolls-Royce coupe red, push button start
Practice martial arts, the braids with the part
50-carats froze my heart
Private plane pilot, lean back close my eyelids
Take a sip of the violet, Lamborghini low mileage
Takin' trips to Japan, Afghanistan baby blue my sedan
20 inch ceilin' fans

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Baby I just want the money right
I was out here grindin' 400 night
This money and these bitches got me stuntin' right
And if you single then you to the night
My party I can do what I want to
My party I can sip what I want to
Nobody all I know is I want you
But imma ball out like I'm 'posed to
To my mansion, all of my bitches like my diamonds
Dancin', don't let down on the back
When you try me cause you a panic
Cop a pint of Act cause I ain't taste it in a minute
Papers on that big ol' body Benz, your's rented
I don't need nun, I just had a threesome
Three types of niggas, fucking carry three guns
Gang in the club, the strippers show me love
They saw 100 I'm throwing I don't need more
Pour a cup of that dirty, show that pussy no mercy
I love to fuck of a perky, still holding my thirty
In the hood no worries, call like curry
He pull up shooting like Curry
Pull up shooting like Curry
See they doubted me, and I told them to ride with me
I got all the money, they gon' ride for free

I'm half of me
Hundred thousand she gon' ride with me

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