

Rich Crack Baby

Young Dolph

Ain't nothing but a whole lot of flexin' goin' on, yeah
Whole lot of money counting goin' on
Ha, paper route business

Rich crack baby, rich crack baby
I'm 'bout that paper for real, man, y'all lil' niggas just be playin', aye
12 years old, I said I never let a bitch play me
Rich crack baby, rich crack baby
Foreigns all a nigga drive, I'm all 'bout a dollar signs
Everyday I wake up I got new haters, tell 'em to fall in line
Boy you a worker, nigga I'm a boss
That means I get all of mine
Rich crack baby, rich crack baby

Sak's Fifth bags in the trunk and two bitches with me
I'm fresh as a bitch, and I got two pistols with me
Buss down Rollie, it got residue on it
Dolce and Gabbana everything, and I got these ice cubes on me
Don't know how I do it, don't know how I did it
I ran off these millions (what you do?)
I shit on fuck niggas and leave bitches all in their feelings
In the living room counting guap
Outlaw like 'Pac
Sixty-thousand on a watch
400 on a drop
Went from standing on the block
To now we're sitting at the top
Coppin' coupes off the showroom
Doing donuts out the lot
I just poured up me a eighth to drink
Smoking kush, trying to break the bank, aye
I just pulled up in a Wraith on an empty tank

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I just took another trip
I just made another flip
I just took it out your bitch
Then I skeeted on her lips
Playing with a real nigga
That's how niggas get killed
I count money with the Bloods
I count money with the Crips
I cannot fuck with the fake
I'm just keeping that shit real
Momma had a crack baby
He went got a couple mill
Remember I went and got a plug
I went got a couple cribs

Mother-fuck your record deal, uh
50 bags of gas at the spot where I left 'em
Told my lil' bitch that she a real one, so I kept her

I'm on another level
There's a big difference
Tune in

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