

# 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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