

Dead Friends

Rich The Kid

You lil' niggas, man (you lil' niggas is little)
Know what i'm sayin'
Big bosses big, big boss, CEO shit
You know what I'm sayin'?
Take yo hoe and some more shit, you dig?
Pour a four, shit
Mustard on the beat, hoYou little niggas (little niggas)
My check bigger (check bigger)
Can't flex, nigga (flex)
Can't bet witcha (huh)
Teach you how to be a boss (boss), top dropped off (skrrt)
Motherfuck the fame, I done came to the vault (for what)
All them dead friends (dead)
You a middleman (what)
You a little man (little, huh)
Your money getting shorter (shorter)
My bitch from 'cross the water (bitch)
Teach you how to count it (yeah), all about it, better boss up (rich)
Put my pride to the side (side), I could never lie
I don't care if you cry, let them pussy niggas die
Ayy, Bentley matte black (skrrt), ooh, different kind of fabric
CEO status (huh), all my niggas savage (what)
You niggas'll change for fame (fame)
It's a sad game (sad game)
This the fast lane (skrrt)
Dug up money with the shovel (shovel), I could bury the bundle
It's the Lamb, yeah
What you been sayin', yeah? (What you been sayin', yeah?)
Ooh, it's the game, yeah (gang)
Yeah them chopsticks no lil' shit (grra)
You could get your wig split (your wig split)
Couple mil on that deal, nigga (deal, nigga)
I'm a boss, my whole team countin' still, nigga (rich)
You little niggas (little niggas)
My check bigger (check bigger)
Can't flex, nigga (flex)
Can't bet witcha (huh)
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Motherfuck the fame, I done came to the vault (for what)

All them dead friends (dead)

You a middleman (what)

You a little man (little, huh)

Your money getting shorter (shorter)

My bitch from 'cross the water (bitch)

Teach you how to count it (yeah), all about it, better boss up (rich)Pull up with the drama (drama)

Better be movin' proper (what)

Better use a yoppa (grra)

We ain't playin' fair, you a teddy bear (teddy)

My wrist too cold with Moncler

Talkin' the trap but you not there

On the bullshit (bullshit), that pullin' up quick (quick)

Like a foreign so many sticks (sticks)

That's that tragic shit (tragic shit)

I got the baddest bitch (baddest)

Yeah, yeah (yah)

Yeah, yeah, quarter mil on my car, yeah (quarter milli)

Drippin' in Chanel, that's a bar, yeah (that's a bar)

Come to Rich Forever, be a star, yeah (be a star)

I got too much ice (ice)

I got (I got)

Too many broads, too much paper, right (rich)You little niggas (little niggas), my check bigger (check bigger)

Can't flex, nigga (flex), can't bet witcha (huh)

Teach you how to be a boss (boss), top dropped off (skrrt)

Motherfuck the fame, I done came to the vault (for what)

All them dead friends (dead), you a middleman (what)

You a little man (little, huh)

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My bitch from 'cross the water (bitch)

Teach you how to count it (yeah), all about it, better boss up (rich)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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