

Eat Rich (Prod. by Kenny Segal)

Busdriver

Driver!

(Look Out!)

Yeah

Oh Shoot! I'm so hungry, man, I could the rich
Eat, eat, eat the rich Check me out Things are looking good, but I can't mess with your hair though
Ergo, the ladder climb is an air show
But thank God you like I'm fucking with that hood shit
And treat me like you think I wrote up the instruction booklets
The instruction booklets, the instruction booklets
Cause of my home, the hammers pop
But your selfies look like glamour shots
Before that endorphin high, I take orders like George Takei
And scorch the sky, poor guy, I'm a horse fly and that's because
Let's eat, Kenny
Celebrate a little bit
Let us not eat them
Celebrate if you eat, nigga On high booty cheeks, y'all are thieves
Swallow new acts, how to rap
Don't let them style with child proof caps
You there? I'm a rough approximation of Type A
And Type B at a dice game in a white tee with a nice chain
And snarky web presence you can't turn up in a text message
Without at least a million video views
Watch the millennials brood
Make sense of it all, there's diamonds in the loaves of bread
I'm looking for 'em in the hood like a floating head
Like a floating head, like a-- like a floating head
My dinner prayers meant for an asteroid wake
I'm reading that shit from a fat boy's tape
I'm still eating, nigga, but it's all soy-based
Let's eat, Kenny
That's right
Perfect Hairx3
Kenny Segal's drums are like he's dropping desks
Your whole life's a hot mess, I confess, we got that Aquafresh That's tight
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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