

On My Way (feat. Bobby Shmurda & Rowdy Rebel)

Rich The Kid

On my way to the bank with some hundreds
Bitch thats where my money stay
(I was on my way)
On my way to her place
She said turn up then we turn up everyday
(I was on my way)On my way to the jeweler
Told nigga that I need a new chain
(that I need a new chain)
On my way to my jeweler
Told that nigga that I need like two chains
(that I need like two chains)
And if a nigga try to snatch it
Then that nigga gonna need a new brain
(he gonna need a new brain)
I told my team fore' you pop em
And you drop em
Bro just leave my shoes clean
Before we pick it up
We pick em up and throw his ass through the food chain
Chewy 7: 30 loco I'ma show you nigga's how to do thingsOn my way to your bitch house
Young rich nigga in the bank pullin' racks out
Pourin' I pull up in Forgi's
Bitches is gorgeous
Droppin' the top on the Porsches
Too many chains, she looked at my pinky she gave me the brain
Walk in the bank and they knowing my name
I'd rather be rich before the fame
You ain't drop 50 racks on the Rollie
Back then I was broke you ain't know me
In the trap I been trappin' until I OD
Fuck 12 I be runnin' from the Police
On the way to the check, I got the tech
Pull up I spray at your neck
She suckin' me up in the back of the Bentley
Where is the roof on the Bentley?
Got a whole lot of hoes they turn up
Bitches too foreign they come from the border
Countin' Blue Benjamins racks on the way
Smokin' on cookies they come from the Bay

Sippin the syrup in the morning, purple like Barney
I got a 'Rari it's orange
She keep on callin', drippin' and pourin'
I cannot fuck her I'm touring(Schmoney!)
Bitch I'm trapping and dappin, like my young nigga Rich
I just copped me an Aston, music keep blasting, too much water with grits
Shout out to all my QC brothers, it Feels Good to Be Rich
Jump Out the Gym, my house of the cliff, 2pac and Flip
Above the rim, that's a brand new car, don't lean on it
She wanna roll with a star, I told her dream on it
She tried to hop in my car, I had to speed on it
Saw it when hit 220 on the dash, with both feet on it
Fuck the speed limit, if coming too far [?]
Because I be rushing to the schmoney, I'm a fiend with it
Got the cups with the ice with the lean in it
Red dot on a Glock, that's a beam on it
Schmurder she wrote, red ink on it
The ship too full, don't sink on it
Yellow diamonds in the rollie, put pink in it
And the Glock got a bite, don't think of it (Bow!)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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