

Panties To The Side

Rich Gang

I think I fell in love man, hahaha
Shorty cold blooded Shorty pull her panties to the side
Told me keep my feelings to the side
For them tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds
Tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds
Shorty pull her panties to the side
Told me keep my feelings to the side
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Tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds She move them panties to the side
She give me head while I drive
These bitches flyin' in like flies
Maybach, no roof, turn a bitch, butterfly
Rose gold in that Autobon, I'm gettin' money in real time
That big hand on them dollar signs, I'm on west coast rich time
Get punched out for yo' punchlines, these niggas snitchin' like I did the crime
I get the cake like the baker man - no Jamaican kush, that's Beenie Man
These niggas hood-hoppers, don't give a bitch no options
I do this shit for my squadron, ain't got no time for no conference
I call up some real niggas, but they ain't 'bout that talkin'
I walk in wit' my bitch, fattest ass in the party Aye French we in the club way too much, ya know what I'm sayin'?

You know we playin' with new bands, homeboy...Started with a stack, then I got 5 mo' (do it right)
Could have bought a ball team, with all this money I blow
Walk in stalls, cause these hoes know I'm finna go retarded
Ballin hard no James Harden, Bentley truck to big to park it (skrrt)
Comma get for that work, gettin head blowin purp
One hand on this blunt, other hand up her skirt
Pussy sweet like apple juice, fuck her til her pussy loose
And when I'm done, pass her to my man, so Ben can see what that pussy do
And she touching herself, what you gone off a molly?
And she thick, and she finer than a mothafucka, lookin like tatted-up Holly
Fuck all night no strings attached, say no on love shit, girl this some fun shit
Dick too long and when I lick this spot I'mma make you cum quick Tens, twenties, fifties, hunnids
I'm, with the, number, one, stunna
Hands, rubbin, every, time we, doin', numbers (haha)
GT, vodka, all, summer
Yeah, its time to bring them 'raris out

Scratch that, we bringing them Bugattis out
I'mma show em how to get this money
I'm laughin' to the bank, you niggas money funny
I'mma real nigga, you is a counterfeit
Throw a hunnid racks, tell her count it bitch
Money blowin' like a fountain, bitch
All my paper adding up, you only talking shit

Songwriters

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