Made It (feat. Jay Critch & Rick Ross)

Rich The Kid

La música de Harry Fraud
You know how the fuck we coming nigga
Broke ass nigga
Broke ass, bitch ass boy
Hoe ass niggaI might pull the Bentley out (skrrt)
I came up and I got rich, it ain't no handouts (rich)
I'm a flock and she a bird (brr)
Whole team Rich Forever, that's my word (huh)
Ask me how we made it, it was destiny (it was what?)
Same bougie bitches calling now they stalking me (bih')
All I know I gotta flex up (flex)
Drop a bag (bag, bag), ice my neck up (ice)
Ooh, put 'em on a stretcher (stretcher)
She too extra (extra), don't do lectures (no)
That's Alisha or Alexa? (or what?)
Rich Forever bitch we got them extras (lil' bitch, huh)
Bitch I've been balling, no reason (no reason)
Fuck her one time then she need me (she need me)
My diamonds as clear as the TV (whoa)
My water, my wrist is on Fiji
Money too tall like grown up (grown up)
Might pull out the Masi do donuts (skrrt)
She suck me, my pockets so swole up (whoa)
You getting too close, bitch hold up (hold up)Racks (what)
Whole lotta bands on me (bands)
Cut the check and bought a Rollie
It can dance on 'em (whoa, ice)
Bitch cooking breakfast naked (naked)
Broke ass niggas said we wouldn't make it (rich)
I just signed a contract like a Laker (swish)
Santorini Greece where I'ma take her (woo)
Blue and yellow diamonds like Jacob (woo)
Kissin' on me, can't be smearin' all that makeup (ah)
Fuckin' up my beard, the barber see a pay cut (nigga)
Catch a flight, so it's time to get the paper (woo)
Your homies pressin' charges, nigga you the plaintiff (damn)
Suing for a nigga bread, you need a Danish (ah)
For this picture to be perfect, I'ma paint it (I'ma paint it)
Picasso with the pictures, bitches still my favorite (woo)
Now back to the flow (flow), now back to the boss (whoa)
The darker her skin (yes), the more I get off (queen)
Pinky ring out with eighty (eighty), coulda got a Mercedes (yeah)

Niggas singin' Rich Forever, so you know we related (huh)
So you know we related (huh)
Yeah, you know we related (woo)I might pull the Bentley out (skrrt)
I came up and I got rich, it ain't no handouts (rich)
I'm a flock and she a bird (brr)
Whole team Rich Forever, that's my word (huh)
Ask me how we made it, it was destiny (it was what?)
Same bougie bitches calling now they stalking me (bih')
All I know I gotta flex up (flex)
Drop a bag (bag), ice my neck up (ice)Them niggas fake it til' they make it (hey)
They need to stick to the basics
Gotta show out, drop a bag I'm in aces
Diamonds froze now, yeah,
My chain different races (chain different races)
I'ma spend me a check and replace it (check and replace it)
I just hit it, it's never relations (never relations)
With the killers like Freddy and Jason (Freddy and Jason)
How I ran up them racks it's amazing (it's amazing)
Why you flexing with packs, we gon' take it (take it)
Me and my niggas came out the basement (out the basement)
We been trapping, make sure they can't trace it (hey)
I'ma jump in the coupe and I'm racing (skrrt)
I'ma fuck on your boo and erase it (erase it)
All these broke niggas talking can't take it (can't take it)
We gon' pull up throw shots like the Matrix (grra)
Hood fave with the clutch like game six (hey)Racks (what), whole lotta bands on me (bands)
Cut the check and bought a Rollie
It can dance on 'em (whoa, ice)
Bitch cooking breakfast naked (naked)
Broke ass niggas said we wouldn't make it (rich)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/