

# Did It Again

## Jay Critch & Rich The Kid

Came up on some bands  
Balmain the sweater, Truey the pants  
He did it again  
Damn I did it again, damn that boy shitted again  
Juuging again, that boy juuging again  
Did he just hit another lick? damn  
Did he just run off with your shit? damn  
Did he just pull up in a whip? damn  
Did he just fuck another bitch? yup  
And she just did one hundred tricks, damn  
She a freaky lil bitch  
Smoking dope out the breeze, out the whip  
Hand full of grams, other hand full of them bands  
Hand full of grams, other hand full of them bands  
Wear the Balmain like a Nike check  
I be ballin' like Mike and them  
I got two TECs like I fight the ref  
Pussy boy know it's on sight for him  
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I seen that cash from afar  
I go to work for them bands, see the scars  
My weed make you dance with the stars  
Supersize my pockets, I'm living large  
McQueen gold on the scarf  
My shooters come out after dark  
I been 730 from the start  
It's KD, yeah that young boy go hard  
I came through it all in designer  
These bitches on me like piranhas  
My bitch a G, she'll align ya  
They like goddamn where you find her  
Ass so fat gotta climb her  
Ass so fat gotta climb her  
I'ma fuck that girl then go rewind her  
I got hoes poppin' up like reminders  
Niggas folding up like a binder

Ain't no holding up, I'm on fire  
I be ballin' out, 49ers  
I be boolin' out like recliners  
We gon' shoot it out when we find ya  
I'ma stack it up like a diner  
I'ma stack it up like the diner  
No I stack it up like the waffle house  
With this ho we got nothing to talk about  
I'ma hit it then tell her to walk it out  
I wanna talk to this guap when I'm talking now  
All my niggas keep yops and we walk around  
All my niggas talkin' them digits  
Baby I talk it, I live it  
How he ballin', girl he moving his pivot  
Told Vic pull up with some bitches  
Got the Henny in my cup, got a couple lil sluts  
They gon' do it for the buzz  
I know she gon' give it up  
Came up on some bands  
Balmain the sweater, Truey the pants  
He did it again  
Damn I did it again, damn that boy shitted again  
Juuging again, that boy juuging again  
Did he just hit another lick? damn  
Did he just run off with your shit? damn  
Did he just pull up in a whip? damn  
Did he just fuck another bitch? yup  
And she just did one hundred tricks, damn  
She a freaky lil bitch  
Smoking dope out the breeze, out the whip  
Bitch I'm smoking weed in the six  
Some of my niggas bloods, some of 'em crips  
Wear the Balmain like a Nike check  
I be ballin' like Mike and them  
I got two TECs like I fight the ref  
Pussy boy know it's on sight for him  
Hand full of grams, other hand full of them bands  
Hand full of grams, other hand full of them bands  
Bitch I be ballin' like Mike and them  
Way too much Act, get a Sprite for him  
Fuck her one time, bought the ho a Benz  
I'm breaking her off, tell her bring her friends  
Fuck up a check, I got plenty  
You mad cause your pockets is empty  
Brooklyn, pull up in a Bentley  
She suckin' me up and I bust on her titty  
The roof went missing again  
Racks on me, walk around with a ten  
They hating on you, they don't want you to win  
Rich forever, we done did it again  
Came up on some bands  
Balmain the sweater, Truey the pants  
He did it again

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