

Rich Criminals (feat. DaBaby)

NoCap

Al Geno on the track
When I'm on the scene, I don't show no sympathy
I got codeine energy, ayy
Since I was a teen, all I wanted was the green
All I wanted was the Christmas trees and designer clothes
I'm not worried 'bout the cost because I can't go broke
I touched a milli', still'll shoot you, rich criminals
Quit my job and I found out how to work a stick
Won't hide from shit, this bitch ain't got no tints, yeah
Ain't talking Lohan, these designers lenses
Started balling, bought a .223 like Michael Jordan
I was thirteen, bought a rocket, felt like James Harden
Who the fuck let you niggas in? This a gangster party
Turn up the meter, woah
Fuck her then leave her (Yeah)
Can't take the pain from me
This way deeper than needles (Yeah)
Neighborhood doctor, injecting the people who need us
I'm on the ecstasy, don't wanna hear nothin' from my last bitch
Was dead broke, now she fuck me just because my accent
Say I ain't shit but she keep beggin' me to get her ass did
I keep my metal, she just want her plastic
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No tint, it's see-through, huh? (Yeah)
You pillowtalk, she tell your secrets now (Lame)
That boy keep that heat, he an oven
I own a few watches, I went and bought another
I can't show no sympathy, fuck (Fuck that)
Got it on, I'ma buy us a puddle, drip
Way too hard, if he walking 'round out in public
Bow my head, thank you God
I could've been locked up with nothing (Let's go)
Like boom
My presence a present, so I need a check to walk inside the room
Probably think I went pop, but I was on Jimmy Fallon with the tool
Sometimes my attitude nasty, hoes say I treat 'em bad, a nigga rude
I'm tryna figure out if you for me the way that I'm for you

I been had to hustle
I was the young nigga makin' plays while I was still in school
Nigga ain't gave me shit (Uh-uh)
I made me, bitch, and that's why...When I'm on the scene, I don't show no sympathy
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>