

# Nintendo

## Jay Critch & Rich The Kid

[Intro: Jay Critch]

Hey, hey

Damn, ayy

Hold up [Chorus: Jay Critch & Rich The Kid]

New coupe, lane switch though

Couple bands on the fit though

I'ma go and get the wrist froze

Hey, chains shine like a disco

Got to keep the heater 'cause my shit cold

Pull up stuntin' with a rich ho

Ayy, she playin' games like Nintendo

I was trappin' out the bando

She wanna fuck me 'cause my wrist froze

Ayy, two seater, no four door

I was runnin' from the five-oh

Kick a bitch out the back door

[Verse 1: Jay Critch]

Remember runnin' out the back door

I need all the pounds, where it's at though?

We was broke, where was you at though?

Me and bunny was juggin' them packs though

We was doin' a lot for the green

In the telly she suckin' up seed

In the telly, her head in the sheets

Shawty came through just to eat

They like why he got spikes on his feet?

They like is that LaRon on the beat?

Me and Vic had to Balmain the jeans

Hit a lick, I ran off with the cheese

She keep suckin' me up, she a skeeze

I'ma pass her off to kilo

Niggas trappin', moving kilos

My niggas stickin' to the G code

[Chorus: Jay Critch & Rich The Kid]

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Ayy, two seater, no four door  
I was runnin' from the five-oh  
Kick a bitch out the back door[Verse 2: Rich The Kid]  
Too many racks in my jeans  
I broke the money machine  
She was fuckin' for Celene  
Trappin', break the triple beam  
New wave, young niggas gettin' paid  
Way too much Act with the Sprite  
I need the racks in my life  
IPhone and the beeper  
I was trappin' out the bando  
Kicking bitches out the back door  
Give me top, now she got to go  
The money keep liftin' my vans  
She want the molly, she tan  
She lick it right off my hand  
She a freaky lil bitch  
Did it again, now we rich  
My niggas trappin' the bricks  
I can teach you how to whip  
Chains shine like disco  
Throw the bitch out the window  
She only want me 'cause my wrist froze  
Count it up 'til the bank close[Chorus: Jay Critch & Rich The Kid]  
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Couple bands on the fit though  
I'ma go and get the wrist froze  
Hey, chains shine like a disco  
Got to keep the heater 'cause my shit cold  
Pull up stuntin' with a rich ho  
Ayy, she playin' games like Nintendo  
I was trappin' out the bando  
She wanna fuck me 'cause my wrist froze  
Ayy, two seater, no four door  
I was runnin' from the five-oh  
Kick a bitch out the back door

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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