

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
Hand full of grams, other hand full of them bands
Hand full of grams, other hand full of them bandsWear 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
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

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

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