

Splashin

Rich The Kid

[Intro]

I'm havin' dumb money

[Chorus]

Ayy, we can fuck lil' mama, I can't lip lock (I can't what?)

Gucci, spent a hunnid on some new socks (New socks)

Coulda bought a crib, bought a drop top (Skrt, skrt)

I can't love a bitch, trust no thot (No thot)

Never bring a freak to your spot (Woo!)

Dolce and Gabanna on my flip flops

I don't do no relaxing (Relaxing)

Run up the bag, get the cash in (Racks)

Fendi, am I drippin' or splashin' (Or splashin')

12, they can't catch me when I'm passin' (Skrt!)

How you got a check and went broke again? (Went broke again)

Bitches wanting clout and I ain't kissin' 'em (I ain't kissin' 'em)

Since I first got them hundreds, I've been flippin' 'em (Flippin' 'em)

[Verse 1]

Off-White with the Gucci, I might mismatch (I might mismatch)

When I fuck her, you can get your bitch back (Get your bitch back)

What the hell she was thinking? I can't kiss that (Why the hell?)

Why she ask me where the hell I got my wrist at? (Got my wrist at)

Why the hell a hundred-thousand in my backpack? (In my backpack)

Why these bitches think that we can come in contact? (Come in contact)

This is my drank, this ain't cognac (This ain't cognac)

You ain't get a milli, why you sign that? (Why you sign that?)

She wanna fuck, I decline that (Decline!)

Look at my bitch, she a dimebag (Bitch!)

Look at my pinky, it's a waterslide (It's a waterslide)

Rich Forever, come and see the money side (Rich!)

[Chorus]

We can fuck lil' mama, I can't lip lock (I can't what?)

Gucci, spent a hunnid on some new socks (New socks)

Coulda bought a crib, bought a drop top (Skrt, skrt)

I can't love a bitch, trust no thot (No thot)

Never bring a freak to your spot (Woo!)

Dolce and Gabanna on my flip flops

I don't do no relaxing (Relaxing)

Run up the bag, get the cash in (Racks)

Fendi, am I drippin' or splashin' (Or splashin')

12, they can't catch me when I'm passin' (Skrt!)

How you got a check and went broke again? (Went broke again)

Bitches wanting clout and I ain't kissin' 'em (I ain't kissin' 'em)

Since I first got them hundreds, I've been flippin' 'em (Flippin' 'em)[Verse 2]
I flip the money, got my check up (Got my check up)
I'm flexing up, but I'm no wrestler (Flex)
Blue cheese pockets got the extras (The extras)
I stack the money up like Tetris (Tetris)
How I got two-fifty from my neck up? (Neck up, ice)
How I made it from the hood to a Bent truck? (Skr, skrt)
Bitches wanna fuck, I got them lined up (Lined up)
How you with the gang but you ain't signed up? (You ain't signed up)
Pull out my dick, tell her kiss that (Kiss that)
She just want a nigga with a big sack (With a big sack)
Pull out the choppa, we in combat (Yah!)
Touchdown on the plug like a lineback (Rich!)[Chorus]
We can fuck lil' mama, I can't lip lock (I can't what?)
Gucci, spent a hunnid on some new socks (New socks)
Coulda bought a crib, bought a drop top (Skr, skrt)
I can't love a bitch, trust no thot (No thot)
Never bring a freak to your spot (Woo!)
Dolce and Gabanna on my flip flops
I don't do no relaxing (Relaxing)
Run up the bag, get the cash in (Racks)
Fendi, am I drippin' or splashin' (Or splashin')
12, they can't catch me when I'm passin' (Skr!)
How you got a check and went broke again? (Went broke again)
Bitches wanting clout and I ain't kissin' 'em (I ain't kissin' 'em)
Since I first got them hundreds, I've been flippin' 'em (Flippin' 'em)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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