

No More Friends-Rich The Kid Lyrics

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"No More Friends"

[Intro]

Yeah

Yes, sir

Huh (Big bank)

(Painkid got all the sauce)

[Chorus]

Fuck her in a chokehold like a wrestler (Wrestler)

Teach you how to get rich, the professor (Professor)

Told mama she raised a flexer (Flex)

Told my bitch she rich forever (Bitch)

Back then, I was broke, I was hustlin' (Hustlin')

Now me and the money be cuddlin' (Huh?)

I'ma pull out the stick, I ain't tusslin' (Grrah)

I might step on a nigga like Timberlands (Timberlands)

I'm so rich, I could never go broke again (Broke again)

For my mama, I woke up and bought a Benz (Woo)

I be trippin', I sleep with the F&N

I want racks, I want no more friends

[Verse 1]

Yeah, I made two mill' off a mixtape (Mixtape)

Like I seen a whole hundred like a pancake (What?)

Hell nah, I don't want a handshake (Handshake)

Ain't worried 'bout bitches, I money make (Woo)

I was way in Dubai when I crashed the Wraith (Dubai)
Counted racks up this morning, was wide awake (Wide awake)
My bitch with me, help me count up the backend (Yeah)
 Young nigga get the M&Ms (Yeah)
 I been a professional flexer (Flexer)
Pin her down, I'm a motherfuckin' wrestler (Wrestler)
 I put that bitch on a stretcher (Woo)
 Now she get called up for extras (Bitch)

[Chorus]

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 I be trippin', I sleep with the F&N
 I want racks, I want no more friends (Yeah, yeah)

[Verse 2]

Who callin' me?
This must be the money, it gotta be (What?)
 Be proud of me
 Before I sleep, I'ma pray for my enemies
 Bitch, you ain't rich, you pretend to be
 Got a bitch so gutter from Tennessee
 He done turned to an opp, was a friend of me
 These bitches can't get my energy (My energy)
 These bitches can't ride my wave, no
Tryna play with me, this ain't Play-Doh (Yeah, yeah)
 Took a whole thing like I'm Fabo

Got a Bentley, color of the bankroll (Rich)

[Chorus]

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