

WHO ELSE! - Rich the Kid & Trippie Redd Lyrics

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"Who Else"

Haha

Yeah, yeah, uh

Rollin' with the gang, who else? (Gang)

Put that on my mom, who else? (Baow, gang)

Mama raised a don, who else?

Murk you, throw you in a pond, who else?

Bitch, be gone, who else?

Who my next victim? You meet your demise (bitch)

I got mob ties, send you to the sky (bitch)

Mama got the news, it brought tears to her eyes

From them trenches where we kill, rob, steal, boy, I'm slidin'

At the top eatin' five star meals, I'm so high

I pop out in Celine and my draws Calvin Klein

Should I get the Cullinan or the Lamb'? Can't decide

All you niggas hella sweet like coconut pie

Hit the corner store, they like, "Hurry up and buy"

Hit the Louis store, spent like a smooth twenty-five

You know everywhere I go, bitch, I do it big time

At the drop of a dime, niggas drop like flies

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Who my next victim? You meet your demise (bitch)

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Mama got the news, it brought tears to her eyes

From them trenches where we kill, rob, steal, boy, I'm slidin' (ayy)

Fifty mil' under my belt

They put a boy on a shelf

That smoke bad for your health

Ain't gettin' no money, better kill yourself (yeah)

La Ferrari (what?)

Half a milli' on a coupe, I'm sorry (skrrt)

Just pulled out the new Bugatti
Bitch, give me that sloppy toppy
That bitch eat salad, broccoli
Rich nigga, yeah, I miss violence (Loesoe goin' crazy)
Ain't nobody bigger in the game, who else?
Ain't talkin' right, then you get left
Pulled up in the rolls, I took her breath
Pussy-ass nigga, say it with your chest
Okay, I love Givenchy
She bad, get straight on the Fenty
Was broke, but now I got plenty (yeah)
She done popped a lil' shroom with rTippie (yeah, huh)

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