

Aston Martin Truck - Roddy Ricch Lyrics

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"Aston Martin Truck"

Aston Martin truck, ride the tail off

Scratchin'

Aston Martin truck, ride the tail off

Skrrt, skrrt

Skrrt

Aston Martin truck, ride the tail off (vroom!)

Had to get a new butler, four new maids to clean my house (clean my house)

Give my momma, my daddy, and day-one niggas a key to my house (key to my house)

Made 500 thousand every time you see me out (see me out, yeah, yeah)

Out in public, with the grip (grip)

All the fans wanna take a pic'

Niggas not on my level, why you mad, I fucked your bitch? (Yeah)

Had to say it 'cause you talkin'

I ain't even tryna rub it in (rub it in)

I'm tryna make another hundred million

Figure out how I'm gon' bring my brothers in (yeah)

Made Marni poppin', we put Marni on our jeans (yeah, yeah)

Niggas on my dick, niggas watchin' my show, tryna see my scene (yeah,
yeah)

I been dickin' your bitch, I been dickin' your bitch

I'm the heartbreak king (I'm the heartbreak king)

And you went back and bought another diamond ring (ooh)

I'm about my money, I'm about my cake

I'm about my cream (I'm about my cream)

I keep tellin' you niggas, I'm in love with lean (in love with lean)

Cross on my wrist, ayy, Elliot got me right, stop

I hate my Cullinan, can't fit in a tight spot

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I pop my shit, she topless, these niggas ain't stoppin' shit (woo, woo)

I keep a chopstick, don't see no competition (yeah)

I ride in G4, she off a G6 (woo, woo-woo)

Stick to the street code, can't never tell shit (no, no)

I had a ten seats (yeah), ridin' in a Bentley coupe, okay

She was in the Bel-Air crib, okay

Hit it in the bed again, okay

She was like, "Sing for me," okay

She seen a hit low key, okay

You wanna vent O.T., okay

You wanna be a real rich bitch, okay

She say she wan' live in L.A. (L.A.)

So, I had to show her the city (the city)

She know I'm for really, she know I ain't kiddy

She know I be hangin' with killers (uh-huh)

Had her hangin' with me

Throwin' up Cs, lookin' like one of the members (woo, woo)

I never did pay for the pussy

'Cause that was not on my agenda (no, no)

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Made 500 thousand every time you see me out (see me out, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, he put dick in your bitch

How 'bout that?

That's why you're so mad

(Yeah, yeah, yeah...)

Did you pour champagne on her?

Did you give her a little bit, or a lot of bit?

(Yeah, yeah, yeah...)

I like that song, but I ain't know why I liked it

I really like it now

(Yeah, yeah)

You, bitch, you

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