

For Keeps (feat. YoungBoy Never Broke Again)

Rich The Kid

[Intro]

CashMoneyAP[Chorus: YoungBoy Never Broke Again & Rich the Kid]

My heart cold, I bet the angels agree

These niggas fake, I don't fuck with them, they all strangers to me

We play for keeps, let out that heat and we leave stains in the street, yeah

They take a stand, we make 'em all go to sleep, yeah

Gotta know we playing for keeps (Woo)

They knocking 'em off for cheap (What?)

I pray to the Lord my soul to keep (Woo, woo)

Made a hundred thousand, I was sleep (Yeah)

These niggas fake, I don't fuck with them, they all strangers to me

One call, that's all, make 'em all go to sleep (Yeah)

[Verse 1: Rich the Kid & YoungBoy Never Broke Again]

I want the money, but you want the fame, lil' nigga (Fame, lil' nigga, yeah)

Ran the check way up, my pockets bigger (Woo, woo)

Brought the lil' foreign bitch, we don't take no pictures (We don't take no pictures)

Pull the stick out, they don't want no issues (Grrah, baow)

Don't want no issues, don't want no issues (Want no issues)

Sometimes I tote two guns, I run with plenty killers (Plenty killers)

I rock two Rollies, I'm not regular, I'm straight out them trenches (Out the trenches)

Got a new Maybach, ain't drove it once, but dropped some ashes in it (Vroom)

Got platinum plaques and I got gold and got several pennies

I'm from the block, no talk and watch, forever mind my business

Put that on my four sons, I won't fold, I be toting that glizzy

This ankle bracelet on my leg, I'm already sentenced

[Chorus: YoungBoy Never Broke Again & Rich the Kid]

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We play for keeps, let out that heat and we leave stains in the street, yeah

They take a stand, we make 'em all go to sleep, yeah

Gotta know we playing for keeps (Woo)

They knocking 'em off for cheap (What?)

I pray to the Lord my soul to keep (Woo, woo)

Made a hundred thousand, I was sleep (Yeah)

These niggas fake, I don't fuck with them, they all strangers to me

One call, that's all, make 'em all go to sleep[Verse 2: YoungBoy Never Broke Again & Rich the Kid]

Tryna rock something (Rock)

Ain't leaning off them Xans, I be charged up (up)

Poppin', go to set tripping, throwing B's in that order (Bet)

Dave died from that chopper at 16, wish I can call him

And we don't charge 'em

She told, but that's my blood, so we ain't charge 'em
Told my nigga if they play, then they gon' die today (What?)
No, they ain't never seen a nigga spraying out the Wraith (Skrtr)
Lawyer need a quarter mil' and he gon' beat the case (He gon' beat the case)
Make another half a mil', I threw it in the safe (Woo, woo, woo)
I can't kick it with these niggas 'cause they all fake
Nah, we ain't never going broke because we all straight
Made another hundred, had a long day (Long day)
Pullin' out the chopper, look the wrong way [Chorus: YoungBoy Never Broke Again & Rich the Kid]
My heart cold, I bet the angels agree
These niggas fake, I don't fuck with them, they all strangers to me
We play for keeps, let out that heat and we leave stains in the street, yeah
They take a stand, we make 'em all go to sleep, yeah
Gotta know we playing for keeps (Woo)
They knocking 'em off for cheap (What?)
I pray to the Lord my soul to keep (Woo, woo)
Made a hundred thousand, I was sleep (Yeah, Never Broke)
These niggas fake, I don't fuck with them, they all strangers to me (Rich Forever, ever)
One call, that's all, make 'em all go to sleep (No cap) [Outro: Rich the Kid]
You dig?
Huh?

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