

# Money in the Grave

Drake

Yeah, okay  
'Lil CC, on the beat, hm  
Yeah, yeah

I mean, where the f\*ck should I really even start?  
I got hoes that I'm keeping in the dark  
I got my niggas 'cross the street living large  
Thinking back to the fact that they dead  
Thought my raps wasn't facts 'til they sat with the bars  
I got two phones, one need a charge  
Yeah, they twins, I could tell they ass apart  
I got big packs coming on the way  
I got big stacks coming out the safe  
I got Lil Max with me, he the wave  
It's a big gap between us in the game  
In the next life, I'm tryna stay paid  
When I die, put my money in the grave

When I die, put my money in the grave  
I really gotta put a couple niggas in they place  
Really just lapped every nigga in the race  
I really might tat, "Realest Nigga" on my face  
Lil CC, let it slap with the bass  
I used to save hoes with a mask and a cape  
Now I'm like, "Nah, love, I'm good, go away"  
Ain't about to die with no money, I done gave it

I was on top when that shit meant a lot  
Still on top like I'm scared of the drop  
Still on top and these niggas wanna swap  
Niggas wanna swap like it's Slauson or Watts  
I don't wanna change 'cause I'm good where I'm at  
Mob Ties on 'em, always good where I'm at  
Word to Junior, Jazzy, Baby J  
Tell 'em when I die, put my money in the grave

Couple figures, killers call and collect (Collect)  
She f\*ck a nigga, then she on to the next (Next)  
Really living large, she in awe with a mack

When you niggas thinking small, in the mall with a rat (Rat)  
Roll with us if you really wanna get it (Get it)  
Go get a half a million in the Sprinter (Sprinter)  
Phone ringing, bitches know a big tipper (Tipper)  
I got the hookup and there's really no limit (Limit)  
Dead broke is in you niggas' DNA (DNA)  
Rickey Smiley's in Decatur with the 'ye  
Lil' nigga, just another state case  
Bury my motherf\*cking Chase Bank, time to bounce (Bounce)  
Gotta count on my allowance (Gotta count on my allowance)  
You niggas snitches so I gotta reroute it (Do or die)  
A nigga dripping like I got a zillion dollars  
Got the trap jumping like Zion when I rebound, then I'm out (Then I'm out)  
And I'll never talk about it (About it)  
The homies quiet, but we all smoke the loudest (Loudest)  
Rich niggas and I'm really being modest  
'Cause the way I do my deals, never treated like a artist, want house (House)

)  
You could DM my accountant  
My per diem six figures and I'm counting  
Nine figures was the goal till I hit it  
These niggas ain't living, so bury mine with me  
Ross got it! (Maybach Music)

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