

Money Machine

Gucci Mane

Wop, money!
(Honorable C-Note)

Florescent lamps in my crib, providing life for my seeds
I'm a get money marine, I sent coke in submarines
Irrigation machines, hydraulic water machines
My money counting machine sound like a sewing machine
Cash machine on the dresser, machine gun with that compressor
Dope presser machine, I'm re-rocking everything
Claim I'm laundering money but where the washing machines?
They know my trap house pump out quarters like a slot machine
In a futuristic whip look like a time machine
Old school dropped a lil one fine machine
Making chips off coke and soda like a vending machine
Dog food with the quinoa in my blending machine
Sip so much Codeine and Sprite I need a soda machine
So I can sit it next to my joint rolling machine
And it's placed parallel to the Carbon 15
With the scope, monkey nuts, and the infrared beam
The machine don't make the man, the man make the machine
So many try to sabotage, can't stop the regime
Call me 'Wop the puppet master, I'm just pulling the strings
Screaming please don't look at the puppet like American Me
Take a tour with me a-down south, American G
Tryna flood the dirty south, East Atlanta, and streets
With this high grade uncut Colombian tea
Yeah I got it for cheap but you ain't get it from me
Got this high grade uncut Colombian tea
Yeah I got it for cheap but you can't get it for free

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8 figure niggas man
When I say boss I mean that, ya heard me?
I'm so fuck what I sold, my toilet seats solid gold
You should see my new palace cause that bitch bigger than Lowe's
I'm a 8 figure nigga, I run the check to the ceiling
Since Gucci came home bitches back in they feelings
I'm in Dubai on parole, I Abu Dhabi my hoes
If she fuck all the rappers, she say hip hop in her soul
100 grand in all twenties, they said that I couldn't
50 grand to my bitch just cause her ex was looking
Red bottom boss, I call the yayo caucasian
Choppers sleep on the couch ready for home invasions
These pussies watching my Snap, they know that I'm strapped
On the road to the riches bitches I'm running my laps

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Wizop, beep, racks