

Ty Dolla loops

Saturday night for niggas
Astronauts and alcohol
We're like satellites for strippers
I'm talkin' 187, make that mothafucka pop
Runnin' 'round and 'round we go
Saturday night for niggas
Astronauts and alcohol
We're like satellites for strippers
Runnin' 'round and 'round she go
We got dollar bills to kill
We comin' to the stage next, you know who this is
We got dollar bills to kill
Get your money out niggas
Money to burn in the atmosphere
I'ma turn it up, you burn it up
Turn it up, you burn it up
I turn it up, you burn 'em up
Murderer, murderer
I want you to stay
I'm talkin' 187, make that mothafucka pop
I want you to stay, I'm a dollar bill killa
187, make that mothafucka pop
I need you to stay

5, 10, 20s, I'ma throw it
Work your way up to them big face hunnits
These other hoes been workin' all week
You gettin' more than that just off me, yeah, yeah, yeah
We both work hard for this money
I see you goin' hard for me
It ain't no thing, you can take it off
If I keep on drinkin', I'ma lose it all

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My nigga, if these poles could talk
If the stage grew another pole, got up and walked
Gotta kill these dollars, it can't be an assault
Need your real love, mama, you can't be in my thoughts
Oh, no
I knew a ten down in Houston
So I wonder if you can do it slow-mo
Then speed it up, heat it up, drop it down, beat it up
Take it off, make it talk, shake it all, make it fall
ATM, ATM, mama love to take it all

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Just another Saturday night
Showtime, I deserve these lights
'Cause I work hard for what I get
Just so I can give my ten percent
You better pay up, pay up or get out
I'm not into how you get down
Hope you love me in the moment
But I know where I'm goin'
And I'm just tryna get through this...

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You're like satellites for strippers
Runnin' 'round and 'round I go
I need dollar bills to kill
We comin' to the stage next, you know who this is
You better have dollar bills to kill
Get your money out niggas
Money to burn in my atmosphere
So I'ma turn it up, burn it up, hey
Turn it up, burn it up, hey

Turn it up, burn 'em up, hey
I'm a murderer, murderer
You want me to stay
I'm talkin' 187, make that mothafucka pop
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Man girl I made a killin' off these drunk ass niggas tonight
Ayy bruh that shit was goin' up, man
But damn they had my pole clean today, I'm sick of this shit
This bitch spilled her mothafuckin' drink on my goddamn shoes
You dirtier than a mothafucka, dawg
Next time they better have my shit clean
'Cause I can't go up in this strip club
Ayy it's cool though
You already know
I'll get some new ones tomorrow, fuck it
You know the other spot poppin'?
Yeah
No more doin' that shit and tryna go to church in the morning
Let's go to the other spot

Now it's Sunday mornin' for sinners
Preacher's daughter, holy water
Be reborn, beginner
'Round and 'round we know
It's like dollar bills to save
Make it rain on that collection plate
Need a dollar bill to save
Make it rain on that collection plate
And your dollar bills can save
Make it rain on that collection plate
You made it clap, now take it back
Pray
You made it clap, now take it back
Pray
You made it clap, now take it back
Pray
You made it clap, now take it back
Watch it all wash away
Watch it all wash away
Watch it all wash away