

Money Over Everything

A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie

Its money over everything
I put that on everything

She held it down when I was down
That's why I still fuck with you
I was in love with you
You was my ride or die bitch
Baby wassup with you
I could've been doing my thing from the jump
But I gave you my everything and that didn't mean anything
Now I want better things
Fuck it it's money over everything

I put that on everything
I put that on everything
Put that on everything
I put that on everything
Its money over everything
I put that on everything
I put that on everything nigga

Give a fuck about no shawty
Its just me and all my homies
Why the fuck would I be worried
I spend 30 on my rollie
Nigga that's Curry on my rollie
Keep a backwood for my dodie
She keep acting like she know me
Run it all spend it all burberry
Baby I'm A boogie with a bape hoodie
It ain't shit I let a nigga take from me
Ima take it to the fucking grave with me
They want to treat me like a slave nigga
But I'm going up why they hate nigga
Can't see me through these Louis shades nigga
I just want to get away
First I got to put a hundred in the safe nigga
I ain't tryin' to be no fucking broke boy
Selling dimes for a dope boy
I just want to be up on the rode doing shows all the bitches yelling oh boy
Girl fuck you and that ole boy
Can't believe you left me for a broke boy
Fuck it I'm done with this shit
Ima marry the money I need me a Rolls-Royce

She held it down when I was down
That's why I still fuck with you
I was in love with you
You was my ride or die bitch
Baby wassup with you
I could've been doing my thing from the jump
But I gave you my everything and that didn't
Mean anything now I want better things
Fuck it it's money over everything

I put that on everything
I put that on everything

Put that on everything
I put that on everything
Its money over everything
I put that on everything
I put that on everything nigga

Before I tried to fuck you I wish I knew that I would love you
I would've never told you come through
You shot me down so now it's fuck you
You took a 38 special well ima show you what this tec do
You pulled the trigger cause I let you
When I shoot back I won't miss
That's my word I'm through
I get money I'm cool
I run it up times two and I break bread with my crew
I spent 2 on my loubes
I can't lose my cool
Laces hang off my shoe that's how I rock my Loubes
And if you rock with me rock with me I could be honestly popping these bitch
es in line for me
I'm rocking balmain jeans
They more than 14 a piece
If you see what seen you might turn M.O.E

She held it down when I was down
That's why I still fuck with you
I was in love with you
You was my ride or die bitch
Baby wassup with you
I could've been doing my thing from the jump
But I gave you my everything and that didn't
Mean anything now I want better things
Fuck it it's money over everything

I put that on everything
I put that on everything
Put that on everything
I put that on everything
Fuck it
Its money over everything
I put that on everything
I put that on everything nigga