

Sweep

Audio Push

Eat my shit up, yess
Hunnids, fifties, twenties, ones...
I don't care what it is
I got bills to pay, car note to pay
I need my nails done, my hair did
I need my moneys, eyebrows on fleek
Hello...

Bounce

Fifties and hunnids (Whip it, Whip it)
Sweep up that money (Whip it, Whip it)
Do ya shit, Do ya shit

Momma said don't trust a bitch, trust women
I started out selling grams, bud tending
Try'na touch millions, ain't got time to touch prison
Ain't nobody give me shit, so there will be zero fucks given
So tonight I'm off the shit, tonight I'm off my bop
I'll pull up I need some top
I'm letting you know that off the top
Keep my head up like the tip off, waiting for the ball to drop
And the only time I use my phone is when I'm calling shots
See I ain't never dropped the dime
Unless the ho was on my nerves, yelling with her words
Going through my phone, actin' like it's hers
Plus she brought a dog, pulled him out the purse
Now he dropping turd, shit is getting worse
See the way I upgrade it gotta hurt
Coming at me sideways, you gotta swerve
Three word for these birds: do not disturb, Uh

Always seem to lose myself in the moment
Fucking around the room, flaunting like you want it
And I want it, yea I need it
I throw every dime just to see it

Bounce

As soon as I walk in, they know where the money at
You look like you done this before
Cause you know where the rookies and dummies at
Bring that ass here... Sat down, plastered
Lap danced, tapped her, told her vibrate faster
And she just want to fuck her favorite rapper
It's my third drink up in my hand tonight so
Every jam is my jam tonight
I leave tomorrow so go ham tonight
Go overtime for your man tonight
She said my back too sore my bra too tight
But my booty still shake to the left to the right
The girls in the club be dancing like a stripper
You the stripper that be dancing like
Bouncin' and shakin', shakin' you be boucin'
Raining money so it's money you're countin'
One hunnid, two hunnids, three hunnids

I need One hunnid, two hunnids, three hunnids
They hate broke niggas, they love me homie
And their home girl all mess with the team homie
And the team is the fam I don't need homies
When the beat drop, make it

Bounce