

For The Money

Baby Smoove

Meech

Ayy, 22, ayy

Gettin money was a nigga only option
I need six gifts if you want me in concert
We're passing in the mall 'cause I already got it
Pop a nigga in the mouth if he wanna be a problem
I can't get that [?] 'cause that bitch rerock
I ain't jumping out that water, it's already knee high
All I know is walk ups, never did a drive by
Got a different type of walk when that AP out

I just dropped me a three in ice, sure one cup
Lil' bitch mad at me, I ain't give one fuck
Fill the shoebox up, all hunnids, no ones
I sat back for a minute, I wasn't having no fun
You need to try something else, you ain't have no run
On the way to the money, better get you some
When I made my own lane, I don't see you bums
I got tired of [?], bought more just because
Niggas always hated when you getting all the love
Bro snuck his Glock two-three in the club
I'm too high to roll up, have her roll my Cookie
And don't waste my time, have my money when you book me
Staying woke off the drank 'cause that sleep is for rookies
My nigga right here'll up Glock if you push me
All I need is a Fanta and a half ounce of Cookie
And them bums around me, I can't let that shit affect me
Spend days on the road and come back and drop a necklace
My old heads pop shit, pull up with a Smith & Wesson
I ain't stop getting off, I won't never get enough
Talking down on my name, that'll have me pulling up
If you see me pouring up, boy you bet' not get a cup
Fell in love with the money, it'll never be enough
I was sitting on the porch, I'm just waiting on the truck
And I remember everything but I never hold a grudge

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Shit, I'ma hit the road for the money
I might sit back and catch a load for the money
Nigga, them lil' three hour trips ain't nothing
Two trips to the south, I ain't juuging on the corner
Ooh, what I won't do for the money
My lil' stripper bitch, she get loose for some money
Ayy, what she gon' do for the money
It's gon' be a homicide if you tryna take my money

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