

Wake Up

Billy Marchiafava

Mmmh, ahh

Woo

Wake up in the mornin' counting racks
I've been gone for a minute now I'm back
She don't love me that bitch only love the stacks
I tap it twice then I kick her out the pad

Designer on my waste and on my clothes
Imma pretty boy, my wrist chilly like some snow
I've been workin' in the kitchen
Serving pies on the low
If you wanna come and shop I got muddy I got snow (I do)
Baby you man broke he a joke
He ain't makin' money you can tell by his clothes
This whole coat costin' more than his home
I made a milli' just by flippin' that doe
Billy pull up crusin' in a Prius bitch
Talkin' all that shit we gon' leave you with some stitches bitc
h

I've been making money like a pimp I don't even limp
5 star plate Billy only eating steak and shrimp
Now I'm up in LA blowin' dumb smoke
Reaching for the money never gone broke
Take her to the back she give dumb throat
Billy gonna ball like mutombo
Ice keep drippin' don't drown ho
Hit it from back make her touch toes
You ain't own shit you got car notes
See you later, these shoes is alligator
You cannot touch please don't call me you's a hater
If you ring my line please don't ask me for a favor
I do not got time I'm too busy getting paper

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