

Overtime

Birdman

Should've told you that shit last time
Money got me working overtime
So I'm a make up for the past time
Late nights by the ocean
Thinking 'bout what we could've been
All this money that we should've spent
But now I'm adding up my dividends
I'm living my life in Miami
Brought two choppers with the family
And me and Baby count a lot of cash
And we got bitches with a lot of ass
I fucked on your friend 'cause she wanted it
At least I hit you with the honest shit
Do you think it's love or the opposite?
Well I'd rather dwell on accomplishments
But can I take you by the hand though
And I'm a light up all the candles
I'm tryna give you that, I can't go without that
Know what I know
Beat it 'til your eyes closed
Make movies on your cellphone

But I'm coming to get you back
Oh God, oh God, I want you back
I guess that's what I get for overtime
See this what happens when you really grind
You gon' lose a lot if you tryna shine
So I turn my feelings to dollar signs

Every girl in the city, had to fuck with me
Broken hearts on the door mat
So much sauce, you can't stop that
Where would you be? Where would you be without me?
Still in these streets, still in these streets without me
Girl I've been getting this money
That's hundreds and hundreds and more
Don't lie, you really want money and honey I'm having some more
Been a long time since the world seen a nigga like me
Said it is what it is, it ain't hard to see

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The pussy good and yeah I'm missing that
I lost you but I know I get you back
And if I got to choose between love and money
You know I'm a go get the bags
Tired of arguing all the fucking time
So lately I been working overtime
Gang bringing in the fucking dimes
So why you always tryna fuck someone?
Turned all my emotions to dollars
A check ain't never been no problem

Every bitch I want I got 'em
I just started fucking my followers
Everytime I jump in my Bentley I swear I get all in my feelings
Cause this is one hell of a feeling
Look up and I ain't got a ceiling, the sky is the limit

Sitting up, riding up, pulling up
Came up, G'd up, feet up, getting up
Big money, nothing changed
Every day, switching lanes
Fast lane, spending change
Flipping hundreds, moving things
Bratt, bratt bratt
Just the way it got to be when we do it (bratt bratt bratt)
Just the way it got to be when we do it
Just the way it got to be when we pursue it
Money nothing else, we do it

But I'm coming to get you bae
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Y'all already know
Rich Gang, or don't bang
Jacquees it's your turn homie
Stunna what it do holmes
Rich Gang or don't bang
Please believe it