

Factory

Bizzy Banks

(Where's the ATM?)

Grrah

Get money (Chubby goin' crazy, please)

Uh, look

He got a band in twenties, so he think he got him a pack, uh, uh (A pack)

The shit that I got in my pockets the shit you got in your stash, uh, uh (Stupid)

I know you ain't gettin' no chicken, if you do, then why you ain't spendin' no chicken? (Why you ain't spendi'?)

Uh, I know you be worried 'bout bitches, if not, then why you be stretchin' these bitches? (Why you be stretchin' 'em?)

A bitch can't stress me out (At all)

The pussy ain't good, I'ma kick her out (Facts)

Uh, they call me Pimpin Holmes in the film, nigga, I can change your route (Facts)

Uh, a bitch can't sleep in my house, nigga bitch in the car, we tryna get clout (What?)

Uh, I don't even want the pussy no more, baby, you keep runnin' your mouth (Pussy, get money)

I don't like that shit, she look in my eyes when I pipe that shit (I pipe that bitch)

Uh, I don't like that shit, broke niggas with a badass bitch (Word)

AP on my wrist, I done came a long way from a Rollie, nigga (What else?)

Tss, AP on my wrist, I done came a long way, it's a trophy nigga (What else?)

Tss, ever since I got lit, everybody wanna say that they know a nigga (Like)

I was down bad on my dick, you ain't wanna know a nigga (At all)

Uh, I know my ex mad 'cause I blew up when I broke up with her (Facts)

Uh, I know she real mad 'cause I fucked her friend when I broke up with her (Haha)

I know that bitch mad as fuck

'Fore she listen to this shit too, gang

Grrah

Bizzy

Uh, you ain't gettin' money, nigga, that's a light pack (Word)

Uh, oh, you totin' guns, so you think you like that? (What?)

Uh, better save all that bread for lawyers and bail (Facts)

Uh, tss, better watch your homie, your homie might tell (Uh)

Like I done been through it all, from the streets to jail

Uh, I done got it on planes, I sent it through mail (No cap)

Uh, my crib too high, stop ringin' the bell

Uh, and if you want a feature, send that to my jail

Look, I been goin' too long, so I gotta wake 'em up (I gotta wake 'em up)

Countin' so much money I got paper cuts, I ain't got a pole, then I r

aise it up

Put my feelings in this bottle, tryna lean on a bitch with a double c
up (Leanin')

And I drop my thumbs for them niggas 'cause they doin' bad, I don't t
hrow it up (At all)

I just took a Perky, now I'm throwin' up (Facts)

She 4'11", weigh 127, so you know a nigga finna throw her up (Throw h
er)

You got a bitch, but she our bitch, so you look stupid when you post
her up (Dummy)

On the block I be posted up

While that car movin' wocky, if they spin avgain, nigga, we gon' blow
it up

Ha (Grrah, grrah, grrah)

Word