

# B22 Money

Clavish

(HD Beats)

Ah, I got rappers in my DM tryna disrespect my worth  
Offerin' B22 money for a verse  
See, I don't know what you heard, or if you heard how I'm comin'  
Couple rounds, I ain't cuffin'  
She belongs to the streets  
Are you buzzin'? She a ho  
I hope she ain't tellin' people she my cousin  
In my mouth I put half-a-dozen  
Get the prettiest of women with minimal discussion  
And, of course, we brang it with us if you see us in the function  
In the hood, niggas got to watch their tone if they ain't one to step  
Started off the year not buying Jordans, bought some guns instead  
They value their life, so when they see us they just run instead  
Free my big homie, we left couple man on pebble beds  
Karma's a bitch, and a crazy one  
So I ain't gonna rap about anybody's boo, or their baby-mum  
But niggas need to start strappin' up  
You're breedin' girls that will go and fuck guys that wanna see you in the mud  
What the Hell? What the fuck?  
You is only on that block 'cause you is not one of us  
Mum caught me baggin', what's the chance she's not gonna cuss?  
If they're sendin' me to jail, or I'm on tour, only time you'll see me on a bus  
I might need four hands to count the niggas I love  
But I don't even need one to count the niggas I trust  
I might need six hands to count the niggas I've robbed  
That could've been their mobile phone, their wife or a box  
And the fiends they be taking pics, but very rare they're sayin', "Cheese"  
Girls wanna fuck with me, it's rare that they ain't sayin', "Please"  
SPRs, AMGs, niggas think they been about  
But where were they when we were going Sports Direct to KFC?  
I need to leave the hood more and spend more time in Duty Free  
Every time I buy jewels, I'ma buy a new machine  
Stepped out with zero miles, new Amiri, new CELINE  
My Forces cost a extra bill, 'cause on the side it says, "Supreme"  
Insta' got this dropper stressin' me, she's askin' why she follows me  
And why I follow Tennessee  
Free Swady, all he wants is niggas pourin' Hennessey  
My Mali one, no BBL, her back bigger than Henedey's  
Mummy found my crack, told me she prefer me sellin' weed  
I tried, but that weren't my thing, so I'm back sellin' these  
Mood swings be on fleek when I'm in the cemetery  
Niggas diss the dead, them niggas got more dead niggas than me  
That don't make no sense  
Niggas been in the trap for years and they ain't made a pence  
I've seen couple niggas get it worse for sittin' on the fence  
My youngins can't drive, so, if they wanna ride, I give them peds  
And, they don't owe me shit if it's stab wounds and nothin' less  
She loves my smile, probably 'cause it's VVS  
I bet you I can still hit it even though she knows that I jeet her friends  
Me and Big Wo probably'll drill if we attend  
Now, bare niggas gotta get back if we meet again