

Bitch cold, I swear Dairy Queen rolled up  
Very clean, Spur flew over  
She got caught up in them wings, we gon' turn a couple corners  
Talk about of couple things, preliminaries went great  
I'm a let you hit this weed, once we on that interstate  
I don't be smoking on them streets  
Them traffic lights will have you in a jam with the man  
I ain't spending n'an minute  
In the can of sky mall, tryna spend a hunnit grand  
I know how to show you how we can get it spend it again  
Gone in the wind, gone with the ones who win  
Them boys is grown men, boss shit is what I'm spitting  
So boss shit is what you getting when you make a decision to listen  
I see them niggas figging, cause I'm high I'm slipping  
They gon' knock me off position, but why  
Cause a nigga be riding nice cars, fancy clothes  
Naked hoes, and mansion homes  
Got a lot but still we want more  
Cause one thing you can never have is  
Too much money, too much money, too much money  
You can never have too much money, too much money, too much