

Money

DC Young Fly

All the bad bitches on me
All the bad bitches want me
My finger tips turning green
All I ever did was count money
Don't need a nigga to count it for me
I'm addin' up like algebra
Don't need a nigga to run up on me
Linebacker bullets you get tackled up
Money on my mind
Money keep me on my grind
I'm with a bad bitch, yeah
Money gone make sure we shine
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These niggas ain't gangsta, keep the banger
These niggas ain't put in no work
So bring that ass here, boy
Cop a chopper that will leave you on shirts, huh
Niggas act more groupie than they bitch do
I said, "You smokin'?", said, "Nah, but my bitch do"
I said, "Cool, Imma hit you 'round see, fool"
Bitch gave me the ass so Imma show her what the dick do
Call my nigga Fetty Wap, said you got that
With the Trap Queen, yeah, I know where the block at
Took a trip to Georgio cause I need to cop that
Put the tax on the jugg, sweet? gotta pop that
Atlanta West Side, home of the brave
Crack fiend, nigga, home of the J's
If you ain't talkin' 'bout a dollar then I gotta holler
Cause I swear my nigga Yay, you want a whole another page

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I'm addin' money like the cross
I need some extra teeth the way I'm really tryna floss
It's hard to take a loss, I cannot take a plea
My pockets on green, ahh! like peas
My lungs on Act, ahh! straight lean
My chain look like a TV on my belly, Telletube

My safe ain't safe, don't touch or shit get deadly ahh! trouble
Bitches on me everywhere like I put my pimpin' on shuffle
I'm in this bitch with Fetty Wap, you better watch your bitch
You better cop a brick, you better make it flip
You talk to cops, you a bitch, woo woo woop

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All I ever do is count guap, countin' up non-stop
Run up on me, get shot, .45 keep it cocked
ZooWap from the block, sellin' juggin sellin' rocks
That nigga tellin' he a cop, he runnin' 'round with the ops
Fuck a oposition, ain't no competition
Keep a handgun when I'm lane switchin'
Seventeen sippin' with the lean dippin'
Magazine hit 'em, thirty-three pimpin'
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