

Get Money

Dej Loaf

Trauma Tone

His name is Kino Beats

Got 'em pissed 'bout a MAG, got 'em pissed, got 'em mad
Yeah, had to get in my bag, in my bag, yeah
Oh, they didn't think that I could last
Thinking that she's sweet, I'll put them killers on your ass
How you from the east and you can't even get a pat? (Whoa)

I hate when lyin' tigers bare
Hard ballin', ain't a nigga I'ma spare

Put your wrist in the air
Put your wrist in the air
You gettin' money, they aware
You gettin' money, they aware
It's a lot of bosses up in here (Who, yeah)
It's a lot of bosses up in here

Hit another brick, just like Craig (Woah!)
I fake, then I get dropped in the stand (Drop!)
Ric Flair, Beanie Sigel, I feel it in the air
Put an eagle on your head
They gon' lay eggs and fly
Hope I don't wake up to my will regret (Will regret)
I woke up with a bottle in my bed
Fuck him 'til the eyes roll to the back of my head (Mhm)
Ballin' with some niggas that's 'bout what they said, yeah

Put your wrist in the air
Put your wrist in the air
You gettin' money, they aware
You gettin' money, they aware
It's a lot of bosses up in here (There's a lot of us in this bitch)
It's a lot of bosses up in here (Yeah)

Cautious of snakes, but often, bosses relate
I broke down a quarter of weight on a white porcelain plate
I woke up feelin' marvelous today
Y'all think I flossed with this cake
But that show money help my dog with his case (My nigga)
Yeah, I still feel it when I pass through ghettos
Y'all had to settle we turned to family in Griselda Fashion Rebels
Six months in the trap, that's a May to November run
Real shit, you not a boss 'til you make your nigga one

I hate when lyin' tigers bare
Hard ballin', ain't a nigga I'ma spare

Put your wrist in the air
Put your wrist in the air
You gettin' money, they aware
You gettin' money, they aware (Yeah)
It's a lot of bosses up in here (Yeah)
It's a lot of bosses up in here (Look)

She know who the boss is, I bounce back from my losses

Bust an AP flawless from that pot and that fork shit
Mayweather money, beat up them charges
Too much drip, that's why the closet is bigger than your apartment
I give her backshots 'til I empty my cartridge
Fuck her now on the sink, the pussy drip like the faucet
The pussy nigga kept talkin', his life on the line, he lost it
It's pressure, then we upp'in', we ain't squashin'
Machine, bitch

I hate when lyin' tigers bare
Hard ballin', ain't a nigga I'ma spare

Put your wrist in the air
Put your wrist in the air
You gettin' money, they aware
You gettin' money, they aware
It's a lot of bosses up in here (Black works)
It's a lot of bosses up in here

Girl, I pull a few strings, still love to shoot with them things
Got fiends in the greens, still want a 2-for-15
Hunty taking pop bottles back to catch a cab to me
Now I give her five dollars just to pump the gas for me
On the east catching cells in the 48214
Fifty deep on the wheels, we want all them M boxes
Gotta land on the pint so my blood out and bonded
Uncle Teddy play with cottons, Uncle Smally skin poppin'
Where we at

Put your wrist in the air
Put your wrist in the air
You gettin' money, they aware
You gettin' money, they aware
It's a lot of bosses up in here
It's a lot of bosses up in here

Bosses up in here