

# Too Much

Doe Boy

I got too much money I got too much  
I got hella choppers, I got way too many shooters  
One phone call have them young niggas pull up  
Standing over the stove while my young niggas cook up  
[?] ain't got no guap, up this knot, take his spot  
I step out in Saint Laurent  
I step out I take the chopper  
Pull up in that drop then I pull off getting top  
Bitch I'm hot  
Bitch you're not

Bitch you're not, you can't have my spot  
Told you I was hot, but not hot as my Glock  
Niggas mad I got rich that's why I got chopsticks  
Wonder why the opps diss, cause they niggas got fit  
All that sneak dissing, they hitting all of my mentions  
No I can't pay them no mind they can't afford attention  
He broke he can't afford attention he can't afford these bitches  
Why you keep hanging around them niggas?  
You know them boys are snitching  
You know them boys is bitches  
They don't be toting extensions  
Hop in a 'Rari and I whip it  
Slide in your car and I flip it  
Hop in 'Rari, hop in a ghost  
Run up on me and get turned to a ghost  
I be that youngin from nose  
Pulling up to his shows with all these shooters and poles

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[?] that Tommy cause I'm hot  
Foreign in the parking lot  
You think you gone take my guap?  
[?] blood on my Saint Laurent's  
Watch me pull up on his block  
That's when all that faking stop  
I just robbed him for his knot  
I ran off like thanks a lot  
No he ain't getting back  
All of these niggas is wack  
They be talking bout this and that, but they ain't talking bout racks  
Hold on  
Run up in his trap, through the front and back  
He don; t give it up hit him with the Mac  
Free my young nigga [?] with the Mac  
Fourteen years he'll be right back  
Drip, sauce, splash they don't like that

You punch me, bullets fight back  
Know you want go to your hood and light that  
I heard nobody got hit, come right back  
I told you niggas we don't give not one fuck  
Pull up on you we a shoot you the fuck up  
Dare a lil nigga touch us  
Dare a nigga say fuck us

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