

Say welcome to my den
I got paid and got a chauffeur I'm a rider til the end
Got an extender on the.40 and that.40 got a twin
All I know is dirty money but when I count it I feel clean
Got a daughter on the way, tryna become a better man
And you can say I run this shit but you can't ever say I ran
Say the money keep me high oh how I pray I never land
But I don't pray so no wonder why I feel down
Guess I'm a workaholic baby I'm not into playin'
But I ball as if I'm playin' and givin' up's not in my plans
The top is where I stand and the top float is where I'm stayin'
Naw I'm not invitin' you to visit I'm just sayin'
Sorry I don't recognize you talkin' unless you payin'
And I really can't recall the last time I weighed grams
And I'm in that water, snappin' like a clam
Ridin' with that fire like a cross from the Klan
Guess I'm overaggressive, shootin' like a director
And you don't even have to act, you can get shot just bein' the extra
Yo come give me retarded brain, shit, I feel special
But I still chase the cheese that isn't digestible
Party every night, I feel festive
Trappin' like the laws ain't got the balls to come arrest us
School of hardknocks and gettin' pussy's an elective
Gettin' rich was sorta easy, stayin' rich is more impressive
I'm drunk off the power, now I'm throwin' up my section
Tryna find a MAK-90, to add to my collection
No I don't need no bodyguard, got my protection
Send yo lady yo fingers in the mail, you get the message
Damn I need a massage, my life so very stressful
My masseuse keep talkin' behind my back that bitch better be careful
I tried fuckin' with rap niggas, call myself bein' helpful
But you think we here for friends? You got it twisted like a pretzel
Fuck you and yo career, hope you hear me loud and clear
The trap is a magician wand I make you dissappear
Yeah I heard yo bars, 3 Musketeers
Milkyway Snicker that shit give you diarrhea
But you so full of shit, none of the shit you say is real
Where's the car you say you drive that don't come out til late next year?
It's okay, I wait til you come up with new ideas
You spent that in the mall? Blow that kinda dough in Seers
All I talk is money now that's music to my ears
I'm so motherfuckin' fly that birds and planes are my peers
Boy them skinny jeans make you niggas look queer
My pants never that tight, even when my pockets filled
My bitches pop they pussy, pop they gum and pop pills
And I fuck 'em for free, pussy's never on my bill
Bitch I got game, I'm cold enough to give you chills
Ball so hard I need a 60 minute highlight reel
Still down with the same pack of niggas I come up with
Shout out to Interscope they finally opened up my budget
Now I'm in this motherfucker Hollywood stuntin'
Niggas forgotten how to fight, you gotta shoot him if you punch him
Sittin' fat, lunchin, as long as the money comin'
Shout out to baby Jaylen that's what keeps my motor runnin'
You not ready for war, we hit yo block dumpin' and bombin'
Guerilla, Gangsta Grillz, Mr. Trip, DJ Drama
Motherfucker get money