

Everybody got an opinion but ain't nobody got a solution  
I got my money in all kind of financial institutions  
Like Charles Schwab and Morgan Stanley  
Haters can't stand me, everything I do is butter candy  
'Water, how you stay so dialed in and up?'  
Did you forget I'm from the game, used to sell coconut?  
Back in the golden days before the drought season  
Out there funk' for nothin', for senseless reasons  
Nowadays they stealin' and robbin', bippin' and flockin'  
All for a bopper so he can spoil her rotten  
She prettier than every female on Instagram  
Plus-size like who? Ashley Graham  
For a broad like that, they'll give their right hand  
Redbone, vanilla, chocolate, light-skinned  
Some of my potnas is P's, they pop they P's for they cheese  
Put the bitch on a blade when it's zero degrees, bitch!

Have money, have heart  
Have money, have heart  
Have street, have hustle  
Have street, have hustle  
Add it up, make double  
Add it up, make double  
Had it up in the struggle  
Had it up in the struggle

You gotta realize it's gon' be haters no matter what, my nigga (I swear)  
(In the struggle)  
No matter where you go, my nigga  
You could rich, you could be poor

Should I buy it off the lot or should I lease and write it off?  
Or pay cash like a rapper and watch the value decrease?  
Gotta be smart and discrete, can't be weak like a week  
Gotta be ten toes down and steppin' ahead of the janky streets  
Shoot your best shot, hit your mark  
Have money, have street, have heart  
Toast him with the toaster like a Pop Tart  
I ain't tellin' on me, that's why I ride à la carte (Ho!)  
Put some cameras on your home so you can watch on your phone  
While y'all on vacation or you at home all alone  
Do some damage with the chrome, aim at his neck and his dome  
Eat his ass up he try to break in your own  
I'm the right one not a chump  
We don't play checkers no more, we play Tunk  
You's a pussy, you's a cunt  
When they handin' ghetto passes out, my nigga, you flunked, bitch!

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I tell all my solid dudes  
'Don't fuck your shoe up steppin' on these niggas  
Step over 'em, mayne' (In the struggle)  
Don't let 'em backdoor you, don't let 'em sneak you, my nigga, we need you  
We need you (In the struggle)  
Pay attention to the ball, watch everything (Everything)  
Like my nigga Pimpin' Ken say (What he say?)  
You gotta human chess with these niggas, mayne (Bitch!)  
(In the struggle)