

Making G's

Fat Trel

Makin G's, ma-makin g's, makin g's, ma-makin g's, ma-makin g's, ma-makin g's
, half a million dollars, half a million dollars, half a million dollars on
my lap, on my lap

I'm all about my bacon-cheese, I told that money, "wait for me."
Foolin out from A-Z, so basically don't play with me
Smoke a bowl, cookin coke, fuckin hoes in vacancy
Stash house from Cali to Raleigh belong to Crazy G
Good police and fake police, you hate police, I pay police
Either or I even score, I bring in more you pay for lease
They compare my weed stinks to deceased arm pits
Fire arms, muscle up, south beach, I fucked it up
Hotel erotica, VH1 exotica
Rental yacht, Key West, call that pussy Nautica
Man, I swear all I got is a Goddess
Stop to acknowledge her
Pradas on my property, lotta cheese and broccoli
Fake tits, fake lips, I just call her counterfeit
Put her down, pick her up, it's back to who I found her with
Haitian leaves, wrapping Jamaican trees
Haters prey on me cause I be makin G's
Nigga we be...

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All this money got me rollin with them fly bitches
Do or die bitches, them ain't yours, you a liar, them is my bitches
I got a white bitch, I got a dyke bitch
I got a love to shoot dice, love to fight bitch
I got a love to mix the lean with the sprite bitch
Sorry baby, I can't make it, got another flight bitch
But you know what? But you know what?
Man all them bitches...

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I feel like Lil' Fat, how I count my money backwards
A savage in the trap, bumpin Webbie while we wrap up
Rubber bands, duffle bags, prada, gucci, louie rags
Whole lotta fire arms, lights off, laser tag
Half a million dollars on my lap, what the fuck is that?
Call that pack, that Pheonix Jones, I open up, it's running back
No bitches don't work for me, my niggas where that money at
My momma know she birthed a G, her son be worth 100 racks
Money money money, and all I know is money homie
Go and get some choppas maybe you can take it from me homie
Me and Badass, smokin loud all wild
Keep some ecstasy and liquor lean, couldn't slow me down
Bitches used to walk past, but them hoes know me now
Got them bitches pumpin pounds, till the shop close down
Flight to Louisiana, my niggas with country grammar
But don't ever get it twisted, they poppin tags and hammers

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