

Money 3X

Foolio

Zaytoven, boy, you made this shit boy
Money money money, 6
Money money money

Sprint to the pack, I'm just runnin' runnin' runnin'
Post in the trap 'bout money money money
No days off, shit Monday through Sunday
Bitch I'm TDB 6, ho you know how I'm comin'
My main bitch say I'm actin' funny funny funny
'Cause I nutted in her ass now I'm runnin' runnin' runnin'
Broke ass ho want my money money money
Bitch if you ain't from the 6 then you can't get nothin'
Sprint to the pack, I'm just runnin' runnin' runnin'
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I started from the bottom, used to post with them choppers
Old lady 'cross the street, she keep callin' Crime Stoppers
Crab ass nigga, you a motherfuckin' lobster
Straight yay in the cut, he a real top shotta
I don't tell 'em shoot, they just do it for the thrill
Kenny K in the cut, wanna kill kill kill
All day like a slave, Kojack in the field
Niggas fold like paper when this shit get real
Want a bad bitch look like Marilyn Monroe
She my top, I make her ass get the dough
Name a young nigga got more motherfuckin' flow
Nineties baby goin' crazy, have a seat, take notes
I'm just tryna be a real eight figure nigga
Come between Nat P, Glizzy he'll kill you
Hatin' ass niggas, I don't motherfuckin' feel 'em
How it's cold in the summer but it's hot in the winter, 6

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Six shooters in the whip, six fifty clips
Trick Daddy, slide records but I don't slip

I'm saucin', hit 'em with a little drip
Be cautious, feds move real slick
Got my weight up from the bando, I'm a trap star
Niggas pie, niggas lie, you a cap star
Bitch you better get some money, yeah, that part
And don't never show no feelings show no heart
But how you get money, you servin' them onions
For two or three years, ain't upgrade to nothin'
You smoke all your pack, just hang with the junkies
You flex for them hoes but really a flunky
Feed that boy peanuts, that boy want my bunky
You get commissary and he takin' your commy
Rest up lil TJ, lil Johnny, and Tommy
I'm not crazy, nah and I won't be a dummy, 6

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