

# 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'  
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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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