

Straight Cash

French Montana

Ay yo man
I walk in the dealership, so they have the nerve to ask me
"What my credit like?"
I'm like "Bitch, how you want, straight cash"
I mean you know I love moneyyyyyy (Clap)
Moneyyyyyy (Clap) Moneyyyyyy (Clap)
Moneyyyyyy (Clap) Moneyyyyyy (Clap)
I'm talkin' 'bout straight cash

I get straight cash, I mean, break fast
Highway hustler, bricks behind the break glass
I'm on that Dame Dash, I'm on that Roc-A-Fella
We add that baking soda, that's how we rock it fella
I'm talkin' tan and yella, this be that gray and white
I'm talkin' straight cash, cool meal overnight
My whips, bought 'em straight cash
My bitch want the straight cash
My crib got me straight cash
Got work, I need a weight class
Never ever see me broke no mo'
If I ain't in that two-seater than I'm in that photo
Me, it's S550, tell ya bitch to photo
Man my money Yao Ming shawty, yours ToTo
I need straight cash

I mean you know I love moneyyyyyy (Clap)
Moneyyyyyy (Clap) Moneyyyyyy (Clap)
Moneyyyyyy (Clap) Moneyyyyyy (Clap)
Yeah I'm talkin' 'bout straight cash
Take money (money) Take money
Take money (money) Yeah that straight cash
Take money (money) Take money (money)
Yeah, ya know I'm talkin' 'bout that straight cash

All my block huggers know I'm 'bout that straight cash
Round paper, all cake, straight cash
I'm The Laundry Man, straight cash
Washed up, stacked up, straight cash
I bought a house to put bricks, straight cash
Next to a brick house fulla straight cash
100 grand in the couch, straight cash
(Smack a ho in the mouth), straight cash
Took my momma out the hood, straight cash
There's no engine in the hood, just straight cash
You get killed in the hood, straight cash
(Smokin' happens in the hood), straight cash
Man it's good how I feel, straight cash
You might be worth a mill, (but it ain't cash)
Put money on ya grill, straight cash
Buy you out your deal, straight cash
Clap

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Yeah, ya know I'm talkin' 'bout that straight cash

I just hit a store for a 100 large
I don't need to drive 5, I don't need 100 cars
I need 150 thou, square feet
Army fatigues, scopin' out for dead meat
I make you walk the plank bare feet
And he is not to walk around in these streets
And he is not to talk around on these beats
Still, he ain't even like that, he ain't even write that
Letters from the pen see, he ain't even write back
What's ya preference, ya whole style's referenced
Nigga, my whole style's some next shit
The gauge spit, ooh I see what you had for breakfast
Green eggs, sausage, nigga we the Gain Greene bosses
Cut 'em down, put 'em in a coffin
Flossin'?, nigga stay high like he MJ
Suites in the Tribec, y'all know where my mens stay
Owww, (Clap)

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