

Ain't a Thang

Futuristic

Broke as a joke although nothing was funny
Mama ain't never sold dope for no money
Ramen noodles was the hope for my tummy
Everyday, at lease we never went hungry
Used to ask why I was born in this country
All the white girls used to say I was ugly
Told 'em I'm finna blow like my nose stuffy
See me and they wanna hit like Now when they see me, they swear that they love me
And my comments on their finsta like Chucky
But I swear that I will not let 'em touch me
My shorty waves arms like she hittin' the Duggie
Fresh, I beat the box and it's lovely
Yes, for other shorties that ducked me, I'm blessed
What was the topic? Oh let me reset
I was happy but still getting no checks
Niggas was stressing
Now that's why I got my foot on they neck
2020 I made so much more money
But someone tell me why I still feel depressed?
Still feel my life is a mess
What after all that paper, would it be a life vest?
But I been drowning, I found that a lot in myself
Fixing your wealth won't help your mental health
I thought that

Money ain't a thing but it's better if I got it
I know I can make a change if I'm getting to the profit
I know, I can be down there
Long as I'm around back
I can be down there
Long as I'm around back
I know money ain't a thing but it's better if I got it
I know money ain't a thing but it's better if I got it
Get to the bag, get to the bag
Get to the bag, get to the bag

Money ain't a thing but it's everything
Just spent \$10K on a wedding ring
Just spent \$15 for a vacation
I was broke with the hope for a better day
I ain't tell my mom 'bout the trips with my class
Used to dip, I ain't wanna ask for the bread
I would always sell Kenny for the flip
Mow lawns by the crib, then pocket that instead
I got three million that's in my account
I write a check, bet it ain't gonna bounce
Couple of diamonds I hang from my neck
And I helped all of the homies get out
That's what you supposed to do
It's a chosen few, we get overviewed
Some do the deed so they don't notice you
And some pay the fee to make Oprah moves
Ya know, money trees grew, planted those seeds
That's the root of all evil, come from handing that green
All equal to the tax, try'na manage my steez
I'm 44% and you still at 15

To the six speed, I was getting paper crispy
And at 16 I was balling, doing big things
A kid dreamed to do everything that I've seen
And the Sistine's didn't even know the kid's things

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