

Foreign Bankroll

Gucci Mane

Zaytoven
What's up, Dre? (Ha, woo)
What's up, Ball? (It's Guwop, Rich Homie)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, the folks (Ha)
P-Max (Get busy)

No gettin' 'cause she foreign
Smoke Afghan, it's foreign
Got big cars, they foreign
Now I'm doin' foreign
No passport, she foreign
Brand new drop, it's foreign
Green sheet type, she foreign
She like the money foreign
Got designer on me, Cavalli on me
The bitches on me 'cause the molly on me
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Your ho on the score, you know my unc' on dope
A lil' short hand chopper under my peacoat
So how these hoes gon' stop the guap when the cops can't stop?
I dropped my iPhone, cracked it and my top subtracted
And I spend my money faster
I got on seven diamond rings like your pastor
I was ridin' round with bricks in my trunk, man
Same year that Jordan dropped the Jumpman
I was in the county playin' tomp by the bunk man
Now I'm in the Lamb truck in the front, I gives a damn
Sellin' gram after gram, never credit card scam
Want some credit? Let a nigga hold your debit card, ma'am
Give me, pussy, ass and mouth, so I call the bitch Pam
Since I'm saving all my money, you should me Young Sam
I been serving niggas Debbie since a very young man
Got a stash box with a tommy gun in my damn van

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I fuck your ho in the sprinter, I pour a fo' up for dinner
I go to Cuba for winters, I smoke and sip and do lemons
I'll fuck a public affiliate, I'm talkin' public defenders
Pull up in something offend ya, my bitch got choppas extended
I took my ho to Toppano, she sniffed that Rosie O'Donnell
On camera, she go Madonna, I ate her up like quick grinders
I paint a picture with models, I call up Pewey and Caso
He brought a chick, she Sicilian, I engineer her like Dillon

I flew a chick from Tahe, she brought a friend, she Belize
I met her man at Four Seasons, I ain't been back in four seasons
She said she love to give me money, it's the money she love
I take that ho up out the projects, made her Mexico, bruh

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Forgiato, straight 8, I'm on a high speed chase
Two hunnid on the interstate 'cause I can't catch no case
Tryna hit up Gucci Land, but he won't pick up the phone
Thinkin' like El Chapo, we can't lose no loads
I like to stack my money up, I can't stand bankrolls
Thirty-six ounces in the brick, I add four more
That's a forty ounce brick, you get it for twenty-four
Old school like Magic, I no-look pass dope
I drop a brick just like Buffalo just dropped T.O
I ain't never seen a drop, bricks jump out the floor
Old school, G.T.O., bricks stuffed in the door
And I don't stop at red lights, everything is a go

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I'm a motherfuckin' stoner, I put that shit on my mama
Got my pistol with me now, you try me, bitch, I'ma gun you
You ain't no boss, you pussy boy, you's a motherfuckin' runner
Fuck the jury, the judge, the prosecutor and Your Honor
From the 'burg, with these young niggas, they got hearts in them
I'm in the streets, pussy nigga, no such thing as friends
I might pull up on your block with a ho block and a fo' pot
Drop a fo' walk, what you wanna cop? Keep the door locked, shooters gon' pop

Got a pocket full of hundreds and a closet full of clothes
With a phone full of hoes and they trippin'
And yeah, I know some partners and they throwed with some shawty by the door
With some killer niggas standing by the kitchen
And all my niggas got a bankroll, bankroll, bankroll on 'em
Bankroll, bankroll, bankroll on 'em
All my niggas keep a bankroll, bankroll, bankroll on 'em
I can't go nowhere without that bankroll on me