

Money Scheme

Gucci Mane

Yeah my pockets got the mumps like professor Klump
This while I pull up in the front in my fuckin' dump
A lot of racks in my jeans, about 30 grand
I got the battle of the bands in my fuckin' pants
I'm throwin' Hamiltons and Grants like I'm Kev Durant
Comparin' us to them's like elephants to fuckin'...
Well we on fire and nationwide, globalized and verbalized
In Robin jeans and True Religions, don't like suits, don't wear
ties
We wise guys with mob ties, shoot more than A.I
We ball harder, you know why
We way smarter than most guys
I'm banked up, like a dope dealer
6s on a four wheeler
We tatted up and grilled out
Brick Squad 1017 thugged out

I'm on a money scheme, on a money scheme
Yeah my pockets got the mumps like professor Klump
I'm on a money scheme, bitch I'm on a money scheme
Yeah my pockets got the mumps like professor Klump

He wants me, she said that it might glow
These presidents, they haunt me, they go everywhere I go
I party with the zombies, I'm a monster, that's for sure
Money schemin', catch me speedin' like I gotta get me more
And yeah I'm a cat so I'm crazy with the scratch
Bout that guala, guala, cheese, cheaper nigga callin' back
Hella, all I fuckin' need is some mothafuckin' racks
And a stripper with a booty that know how to make it clap
Cause I can make it rain, I know how to make it back
Money come, money go, but somehow we stay attached
I dunno what's gotten into me, I don't know how act
But I'm back up n my rizzly and I'm 'bout to attack

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