

# Money Talkin

Gudda Gudda

One thing on my mind and that's to get it  
I want the world, nigga, and everything that's in it  
Riding with my niggas and them 4's cocked  
Take your jewels and sell 'em back with interest - that's a pawn shop  
They be like when you gonna stop?  
Never, till I'm sitting on top  
All I know is that green light  
Gotta pull off my whole block  
Reporting live from the bottom of the map  
Riding with a 30 shot clip, bodies all neck  
Don't be reckless, don't test us,  
I'll put you on my checklist  
You feeling lucky today? Then I can make your death wish  
Hard body, we wreck them up,  
Scarred body, I'll tear it up  
Aim for the nose, hit his eyes, slick, rick, patch him up  
My young niggas be acting up,  
Check niggas, that's acting tough  
Ball for ball, I'm sick with that fire,  
Who's gonna match 'em up?  
Nobody, I'm so Gotti, I whack niggas with no problem  
Red in my pocket groin, I ain't never havin dope problems  
That's your problem, solve it nigga, AKO revolver nigga  
Stay in your lane, I'm giving coffins out, I'll morgue a nigga  
East Side, we mobbing, nigga,  
Lames best respect that  
Jaw jacking, gon get your jaw cracked, chin check that

Riding with my niggas and we mobbin'  
Best believe if it's beef you don't want problems  
30 shot clip, that'll solve 'em  
Money on my mind, when I'm speaking, money talkin'  
Money talkin', money talkin'  
Damn right, that's the money talkin'  
Money talkin', money talkin'  
God damn right, that's the money talkin'

My young niggas ridin' with them 30 shots  
My old G still calling for the blunt  
My brother locked up, gotta send him cakes  
My bitch says she straight, watch this paper turn to dank  
Got my chain on, fuck it, turn off all the lights  
I ain't never left, bitch my money right  
My hoes bad, I pimp hard like 8 ball  
My MJ's G'd up,  
Wanna catch me? Speed up  
That boof gone, I'm smokin,  
Money loan came for that  
From the west side of that shot and on my mama, I done met Oprah  
Yeah, Boo ain't speaking 'cause the money do  
100 round drums make the killers move  
Hell no, we don't dance hoe  
Gudda Gudda blowing money like a bad hoe  
I be playing bitches, banjo  
Weed so loud you thought it was a bando

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I'm riding with this mula  
My passengers, my shotgun, rider, that's my shooter  
Nightmare on any street, call me Gudda Krueger  
Catch a body then catch a flight then I lay low in Aruba  
This is young money, rich game,  
6th speed when I switch lanes  
Me and my girl don't be a skank,  
'Bout to hit the bitch and blow big chains  
Still Gudda, ain't shit changed,  
Just take a look at my wrist game  
You reach for that motherfucker you won't see your wrist again  
Sinner shop on tenth bay,  
Next spine and yo shittin crack  
I spot you a half of thing I'd better that ten back, yeah  
That's the way it work, that's the way it go  
I'm screaming fuck you, pay me on the daily, hoe

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