

# Walk Like Money

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Young nigga walk like money  
Young nigga smell like money  
Young nigga talk like money  
Young nigga, go get the money  
Addicted to money and drugs  
Addicted to trapping and plugs  
Addicted to lean and bud  
Addicted to hundreds and dubs  
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Rollie polie, Bugs Bunny carrots  
I walk in this bitch, these niggas get embarrassed  
I smell like a brick in a cabinet  
I just came back from Paris  
Y'all niggas know that I'm having  
Pull up in a wide-body Aston  
Popped me a Xan and the crashed it  
Go meet the plug in the cabins  
Dress like I'm Trump, but I dress how I want  
Riding around with the brick in the trunk  
Smoke like a Rasta, 3.5 in the blunt  
Better think twice, this ain't what you want  
Migo pull up and he dropped off a truck  
Trapping and juuging, I'm running it up  
Walk in this bitch looking like the Megabucks  
Kept me a juug at the Starbucks  
With both hands like I use nunchucks  
Addicted to money, I can't stop counting up  
Addicted to pouring the lean up  
Pull up in the 650 Bimmer  
Young nigga came up like Ace from the cleaners  
Found me a plug, now they want a feature  
Go to Cali, come back with the speakers  
Go to Vegas, ten bitches I'm geeking

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Everything foreign like I'm overseas  
Roll up, we smoke on the whole tree  
Stack up the hundreds, spend twenties on groceries  
I sleep with one eye like I'm Doe B  
Killers with me when I go to D.C  
Smell like money, got a twenty on me  
Too many bricks, got to cook in the creek  
Do not ask me what I got on my feet  
Me and my plug got a meet and greet  
Young rich nigga, get out the street  
My little bitch taught me how to speak Japanese  
MONY POWR RSPT, I make her say please  
I'm paraplegic, couldn't read  
Dropped off the top and I smell like Febreeze  
My diamonds from Africa make your bitch freeze  
Changing the brick, then I spent it on cookies  
Professional master chef with the cookie  
Jump on the plane, get the Rollie from Switzerland  
I'm trapping, catching plays, nigga, call booking  
Salt-N-Pepa, young nigga, I'm pushing  
Stole me a old school and switched up the paint  
Don't give a fuck 'bout what a nigga thank  
I walked in the club with a strap and a shank  
I walk like I talk like I smell like a bank

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