

Still Countin

Icewear Vezzo

I'm still counting money, I'm still counting money
I'm still counting money, bitch, I'm still counting money
I'm still counting money, bitch, I'm still counting money
Bank account on swole, bitch, I'm still getting hunnids
I'm still rocking ice, I'm still fucking bitches
I still got it locked, bitch, I'm still that nigga
Yeah, I'm still counting money, I'm still counting money
Bank account on swole, bitch, I'm still counting hunnids

Rest in peace to my cousin Ryan, my nigga Pooh, and GiGi
Whipping yola, getting hella orders, you can ask Soda and Cece
I'm coppering bricks, shit, I used to get about a half of skull for the Chief Keef
Started buying bands from my nigga Reese, just to double back, that's the repeat
I'm the KOD, up in KOD, lost a couple fans on a incident
Throw back thirty, 'bout to take a picture of a roll of tissue, I been the s hit
Riding rouches with Michelin, hottest nigga in Michigan
Hands up I love to stunt, I just showed my wrist again
All stones, I'm the karat king, ice cream, no Dairy Queen
Money, power over everything, I'm fly as hell, need a pair of wings
Spent a band on a pair of jeans, twin Glocks with a pair of Beams
High as hell, nigga where the lean, ride down yo block and then air the scene

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Talking cash when my line ring, that's clientele at my doorknob
Twenty bands off twenty grams, it's hot as hell in my dope spot
All before I had a dro spot, getting twos in my old spot
Stash cash in a plastic bag, keep a lil something at my ho spot
Sipping drank, finna doze off, buying bells, sending bowes out
I was at the bottom, now I'm on top, I got it locked like the door locked
My pants sag, that's the money lean, outta town on a money trip
Louis on, got a hundred kicks, nigga look at me, this what money get
Eastside, ain't no hoes here, trap money, them pros here
Black hoodie, black skully, Timbs on, that's rode getter
Detroit, I'm hove here, white buffies, that's gold here
Mink on cause it's cold here, niggas scared to do shows here

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