

# Block

## Internet Money

Internet Money, bitch  
Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah, ooh  
Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah  
Big 14, know what the fuck goin' on  
Lil', uh, bitch  
Ayy, yeah (Hahahaha, Nick, you're stupid)

They don't understand who I am (Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah)  
I had to WWE slam (Slam)  
Down on these fuck niggas, yeah, yeah (Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah)  
I said they had the murder rate high, yeah (Bah)  
I said they had the murder rate high, yeah (Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah)  
Pull up with them Glocks, nigga like, yeah (Yeah)  
Pull up, send some shots, nigga like, yeah (Yeah)  
Gunpowder get popped, nigga, like, yeah (Yeah)

We done had the whole hood hot, nigga, yeah (Woo)  
Pull out on the block, nigga, like, yeah (Bitch)  
I love the way your body drop, yeah, yeah (Way it drop, yeah)  
The way it tumble then it flop, yeah, yeah (Yeah)  
I don't got the time to be playin' games with the opps  
Pull up with this chop' and then I knock you out your socks (Bah)  
Timeless, and I don't need a motherfuckin' clock  
Man, I swear to God, all I need is my Glock and mop, yeah

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Bitch, we stay like Ricky Bobby, not the Bobby with lil' Whitney  
I drop five up on the Glock and you think I ain't bring it with me  
I put four-fives in this big three-oh and spark it like a blizzy  
I don't show no love to city hoes but I do love this Glizzy  
Make her vow to me, you will never jam when you in need  
With this laserbeam, put him underneath the concrete  
Better not play with me, I'ma make sure you niggas sleep  
Did your grave for me, jump inside and tell me what you see, uh

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