

**HEY!**

**Internet Money**

Yeah  
In my face

Hey  
Step up in the room, these diamonds hit you in the face  
Put a lil' molly on her tongue, how's it taste?  
I just sit back, count the bag all day  
Got a quarter million, so I'm finna snatch a Wraith  
I'm a boss, I could never be a worker on these niggas  
Double R, know I'm slidin' with the curtain on these niggas  
Big slime, I'll wipe your whole nose off a nigga (Slatt)  
You don't want no smoke, then you asthmatic

Fucking groupies on the road, my bitch getting mad  
Baby, I'm a rockstar, don't know how to act  
Real rager, can't tame it  
Getting brain in the Range 'cause I'm famous  
Chewing on the molly, slidin' in the Aventador  
Finna get the panties off the baddest IG whores  
Put the hood up on my back, got the strap on my waistline  
Put that on my soul, you will never come and take mine  
Made another mill' from a deal, I'm like bet  
My bitch said that I'm a dog, so she must be a vet  
Only thing up on my mind is some money and some sex  
Big ol' Birkin bag, my bitch so bad, she gotta have it  
I can't even cap, I got a lot of bad habits  
Money cure my pain (Yeah)  
Big ol' diamond rocks (Yeah, ice, ice, ice)  
Hit a pussy-nigga right up in the motherfucking face

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They don't want motherfuckin' no smoke with Lil Keed  
I put money in her bank account, put bitches on they knees (Yes sir)  
Grrah, grrah, grrah, hit 'em up, now they grieving  
And we all walk in, nah, we ain't leavin'  
I wear Dior to the draws today  
Yes, my my dick rock hard [?] today  
Dumb bitch, you know I'ma be paid for days  
Know my slime know that I paved the way  
Know I wish a nigga trip while I got that hundred grand on me  
Yes, she said she my number one fan, knowing she wanna put it on me  
But I need your only one fan, yeah, I need you fucking on me  
Yeah, the real ones know what I'm saying and you fucking don't

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