**James Blake** We can talk about the trips up to Broadway We can talk about the piss in the hallway We can talk about eviction notice sitting on the door Shit didn't even phase us we all straight We can talk about 2 thousand roaches sitting outside covered up on the whole damn walkway We can talk about my cousins coming over tryna roast a nigga crib Man they said it was a crawl space We can talk about drug shit Yeah we can talk about fuck shit Yeah we can talk about it all day We can talk about police coming up the school tryna hide from my mama It wasn't nothing but a long day We can talk about right now We can talk about hype now Yeah that's the shit that I like now I gotta city back home tryna fight now And all the bitches that I wanted tryna pipe down Money make me two step Look like money gotta new rep Got two twins and they both goin Don't talk about it I ain't choose yet Wait till I get this money I'm turning to the mother fuckin Michelin man Wait till I get this money I'm spending it soon as it touch my hand Money make me two step Need the real thang I don't do reps Came along way from a kick door Now I got money Ion do theft Wait till I get this money I'm turning to the mother fuckin Michelin man Wait till I get this money I'm spending it soon as it touch my hand Signed a record deal thought it all was finna change I was 19 I was looking at the fame I ain't even curse when they money touched down I just looked at my account and said man got dang I ain't even know bout the bullshit that come with this shit Now I'm hiding myself and my face Never trust a nigga tryna profit of ya soul Only white man I trust is James yeah Woke up one day and it was all on bill I'm Lebron to my niggas, I'm the king of the hill I take care of everybody I know

They don't know about the shit deal with, the stress
They don't know about the pressure I'm feeling up to my neck
Most my niggas never seen 6 figures
And wouldn't know what to do with it
But niggas keep telling me to invest
They don't know about this industry shit or nan bout it
Or even understand the shit that I'm saying bout it

So even if I don't got it bitch these niggas know I'm paying the bill

I'm tryna tell my nigga bout what to do with the budget
This fuck nigga asking me questions bout illuminati
They don't know bout chasing the uni port for the check
And it's 6 zeroes but 2 of em go to IRS
And the other 4 for life style niggas gotta project
And I been looking at this chain but niggas ain't buy it yet
My nigga tell me go on vacation I need a breather
I'm living off the deal so niggas can't try it yet
This nigga took a picture of me in a coach seat
I responded like look like both riding a diet jet
But wait till I get these blues on my
Guard yo hoe or it's suicide
Nigga gon be looking like who am I
'Cause I'ma be a different nigga on me on god

Money make me two step
Look like money gotta new rep
Got two twins and they both goin
Don't talk about it I ain't choose yet
Wait till I get this money
I'm turning to the mother fuckin Michelin man
Wait till I get this money
I'm spending it soon as it touch my hand

Money make me two step
Need the real thang I don't do reps
Came along way from a kick door
Now I got money Ion do theft
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