

## One 2

Jay Critch

Aye, aye  
I'm like, hold up  
I'm like one's for the money  
Two for these niggas that switched up  
I'm like one's for the money  
(Hold up, Spiffy on this mofucker)

I'm like one's for the money  
Two for these niggas that switched up  
I cannot run out of money, all of my niggas get big bucks  
Fuck 'em if they movin' funny, [?] that bag and then pick up  
If it's really drama then my shoota', he gunnin'  
My shoota' tryna go hit some  
That means you end up a victim  
I get them racks and I flip them  
Run it up' gotta grind hard, won't let my mamma see me in prison  
I been finnesin', you want some, gotta take some  
He ain't stick to the cheat code, he ain't [?] up, we erased him

I get that bag, yeah, the money, it go with me  
Ain't it so sweet, but I'm winnin' this 0 and 3  
She in the sheets, the dick in her ovaries  
Nigga its a leak, the drip is all over me  
You ain't workin', if you really want it then you gotta go get that shit  
Remember all them days, where my pockets hurtin' and I had to go hit that li  
ck  
There was a lot of times, thought I'd never make it and I gotta admit that s  
hit  
But you know that I never quit, yeah, nigga you gotta get it how you live  
I got on then put my momma in a crib  
We said that we would do it and we did  
Now these niggas talkin', they do not exist  
Checkin' another bag off the list  
I see the money and I'm callin' dibs  
Diamonds slow dance, shine like a disco  
Grown man, I can't talk to you kids tho  
Shorty go down, she doin' the limbo  
I'm takin' chances, I had to take a risk  
Same team, ain't no new faces  
All these new niggas never gave a shit, nah

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I'ma keep gettin' this money, only on one condition  
Gotta get Hanukkah money, this is the tradition  
Every year new money, like we get to wishin'  
Count up every Sunday, yeah, just like a Christian

She wanna hit like junkie, put her on restriction  
I don't think [?] is funny, we all got addictions  
Forecast showerin' money, that's just my prediction  
I got books of money, stacks look like non-fiction  
People keep hatin' on me, lord is my witness  
You can't [?] my blessings, with all of your stiffness  
I'ma keep spreadin' love, yeah, just like a sickness  
Got this Rollie' on me, like I won the Olympics

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