

Money

JID

It's gon' be a bunch of lil kids
A bunch of lil boys and girls singing this lil part right here
Use these words

Money money, all In need, all I want
Take it from me leave you stank, smell the funk
You stink
Money, money all I need, all I want
Take it from me no you can't, no you don't

Nigga money on my mind more than half the time
They put our massa on the money so I mastermind
Don't mind the mess, I'm a mad scientist rapping rhymes
JID really Jimmy Neutron mixing a nuclear bomb
And as their eyes are watching God I'm tryna rise above
Poverty, philosophies, and prophecies arise
Follow me forth forever, never fall to far behind
Cause I tell my testimony
Without a dime
Youngest in the family succumb from outta crime
Came from East Atlanta, Moreland Ave
In his path, 20 East was prolyl like the Autobon
Get his autograph he gon have Grammy's and noms
Member he was smoking little grammies in the slums?
Tryin' not to panic couldn't imagine what was done
Father Time, fuck Mother Earth, had an Uncle Tom
Now them crackers snatching Black cats by the tongues
For the cheese, rats creeping on your TV screen sellin' you dreams
Granny buying holy waters off of Joel Osteen
Rubbin' it in my brother head, say a prayer on her knees
I used to be jealous of Jared, and Patrell, Akeem, even Farraud
Had the new J's and jeans on, this what I wanted
At the time as a preteen, pretend I'm a star
Pretty model in a g-string, sitting on top the car
With a bottle that she drinking leaving from out the bar
Thinking if anybody is talking
Put some green on his head he better be Marcus Smart
But we never had a thing, so this all was in my thoughts
Because I ate so many bologna sandwiches as a child
I'd kill a nigga if he made one for me right now
Ironical that being broke is an expensive lifestyle
No wonder they selling dope from sunrose to sundown
Tryn get mo, scream it out the window

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Look, nigga money on my mind more than most the time
And most of my grind go tom promote my rhymes a nigga don't blow I shine
I feel like Coach Prime, I throw a bomb if they and
And don't socialize the goal is to get the most dimes 'fore it's the end of
yo time
It's hard for you to score when they keep on movin' the goal line
You outside the liquor store with a lottery ticket

Leavin' a double shift from the Walmart on
Road
Nigga may spray bout they dough
So a nigga don't play bout no code
Back in the day we was told
By reperation, get a mule, 40 acres or so
Justification or repayment for the pain in your soul
Fast forward, fuck patience I ain't waitin' nomo
I gotta take it, paper chasin' like I'm Dre or I'm Hov
Ye with the clothes, fuck Hulk Hogan and fuck Joe Rogan
Because it flows, you know how it goes
Need a bitch that's down with OPP and down with IPOs
Feel like ODB you hoes better have my pesos
Thinking about them days momma said she had to pray more
Was feeding 7 kids plus the mortgage gotta pay more
The food from in the fridge from last night is on the table
Ya'll sit down and say ya'll grace because
Because I ate so many bologna sandwiches as a child
I'd kill a nigga if he made one for me right now
Because we ate so many bologna sandwiches as a child
I'd kill for one of them shits if I could have em right now
Irony I'm havin' dough but don't promote the lifestyle
Just want my people to grow let's make a toast to right now
Get some money, say it with me loud now

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