

Today's A Good Day

Jimmy Wopo

We do what we want
You do what they say
We tryna get money baby
Laughing to bank like
Ha-ha-ha, today's a good day
Fuck what's going on
Man a nigga getting paid
Twenties, fifties, hundreds
She on that pole tryna pay her way through college
Go'n get your money baby
Ha-ha-ha, today's a good day
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I made 20 racks off them 20 packs
I spent 20 racks flying there and back
She just want to fuck, don't want to get attached
She just want to fuck 'cause I'm to the max
Just so you know I got that package on the way now
I think I trust her, I can fuck her where I stay now
You know I got to count the money 'fore I lay down
Cause in the morning I wake up, they're making plays now, yeah
And you know I got to get the money nigga, I'ma get it get it
And lil woadie man I can't be fuckin' with you if he ain't with it
And lil shawty baby can't be comin' with us girl if she ain't with it
Cause at any minute
Nigga I'ma blow this bitch up

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Trigger for the money
Seven up, double cup for the muddy
Pimpin', I could sell a snow bunny
Got juice with the D, no Sunny
On my way to the A just to meet Sonny
I just do it for my youngins and the fiends buggin'
Wake up every day, I'm chasing hundreds
[?] I'm ok when I'm road-running
Listen to me youngin, might learn something
I ain't never had a nigga teach me nothing
Young nigga and my address 800
Easter pink in my drink, I ain't egg hunting
[?] MAC all black with the beam button
We just came for the bitches, no mean mugging
Every time on the scene you know I bring luggage

The Rock drop when he smell what Jimmy G's cooking
It's just too fun to be a young nigga (young nigga)
She want to swallow my sons nigga (my cum nigga)
Watch all the niggas that run with you (them young niggas)
Them be the niggas that don't fuck with you (fuck niggas)
Draco, it came with a drum nigga
You cannot eat when we want dinner
I cannot lie, I'm a syrup sipper
I give the ones to the new strippers

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Leave it to me, I'ma get a weed degree
I made it and I blame it all on the streets
Taught me how to hustle when I needed to eat
Even gave me a place to sleep
Now mami calling for that late night creep
I tried to tell 'em that I'm so unique
Now I get paid every day of the week
That money talks so we hardly speak
I never leave unless my job complete
And keep some Chuck Taylors on my feet
My team always on point like a pair of cleats
My homies do what they want without a care or need
If you don't want to crash they got a careful speed
The situation ain't right, then be prepared to leave
I'm only here to please

Gang gang
Khalifa Man, you already know what it is
My nigga Hardo, my nigga Jimmy Wopo
Trapnese, you know what this thing is man, Pittsburgh
And if you motherfuckers aren't getting your cake
I feel bad for y'all
Matter fact that's your motherfuckin' fault
Cause my niggas gon' eat
412, let's go