

# Keep On

Juicy J

That nigga wanted the honey  
All we wants is the money

I'm gettin' money, I'm gettin' money  
Catch me in your trap and I'm still gettin' that money  
I'm gettin' money, I'm gettin' money  
Catch me in the club throwing nothing but them hundreds

Yeah

Another check, another dollar, I'ma keep on counting  
See you hating in the comments, I'ma keep on counting  
Waiting on me to fall off, tell 'em "Keep on counting"  
Juicy J a real G.O.A.T, I'm on Rushmore Mountain  
My little Miss fly as hell and she my co-pilot  
When she's drunk she like to give head while I'm driving  
Money trees, rake it up, I got money piling  
Everyday I got it on, I don't need no stylist

Uh-huh

There's so much shit going on, mane, I just mind my business  
I just bought another Coop, I'm just counting this chicken  
They think I had a photoshoot but I'm just putting it on  
I gotta feel like a million dollars whenever I'm making a song  
My wife and my money got something in common 'cause I just keep 'em coming  
Stop being sad, just get to a bag but you gotta come up with something  
He tell me he ready, he wanna get money but, shit, I still don't trust 'em  
And they wonder why they getting too high, all that ketamine and huffing  
He gets too cocky beating his chest, he ain't even see it coming  
She with a new nigga, she living her life, you can get the kid for nothing  
This shit be having me thinking that nobody care 'bout the kids for real  
They don't want these little niggas to grow up and do this shit big for real

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I don't need nobody putting this shit on me, I got it  
So much shit, I see your Instagram be out of pocket  
I see hella niggas beefing with their baby mommas  
I'ma just keep on counting, I need one, two, three more commas  
I can make two-three hundred thousand in like two-three hours  
Niggas too motherfuckin' arrogant, can't even give a little nigga his flower  
s  
Little bro way too cocky, I couldn't even give a little nigga his props  
Could've been hitting his momma but I ain't gon' do it, shout out to his pop  
s  
Bitches are taking my bag to go get an ass and go get 'em some shots  
Niggas ain't hit that little pussy and be ready to crash out over a thot  
Try to spend time with my kids and get to the money, this shit is a lot  
But I'ma keep on counting, dog, I'm giving it all I got

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