

SPEND IT

Juicy J

What Juicy say? He be like, "Shut the fuck up"
Spend it, you can't take it with your broke-ass
Nigga, spend it, you can't take it with your broke-ass
Spend it, you can't take it with your broke-ass
Bitch, spend it, you can't take it with your broke-ass
Why the fuck y'all came up in the club?
If you just gonna hold dollas up?
Mane, these bitches, they ain't here for free
Shit, and a couple hundred ain't enough (Woo)

Spend it, you can't take it with your broke-ass
Nigga, spend it, you can't take it with your broke-ass
You better spend it, you can't take it with your broke-ass
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Tryna be me, you can't see me with your broke-ass
Sign a deal, tell my label, "I need more cash" (Come on)
Fitness guru, puttin' pounds in the black bag (Pew, pew, pew)
He ain't spendin' like I'm spendin', need to get back
Who you know go in the club, make them run outta ones?
In here lookin' like a lick, you know I keep a gun
Juicy J inside my system, tryna have some fun (Turn up)
Superchargin' all my motors 'case I have to run (Skrرت)
You can have her back, I'm done
I'm number one at numbers ones (Uh)
And makin' sure that profit come
Bust it down like honey buns
It look like we been money launderin'
Everyday, I'm buyin' somethin'
Sticks on deck, I caught it comin'
Spend that shit like you was haunted
Baby

Spend it, you can't take it with you (You can't take it with you)
Nigga, spend it, you can't take it with you (You can't take it with you)
You better spend it, you can't take it with you (You can't take it with you)
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Thousands and thousands, I'm tryna drown 'em with dollars
I got that drip like a faucet, come take a swim in my pockets
Now we them niggas they dream about
Got your bitch on my penis now
I'm gon' rub on her pussy like I'm tryna bring a genie out
I get paid and I'm countin' up every day on the calendar
Just met Drake out in Canada, got my cup full of lavender
Fuck a slut, then I beat it, boy, your chick super needy
She take off all her makeup, now your bitch super creepy (Ahahahaha)
We gon' spend it up, I got all these cars parked outside, you think we rente d 'em
Runnin' through this cash money, I think I'm Lil Wayne or somethin'
Head to toe, Dolce Gabanna, bitch, it don't come out for months
I don't eat McDonald's, but I smoke a quarter-
pound for lunch (Pound for lunch)

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(You know, you know)

Half that shit (You know, you know)

You know Toni poppin', he don't do no window shoppin' (Shoppin')
Say you want a pizza, but I only want the toppin' (Toppin')
Hand to hand, on God, be havin' the fan and window wobbly (Wobbly)
Drip cause a tsunami, shit, and Lambo' pissin' 'Raris ('Raris, skrrt)
I read through your body, keep a stick just like Atari (Boom)
Bugatti on the other line, hol' up, bitch, I'm sorry (Hol' up)
Special cloth alert, got this shit right here from Bari (Bari)
Proposed at Met Gala, should have done that shit at Follies (Follies)
Big gold steppers, styles, I got plethora (Plenty)
Kill you and try to find out who did it like I'm Dexter (Who?)
You know I'm out with my chick, I gotta text you (Yeah)
You broke and they say money talk, you need a lecture

Toni, uh (Uh)