

My Money Don't Fold

Juvenile

What?!

Flight School in the building homey

Nino, it's on as a bone mayne

Gettin that money mayne

Puttin it in the bank account though, writin checks

If you broke man it's gon' be hard for you understand this
but peep this

I know you see the cars, the jewels and the clothes

Bitch nigga my money don't fold

Bitch nigga my money don't fold

Bitch nigga my money don't fold

I know you see the Lamb' with the butterfly do's

And I keep it to the side on some hoes

Bitch nigga my money don't fold

Bitch nigga my money don't fold

Oh no! My money don't fold... I'm a winner

If money is the root of all evil, I'm a sinner

Listen up soldier boy I bend your antenna

Red dot on the center of your head for my dinner

I don't talk about swag... cause I show it

50 thousand dollar cash every 12 I blow it

Yeah that boy hot, Lambo's in the lot

What'cha know about deep sea fishin on a yacht?

Lil' kids thankin showtime at the center

Retarded baby it's me because I'm shittin like an enema

You garbage, I'm solid

I'm on these hoes like fingernail polish

Fresh out of Flight School I got it on pilot

You in the corner actin stupid lookin childish

You got your shades on loc but you can notice me

You actin like you don't see me but bitch I know...

Every day I'm the man... I pop Louis tags

I probably got your whole life inside this Louis bag

You know the F1, I already wrecked one

Had to upscale, Lamborghini was the next one

Hold your tongue son, I be on that BS

I put that on everything I am U.T. yes

I was in them raids, now a nigga paid

And my bitch sippin more of these champagne heads

Yes, I'm everywhere that they ain't broke

Seen the money then I'm already at the airport

I am a star boy, you look a fan like

You coulda bought two but you ain't have your plan right

I got my Louis' on, cool plus iron white

Sunday might go out there and show 'em I'm the man like

You got your shades on loc but you can notice me

You actin like you don't see me but bitch I know...

I said I just got paaaaaaaaid! The money playin ping pong

I'm ballin at the red light, feelin good like King Kong

This here the theme song, hundred fifty steam on

I'm dead wrong, talkin money on the phone

It's baller music, baby buy you some

Boy I'ma get paid no matter how you come

You can't act crazy, I'ma go and get guns
I tell you what, be the quick to show up punks
I hit the highways boy, with CDs and tapes
Might come back with X pills, and cell phones and Bapes
State to state, boy we tryin to be straight
Fuck that, we tryin to bake a wedding cake
They just got the new Jag, God damn that's fun
Well we just got the paper, God damn that's one
Because my money don't fold, spend my money on hoes
We about it hoe so go and get some mo' dough