

(Ax go crazy, man)

Every day new money so I treat every day just like a holiday  
Half of these niggas be fake and it's not my thing so I stay out the way  
Hundred racks in the L.V. bag and it's all blue strips, this shit just like a bank  
I'm mixing money with drugs and you know we kicking shit up on a private plane  
That lil' nigga can't say the same when everything around them change when all them niggas turn fake  
If I call you my brother, then you get a piece of the cake  
When that money be calling my phone, know I'm on the way  
I think I'm addicted to fashion, look at my diamonds they flashing  
I mix the Kapital, yeah, with the Rick, got a hundred racks sitting in my jacket  
All of my niggas get active, all of y'all niggas be rapping  
That nigga bummy and broke, he keep talking about money in past tense  
All this money doing backflips, all this money got me moving different  
All this money got me high as fuck, all these drugs got me seeing shit  
I'm back on the road in the back of the Rolls, I'm on the way to a meeting  
If the other side what you chose, better have your pole, nigga yeah, when see you

Yeah, if the other side what you chose, better have your pole, nigga yeah, when see you  
If the other side what you chose, yeah  
Yeah, when we see you