

Lil Muney Flow

Kevo Muney

I never talk 'bout the shit that I did (Nah)
Baby girl, nobody gon' fuck with the kid (Fuck with kid)
Money, money, fifty K on my wrist
I ain't made it 'til we all rich (We all rich)
Money, money, I got ninety on my neck
She wanna tat my name on her chest
These niggas be wantin' to argue, but I don't really wanna talk (Nah) if ain't 'bout a check
Tell me what happened? These niggas just cappin'
They mad that I'm makin' this money off rapping (Off rapping, off rapping, off rapping)
Money, money, money, make it happen
Hold up a three like I'm AI, Iverson
I know a nigga made a million off trapping
Locked up, wishin' that it never happened
That's why Lil Muney just focused on the topic (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I know how the struggle feel, tell me 'bout it (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Sleepin' in the same room with everybody (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Ain't no me time, you can't be private
Don't say too much, be quiet
Bitch, I thought I told you, "Be quiet"
I don't need no hard head bitch (Nah)
I don't need no bald head bitch (At all)
I don't even need all that shit (Swear to God)
Huh, what the fuck you thought this was? (What the fuck you thought this was?)
Ridin' double R, bitch, I'm really rich (Yeah)
In the club, pass the buck to Richey Rich (Yeah)
Just me, three me, the same thing
Money, money, money, that's my last name
Twenty-one, feel like I'm born again
You know I'm a God, but I still sin
That bitch bad, yeah, she a ten
D, they catch us a family friend (Nah)
Double cup full of that medicine (Yeah)
Tell that bitch she gotta bring a friend (Yeah)
Them hoes at the door, I'ma let 'em in (Yeah)
Lost so many times, I gotta win (Yeah)
Ain't nobody like me in this world, I might never ever find a friend (Find a friend)
These niggas lame, bitch, I'm a man
I don't complain, take one to the chin (Yeah)
I don't mind takin' one for the team
I don't mind takin' one for the squad (Gang)
All I ever knew was South Memphis, on God (Yeah)
I do not mind, take one for the guys
Stevie, Stevie Wonder, ribbon in the sky
Hustlin', strugglin' to get by
From the city, bitch, you blessed to make it out
Play with me, bitch, I'ma show you somethin' (Go)
Lil Muney, I be thumin' through this money
My young niggas slide like it's no runnin' (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Think you know it all, but you don't know nothin'
Wipe his nose, you'd his nose running
I only fuck with bad bitches, I'm allergic to junkie hoes (To junkie hoes)
I only fuck with real choppers, nigga who can get a hundred souls (Souls)
Healthy, eating on a money salad

Forward, these niggas movin' backwards (Yeah)
Got that sack and I ain't even have to tackle (Yeah)
I don't tussle, I don't even like to wrestle (Nah)
I love God, but I don't like the pastor
I love music, but I don't like the rappers
And I don't need no rap friends, I really think I can go without 'em

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