

## 2 Much

### Key Glock

Ey

Too much fuckin' money, got em mad  
Yea, grandma said that I'm livin' too fast, huh  
Yea, broke boys talkin' down, but I won't crash (but I won't crash)  
Yea, bitch I ran it up and now I'm set (yea, now I'm set)  
Yea, I get check, after check (check) bitch I'm blessed, uh (check)  
Yea, bitch, I flex and I flex, Imma mess, huh  
Look at my neck, neck, neck, neck-a-laces  
I'm smokin' cannabis and I'm sippin' Texas, huh

Take a look around, tell me who the freshest  
These waters make you drown, I just left from [?]  
Tell em, sit down, they can't stand a chance with me  
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Yea, everywhere I go, I got them rounds with me  
(Everywhere I go, go)  
Yea, fifteen years, always sixteen ounces with me  
(Fifteen years old, old)  
Yea, Glock seventeen, eighteen coffins I need (on gawd)  
Yea, ran it up nineteen, so twenty went by sublime  
Yea, now I'm 21, bitch, I got dumb, dumb money, yuh (dumb)  
You think I turned up, now you ain't say nothin' (what)  
Yeah, you know how I'm commin', yea  
Yea, you know how I'm bummin', uh (Glizzock)  
Lil nigga, big money, you a big bummy  
Cuz I got

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Imma killah, nigga, you a peasant (a peasant)  
If you think this shit is sweet, come and test me (come and test me)  
Yea, you know since sixteen, I been reckless, ya (I've been reckless)  
White gold, white hoes, ey, I'm fantastic (I'm fantastic)  
Livin' lavish (yah), on dat bitch (on dat bitch, mayne)  
I'm so rich (I'm so rich, mayne), I'm so lit, ye (I'm so lit, mayne)  
Uh, Glock, what you doin', I'm doin' this shit (I'm doin' this shit, mayne)  
Yea, I got big shit poppin', later bitch (later bitch)  
Same lil nigga, [?]  
Mobbin' wit the sticks, bought a pistol, that shoot ten, yuhh  
Chillin' with some heavy set, but I make a sin  
My dawg in the pits say, he still see me growin'

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