

Dough

Key Glock

(Band)

Yuh

Yuh

Yuh-yuh, yuh, yuh (Let the band play)

Ayy, I'm runnin' to the money, you know how I'm comin'
Monday 'til Sunday night, be thumbin', thumbin', thumbin'
Got this bad bitch wit a onion and she got her own money
She say money keep her comin', but I keep them commas comin'
Yeah, yuh, another check again
I be killin' shit, lord forgive me for my sins
Yeah, my wrist cost a 'Rari and my earrings cost a Benz
And my bitch is a Barbie, my name Key and not Ken
When I fired up my blunt, they like "Who fuck broke the wind?"
Double up my cup, I sip lean, not gin
I be high as fuck, it feel like my head spinnin'
But no, I ain't spendin' no time wit these bitches
Hell nah, give me head, keep your draws, yeah-yeah
Big dawg, I don't know 'bout y'all, yeah-yeah
Bling-blaow, jewelry game Niagara Falls, yeah-yeah
Stack it tall, money in the floor and wall, uh, uh, yuh

One to the two to the three and to the four
Big Glock is all about his motherfuckin' dough
Ready to make a entrance where my backend, bruh?
Because you know I'm 'bout to turn shit up

I told her throw that ass back so I can bust it like a bubble
South Memphis nigga in this bitch, yeah, you know you in trouble
Ain't nuthin but a P thang, baby
Young iced-out nigga going crazy
Paper Route is the label that pays me
Unplayable so please don't try to play me
Know what I'm sayin? Uh, yeah, bitch, I'm the man
Before you talk raise up your hand, yuh
I been runnin' it up, these niggas just been runnin' errands, uh
How you screamin' Crip and Blood and ain't been to the land? What?
Hold up, dog pound, you's a mutt, you need to scram, yeah
You know how I get down, money talks, you hear me loud
Yeah I know you hear me loud, I be countin' like

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Yeah, turn it up, uh, bitch, I'm the shit, givin' niggas bubble guts
Yeah, every whip in my crib, it go two-hundred plus
Except my yellow short bus, that's my Rolls-Royce truck
Yeah, I be going nuts, nigga, I be going dumb (Dummy)
Dumber, thumbin' through the numbers
Run up (Run it up, run it up), run up if you wanna
Chopstick on me, bitch, I eat you like a tuna
Young niggas wit me, they'll eat you like piranha
I wonder why these niggas be hatin', yuh
Lord knows I really got balls, shootin' like the navy, yuh
Big loud foreign toy wakin' up my neighbors, uh

They like "Where you going Glock?"
I'm going to get some paper, yeah

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One to the two to the three and to the four
Big Glock is all about his motherfuckin' dough
Yeah, yeah, yeah, 'bout his motherfuckin' dough
Yeah, yeah, yeah, 'bout his motherfuckin' dough
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Glizzock