

Ya Feel Me

Key Glock

(BandPlay)

Uh, ayy

Money comin', money goin'
Bitches, bitches, hoes, hoes
South Memphis nigga, nine foreigners
Sneak dissin,' ain't no time for it
Hood rich, rockin' Tom Ford, baby choppa like 5'4
Count guap, it got my thumbs sore
Copped another watch 'cause I was bored (Yeah)
I got money runnin' through my pores
Yeah I'm up, but I want some more
Yeah I'm up, check the scoreboard, I get money like it was a chore (Lil' bitch)

I got voices in my head, keep on sayin' "Boy, let's get it"
I got bitches on my dick, and I got niggas in my business
I got Wock Wock in my kidneys and I piss all on your feelin's
I got the double R truck now I want the one with no ceilings (Ya feel me?)

I been gettin' so much money, don't know what to do with it
I been countin' so much money my head just start spinnin'
And speakin' of spinnin', my young nigga just did it
No cap, I'm ballin' out, they like "Glock, you wicked"
I been sippin' so much Wock, like motherfuck my kidneys
I just pulled up in a yellow schoolbus, but no kids in it
Courtside on the floor, sippin' on a four, watchin' the Grizzlies

Money comin', money goin', got rich off of streams and tourin'
Yeah, ballin' like the Final Four, got bitches tryna make a porn
Ex bitch talkin' 'bout she torn, had to leave on her like a forest
Think about money when I yawn, yeah, it's on my mind every mornin' (Bitch)

I jump up out the bed, gettin' to the bread, middle fingers to the feds (Yuh)

Pay you in the red, choppas on your head, now a nigga is (Shh)
I ain't gotta say it, why would I say it? Niggas know I ain't playin' (Yuh)
I'm already playin' with her bag, I ain't playin' 'round with them (Nigga)
I barely trust my fam', nigga, I pull up they're like "Damn," nigga
Hundred racks on a Ram, nigga, in the choppa with a hundred rounds, nigga
Yeah the choppa little but it sound bigger, these nigga hoes just sound kill a
Can't get to steppin' like Pam, nigga (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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