

Money Loud

King Los

If you bout that paper nigga, this the anthem
Money Loud, Pockets having temper tantrums
Money Loud, Oh yes that money loud
20's, 50's, 100's till we stack a Hundred Thou
Too many broke niggas, push the crowd back
Ya'll got that Reggie, bitch we got that loud bag
Money Loud, yea bitch that money loud
20's, 50's, 100's till we stack a hundred thou
Dirty Money, that's that Puffy Combs
Shaquille O'Neal, That mean your money long
Money Loud, yeah bitch that money loud
20's, 50's, 100's till we stack a Hundred Thou

Ay yo, Pull up in that Bentley, bumpin' Benjamin stuntin'
Money old but I'm young, My pockets on Benjamin Button
20's 50's & 100's, you a George Washington baller
You go nuts at the mall, I must go George Washington Carver
I said your girl get alot of brain
It's ironic that I called her dumb
She looked at my swag and said man he's fresh
So I fucked her while bumpin' Tha Carter 1
One bitch said your bright lane cold, I said but my Rollie hot
My niggas get that dirty bread, Wholy-moly donut shop
I'm pimpin' just stop it, If your bitch is the topic
She go for my sack so much, I feel like I'm Vick in the pocket
You know I scramble and duck her, You hold her hand & you cuff her
I guess she lickin' the rapper because her man is a sucker
I said, I said if she this knot then she gon drop that, drop that
I give her peach Ciroc, it make her box wet
My game butter, it will make your Honey roll
And nigga you ain't gettin money if your money fold

I got these knots in my pocket, this is not what you want
They say I'm over the top, I say my top in my trunk
I'm the Ray Rice of my crew, You know my block in the front
Give me that thang and I run it, it ain't no option to punt
I'm screaming, wooh
Riding back to back look like a Chevy club
Them blades poking out, I call em Freddy gloves
I could just Giuseppe bitches or I could mink hoes
Cause I make that paper double like I work at Kinko's
If I knock your honey down, I gotta peel her off me
Yea she know my money loud, I'm talkin Gilbert Gotfried
She let me get it first, then my homies go slam her
I fucked her in the coupe while bumpin' Tony Montana
My money loud, like why worry
Your money quiet, like libraries
My game butter, it will make your Honey roll
And nigga you ain't gettin money if your money fold