

Money Counter

Lil Double 0

(Hahaha)

In Miami in the trunk

In Miami in the trunk

Nigga get smoked, nigga, yeah

I told bro go take his mask off, nigga be scarin' the fans too much

Ride through Miami, a bulletproof Trackhawk, nigga ain't showin' their hand for much

Meet up with the chopper, shoot and have a standoff

Shoot him myself, I ain't askin' for much

Stick to the plan or a man turnt up

Count it by hand, money counter jam up, uh (Uh)

Count it by hand, money counter jam up

They don't go to the bank or they high

Nigga, get 'em a blanket, they tucked

You pourin' drank, nigga, what's a line?

Two fours, a pint really ain't much

Two hoes the mob still ain't touch

Can't name a flaw bitch that I trust, uh

Two-tone AP, look at the watch

Stuck in the cell, just lookin' at clock

Niggas be livin' like actors, life is a movie, but you the one changin' the plot

Broke nigga signed a deal for a lil' paper, not even wantin' his tape to drop

And trappin' with Vernon, I'm slidin' with Uzi

Servin' the dope to the junkies, they rot

Basehead like the speakers knock

Head to toe, one tee to the socks

We go to war, I'm front line in the bushes

It ain't no secret, we lookin' for opps

If me and G in a slime, then we took it

Know he keep a mask on, mission or not

Lay down in the bushes, get low with the fully

He dedicated, he get him a watch

I ain't goin' back to my old days, got too much paper to stop

Only thing killin' me dyin' from old age, niggas ain't gon' spin my block

Niggas know we steppin' and stompin' on shit, puttin' niggas in a box

We the ones that put shit on t-shirts and come through, clear your block

Pour a four or somethin', come kick down the door or somethin'

Can't come around this hood, don't got no face card, who you know or somethin'?

Triple cross, wipe a nigga nose, done took him off

What's the ticket cost?

The money counter jam, who gon' switchin' it out?

I told bro go take his mask off, nigga be scarin' the fans too much

Ride through Miami, a bulletproof Trackhawk, nigga ain't showin' their hand for much

Meet up with the chopper, shoot and have a standoff

Shoot him myself, I ain't askin' for much

Stick to the plan or a man turnt up

Count it by hand, money counter jam up, uh (Uh)

Count it by hand, money counter jam up

They don't go to the bank or they high

Nigga, get 'em a blanket, they tucked

You pourin' drank, nigga, what's a line?
Two fours, a pint really ain't much
Two hoes the mob still ain't touch
Can't name a flaw bitch that I trust, uh