

Money

Lost Boyz

Yeah, word up, what's up man
...word word word, we was like what's going on with the game man
I'm poppin off too, everybody making moves in music
Ay LB fam in the da building Lzz, ay ayo

Yup they need to living up up
I bang my shit out for 25 and up
For all my grown folks who be getting they grown on
Clothes crisp turn my microphone on
The kid feels good I came thru I three pieced it
I was laying low but yo the beast still released it
So I had to put it in the rap game need it
Drink in my hand ya man is getting weeded

Shit another day another buck
Pretty lady following me in my truck
Doing what I do skate thru collect fetti
Rain all sunny have that money ready

Professional money
That mixtape money
My boyz make money
My chicks make money
Man restaurant comin put it in a few cities
I'ma rebel after I bag a few smitties I'm gone

I say 1 footer, 2 footer
Don't be coming wit that you coulda
Cause you coulda prolly do better
Bad bitches on me but I let you sweat her
Walk thru the valley of heat
But I stay cool weather the storm
Violators do him harm but I'll never disrespect who put me on
Salute OG (cheeks)
As I sit and roll these trees
And reminisce about the freak
And rip to ones to deceased and I'm gone

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Chryst you know we getting money
Like the bank everyday the bees be making honey
So you better have my fucking money
I know u know the song bitch just have my fucking money
This LB so we ridin in the mack truck
Start talking like a bitch and get smacked up
We make the type of noise to make you wanna back up

Smackin up a pig now he need back up
LB start attacking yeh they acting outta order
And they pants too tight yeh jacking like my daughter (haha)

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