

Good Money

Marc E. Bassy

Baby I ain't on no fence
Imma take you to the neck
Like the way I get you wet
Working up a summertime sweat
That's right
If you need to, I'll write them checks
Your boy come through and pay that rent
Ain't trickin' if you ain't no trick
Plus I know that you good money baby

Finesse ass bitches in the lobby
Waiting on the squad at the foyer [?]
Like it's middle school again
Listening to Pac
But this industry turned high school to a job
Forever young but with you I can grow though
If one of us gonna have to pick a role so
I'll just pick and roll work better than solo
Teamwork baby put spurs on Manolos
Stylin' I'm the fucking pilot
You the co pilot
You the head stylist
Motherfuck- look my way don't try this
Lose to these cats
But my girl I'll die first

Bet my bottom dollar on you
And they said that we can get through

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Finesse ass thots in the crowd now
Skeletons buried in the crowd now
Loose lips sink ships
But down don't mean shit
My baby come through with the roundhouse
KO's to the past hoes
They was just trap doors
I was on the road
On a crash course
Trying to milk it all
Never been lactose
I was made [?] liquor, weed plus smash hoes
Now it's good money green
Tarheel sky blue
Dream rolled up
Sweet caramel eyes
My daddy died young
Your momma ain't right

You stay out my case
Keep shit brief though
Just to let me know
It's all good like a free throw
SF, NY, WeHo part
One was the lost soul

Got a new balance
You my fucking equal

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