

Ain't Ya Friend

Money Man

I ain't swag for this motherfucker
Juice me up, OJ

Every nigga ain't yo' friend and most these bitches for the streets

I twist hybrids up in papers, you can keep them swisher sweets
How you turn your back on me when I had needed you the most?
I took risks, I loaded up them bags and took 'em coast to coast
White folks see my TRS and be like, "Damn, that bitch is clean"
Every day, I hit the gun store and I buy more magazines
We make sure that we don't miss, we ain't tryin' to waste no rounds
I can't sell these boys here local 'cause I get more out of town

You was the man during COVID, dawg, but now you broke as fuck
This .50 cal', it got some weight, it's kind of hard to pick it up

I told cuz', "Go hit the range, don't come home 'til your aim is right"

Late at night, I'm clutchin' on the scar, it got the scope in sight

If you was real then you wouldn't put all of your business on the 'net

She gave me head while I was drivin', I had almost caused a wreck

Took the profit off a play and called the Cuban and Patek
My plug had told me, "Check the mail," he sent that pack to my address

She want rich sex, so I fucked her at the top floor of the Ritz
For my birthday, I told my girl, "I want a new Glock .26"

Finna go and take a grower off, who tryna come assist?

He tried to race me and he dodgin', he got left in the abyss

I'm really out here selling spoilers, fuck I look like bein' on Twitch?

You out the loop if you ain't scammin' the system, go and find a glitch

Sometimes I like to hop on beats and pour my soul out and vent
She had fucked me good as hell, so I decided to pay her rent

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