

## Drums

## Money Man

(CorMill)

We got drums if you wanna come start shit  
Leave a bitch nigga family in torment  
We be trappin' out houses and 'partments  
I can't save no ho, no, I'm not Clark Kent  
Got a lot of the green like I'm Arden  
Serve a nigga while clutchin' the carbine  
I remember them days I was starving  
I'm a wolf, I be biting, not barking

Let's go  
Heard you telling, that shit is disheartening  
I'm at home counting money, not partying  
In my free time, I'm filling up magazines  
I'm not Brock, but my bitch lookin' real pretty  
Got a switch on this glizzy, it's real dirty  
Shorty looking so motherfuckin' breathtaking  
And the SBR on me a breather  
Playing chess in these streets, I be checkmating  
Hit the gas from the lobby, escaping  
Hoppin' out with that AR, I'm demonstrating  
Man, these rappers burnt out, where they resignation?  
And the young god be havin' that balance  
I'm not Asian, but I keep a chopstick  
All my firearms having no optics  
Used to sell niggas zips out a Crown Vic'  
On some Pat Mahomes shit, I be chiefin'  
Got a blackout, ain't talkin' 'bout eclipse  
I ain't crossin' my dog for no bitch  
Niggas ain't got no morals, it don't make sense  
Better get you some money and confidence  
Better get you some motherfuckin' common sense  
Shorty bad as hell, I gave her compliments  
Only fuck with the strong, this a lion's den  
If you fuck with the circle, you tied in  
When you come to my trap, better sign in  
Nigga come try to rob, we gon' off him  
Niggas love when I go live, I'm droppin' gems  
Got a fetish for ice, so I rock gems  
Fuck that lyrical shit, I'm not Rakim  
Everyday we go shootin', we dangerous men  
All these Glock, they should give me a sponsorship  
If I see it and like it, I'm coppin' it  
Now I love the way that she be droppin' it  
Now I love the way that that little pussy feel  
I'ma put her to sleep just like Benadryl  
Got a registered Glock, that's a legal kill  
Plus I'm havin' them buttons for dirty kills  
Had a flat back on them vaccum seals  
Feelin' like Stefon, I'm havin' bills

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I wish Rolex'd give me a sponsorship  
Put the team on my back like Giannis did  
I be mixin' that lean with all kind of shit  
I was hidin' that work at my mama crib (Ma)  
Lil' mama told me she proud of me, now when we fuck, it's some Prada kicks (Prada kicks)  
You might not never get trust from me  
Fuck it, just give me your honesty  
Girl, don't pull out your wallet, we slidin' up Collins, we flew to Rodeo, I 'm fuckin' up thousands  
Investing in houses and bought me some watches  
My chain was a dollar, it rest on my collar  
I tell the lean man, "Don't you ever call my phone and ever try to mention T rish again"  
Tell my bitch that I'll never sip again  
Fell off, now a nigga rich again  
I done found myself with the top missing  
Brodie pushin' food, but ain't got a kitchen  
I done fucked the baddest hoes in my mansion  
I might paint a Malibu and mount the sixes  
I pull up to parties and valet the parking  
Stay ridin' with killers, they think I'm retarded  
Back back 'fore they paint you like an artist  
Top dog, headed to the top charts  
Yeah

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