

Family Affair

Money Man

Reece, take 'em to church

Yeah, it's a hot car, I can't do the dash in this bitch
On a high speed, can't imagine crashing this bitch
I'm a Rockstar, I got all this cash on my wrist
I'm taking tabs on the trip, don't make me flash in this bitch
I got Audemar for a broken heart, couldn't fix it
Imagine if I didn't take them chances, and risk it
I'm outside livin', I'm standing on business
It's a fan, be a fan, we'll stamp him and blitz him (Ayy)

Baby bottle filled with Wock grab a Sprite and twist it
I'm having mixed emotions, I'm stayin' out my feelings
And before it's all said and done, I'ma make a killing
Money Man, it's a thousand bags, can you flip it?

I'm tryna get these bags off, baby, I can't kick it
Should I drop the pack to the A? I'ma risk it
If I drop these pounds on you, have my money quickly
Lost a load, that shit hurt my stomach, it was sickening
Audemar, Pateks, and the prezi's, I be switchin'
Black out with the binary, you know this bitch be glitchin'
Heard a niggas took your shit and you ain't get no straightin'
I should work for J.P. Morgan, baby, I be bankin'

TRX a demon, though if not, I'm in a spaceship
We don't do no arms or leg shots, we gon' face shit
You can't hang around the kid unless you trap or take shit
Niggas out here bitchin' and complainin', that's some gay shit

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Uh, all this money in the world still won't fix it
My pain run deeper than a marathon, no endin'
These niggas sell they soul for a pint and a image
A triple cross always beat the devil, know the difference

You know we locked in
Money Man in the city, we brought chopsticks
Niggas be runnin' out of luck, but this not this
Your life runnin' out of time, don't get boxed in
I kept the block lit, hardly forget what I forgive
Niggas not again, really the voice of the trenches
It's not pretend, pockets be tapped, I'm the motion
They tappin' in, bitches set to play, leave it to them
I'm they rapper friend

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