

## Make Up Yo Mind

Money Man

Make up your mind, you want shrooms or the flower  
You wastin' my time cause you been here an hour  
Better get on your grind and go get you some power  
Got bales in the kitchen no cap [?] the counter  
And that motorbreath tart when your burnin' it sour  
My fine little bitch get a monthly allowance  
I'ma grow in these cribs, I ain't flippin' no houses  
Drop that bag to my twins and they payin' me monthly  
If I go to DeKalb I might shank up my bunkies  
If we spin and they live, then them niggas is lucky  
Boy that pack right here stupid it stinky and crunchy  
YTB pockets you know that they fat and they chunky  
They do it for free, they gon' turn down the money  
Finna hire some Migos to cut down the harvest  
Ain't cash out the plug, cause he sent me some garbage

We took your bands nigga you better charge it  
Dumping these bags at luxury apartments  
We 15 deep in this crib but it's 300  
One [?] walk inside niggas clutchin' they cutters  
Run up in this bitch and get hit with this button  
Got plants all around we gon' care 'em and cut 'em  
He havin' 'bud, but it smellin' like nothin'  
Sell thirty a day, yeah we got this bitch jumpin'  
Real estate I'm havin' houses to sprout in  
[?] from Tulsa I drove through I-10  
He want them prices, tryin' to get logged in  
Filter a fan, so we keepin' the smell in  
Shoot that bitch just like I'm Bradley Bill  
Made it of reefer ain't have a deal  
Use to serve diesel, I ain't talkin' no neil  
My lil' vibe crazy with sex appeal  
Trap on canola I'm turnin' them over  
This blick get bipolar this bitch get to spitting  
Tryna be peaceful, but niggas provokin'  
So If I reach for it, it's gon be a killin'  
Tryna show love but you can't cause they might think you weak  
So my prices is higher than heaven  
Dropped off a ten to my partner, he said he was hurtin' I pulled up and gave  
him a blessing

Make up your mind, you want shrooms or the flower  
You wastin' my time cause you been here an hour  
Better get on your grind and go get you some power  
Got bales in the kitchen no cap [?] the counter  
And that motorbreath tart when your burnin' it sour  
My fine little bitch get a monthly allowance  
I'ma grow in these cribs, I ain't flippin' no houses  
Drop that bag to my twins and they payin' me monthly  
If I go to DeKalb I might shank up my bunkies  
If we spin and they live, then them niggas is lucky  
Boy that pack right here stupid it stinky and crunchy  
YTB pockets you know that they fat and they chunky  
They do it for free, they gon' turn down the money  
Finna hire some Migos to cut down the harvest  
Ain't cash out the plug, cause he sent me some garbage