

My Soul

Money Man

(Taylor Michael turn it up)
(Trauma Tone)

I walk in the booth and I pour out my soul
Sold all these P's to buy diamonds and gold
If we talkin' G, then I'm fittin' the mold
Bitch I'm the shit just like I'm a commode
You comin' home with me, baby, come on
What's all that hate for, lil' nigga? Come on
I swear your silhouette turnin' me on
Turn them bags on my artists, they get that shit gone
These niggas ain't ballin', they injury-prone
Had to cut this bitch off, she keep callin' my phone
I make her scream, I make her moan
I put the 2.5 inside of a cone
Got her wet like a yacht on the beach in Miami
You still see her ass through them pants and they baggy
Got that pack on the way, I just checked on the trackin'
My bitch on the way, she gon' give me some action

Yeah, I'm on Rodeo, I just seen LeBron
I swear I feel better with you in my arms
I know for sure that the world in my palms
I'm burnin' on pressure, that shit make me calm
She love watchin' me spit on the mic and make songs
I love watchin' her frolic around in a thong
Yes, it's true, Money Man is a king like I'm Kong
I'm stayin' sharp like the sword and the stone
Fly as hell, you know I'm fly like a drone
All my hoes sexy, they bad to the bone
I lift niggas up, I don't put niggas on
800 bucks for an ounce of cologne
I swear she conceited and no, I can't blame her
She all 'bout her business and no one can change her
I trap in the projects, that shit be so dangerous
These niggas be crossin', that shit got me angry
I turned down the show, the promoter was janky
I just met a hacker and he had me thinkin'
A nigga want smoke then I'm leavin' him stankin'
I don't shoot the breeze but I will shoot this rifle
I be flippin' them whips, I just got me a title
She come to the spot and give head like a visor
I don't have a budget, I don't need advisors

Oh, oh, oh
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