

Time

Money Man

I'm in the studio makin' hits, girl I ain't got time for you
Even with the motor blown' in my foreign, bet I still ride for
you
Turned down three labels that we told, "Can't sign to you"
Told my niggas all in a circle, "Never switch sides on you"
Even though my own can't held 'em true, I never lie to you
If I ain't got nobody else, gotta know girl I'm confidin' in yo
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Niggas be smellin' a nigga's designer smoke when I ride through
Gotta keep fine-tooth, but a bitch, she fine too
She sets me up fine, too

Bitch, I'm a dog, I should go and walk around on all fours
I can't settle for the mall, I bought Carlo on the top floor
All these Ps, nigga, got more bread than a golf course
I just seen feds there leavin', they done left keys at the fron
t door
I ain't never bet the cost but a nigga just hit 'em with someth
in' more
'Til I served you grease, you gotta air it out so went and got
a contour
Weed up the Cali lab, weed somewhere by Concord
I done made a M for rappin' and I ain't even got no label suppo
rt
I'm correspondin' like Da Baby, eat a lil nigga at Walmart
I'ma make sure all my niggas all straight, I got a big heart
My car be push to start, my bitch be bull smart
Cartier frames on my face, them make me look smart
All the grass that comin' in, I'm on my sixth cart
Grew up in the hood, we ain't have shit, now we got five cars
Run up with a pack and I'ma find you like some OnStar
Grab the Glock and I'ma pop a nigga just like a Pop-Tart
Saw her strip at night, but she doin' hair in the daytime
Gotta grow at home, the phone so that meaning more strides on F
aceTime
Gotta get it on, LaceTime
Gucci belt on my waistline

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