

Traits

Money Man

I wake up everyday, run a couple lots, and lift some weights
My girl asked me bae, how do you deal with all the hate
I'm gonna load these rentals up and take these bags to different states

All my niggas rich as hell, we snack on Kale and Wagyu steaks
I'ma teach my son to shoot out in the country when he eight
He 'gon be a monster just like me, he already showin' traits
On my bitch she get chanel, all ass, I just vibe
If my niggas sense a threat, they don't ask me, they just slide

On the way to see my brother, he stay out in OKC
My military plug just pulled up on me with an RPG
Heard they killing rappers, so I bulletproof my SUV
Only thing I'm giving is jobs cause if it's free, it make you weak

I ran 12 miles everyday, tryin' to boost up my endurance
I catch them plays back to back, you know them bitches run concurrent

Yeah she just like Angela Yee she use her lips and give me service

My New York hitters come and twirl hit the block and go get sturdy

I got ice like Johnny dain, but this ice came from Ali
I got sharks all on my ring, tryin' to rob, you dead, capiche?
The loudest one in the room the brokest, he the one that got the least

They don't know a nigga story, shoot outs and murders, that shit deep

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