

Transform

Money Man

(Trauma Tone)

I got pink money, I got blue money
I got new fifties, I got old hundreds
Up in Saks Fifth, bought Balenci Runners
Rent a house to scam somewhere by Tucker
Call me Uber Eats 'cause we steady grumblin'
Lamborghini Urus, hear the motor hummin'
Blind side, a nigga never seen it comin'
I'ma stand tall, you never seen me runnin'
This a pound house, we don't do a zip
I'ma eat a shroom, I'ma take a trip
Pop it in the mag, I'ma let it rip
Ain't no mercy for 'em, I'ma transform
I'm in rare form
I be fly as hell, now I'm airborne
Australian vibe with me, she from Melbourne
Told my dog, "If you don't kill an opp, then I'ma kill you"
If we don't think the same, then I don't feel you
Told my girl, "Come here, I wanna feel you"
Don't get a fake ass, I want the real you
Love the way you look from the rear view
The stick got a scope, that's a clear view
Sick of bein' broke, I'm tryna heal you
Got this sniper rifle and I'm in a foreign, had to flip the title
Yeah, I filled the mile, it got me revital

I just left lil' mama, now she suicidal
I don't owe 'em nothin', niggas too entitled
Got a quarter with me tryna show her privates
On an airplane and the charter private
I ain't never tellin', I'ma keep it silent
I ain't never tellin', I'ma keep it quiet
She gon' drink my fluid like a liquid diet
What's the location? We was at the Hyatt
Call me Bigfoot, I'm a big stepper like Sasquatch
Spent an eighty-ball on a new watch
Spent a one-fifty on a new drop
Got 'em goin' crazy when the album drop
Spent twelve hundred on her crop-top
She was thankful for it, she was appreciative
Niggas feelin' hurt, they too sensitive
Yeah, on a whole 'nother wave with this shit
Broke nigga, get away with this shit
You gon' end up in the grave with this shit
Told a nigga don't play with this shit
Long nights and long days for this shit
Stayed down, I done prayed for this shit
Hardbody, I was made for this shit
Big stepper like I'm Chewbacca
In a Redeye, got two choppers
I'ma hit 'em up, I'ma 2Pac 'em
Fly, tall nigga, call me Big Poppa
I'm a big target, got a good lawyer
I'ma hit the bitch in some red bottoms
Yeah, late night, I be head-huntin'
I be red rummin', I be rack racin'

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