

# Unknown

## Money Man

Heard them lil' threats you sent, they don't mean shit  
I'm in the trap on some green shit  
Got my Unc on the stove with a mean wrist  
Got a bitch in my bed on some freak shit  
Come and take your lil' pack on some free shit  
Had to pray for a check on my knees, shit  
All this jewelry on me, I can freeze, shit  
Ain't no "I" in team, we on some "We" shit  
Did this shit on my own, I don't need help  
Got the strap on my lap like a seat belt  
Secret service cars, I know how Meech felt  
Had a lot of friends that ain't mean me well  
Sellin' gas just so I can feed my kids  
Work so hard I just did me like 3 shifts  
Got 4 cars nigga, I don't need no Lyft  
Got two FN and they on both hips  
Got two sticks with me, but I got four clips  
When I fuck her, I fuck her so focused  
Shorty love me 'cause I don't take no shit  
She gone do what I say, I'm controlling  
Baby girl make sure that them legs open  
I be constantly trying to see no pen  
Yeah  
All this joogin', I just bought a new Benz  
Yeah  
Said you was down, but you lied to me  
Say you want smoke, but you hiding from me  
I be spending it 'cause no you can't die with money

When you crossed me, it almost brought me to tears  
Had to man up and go face all my fears  
And my chick from a whole 'nother hemisphere  
In a foreign and you know that I'm switching gears  
In the studio I'm my own engineer  
Need a addy for Ps, you can send em here  
Feel the walls closing in I can tell its near  
All this loud in the house I can barely hear  
In designer 12 locked me up, profiling  
I be fresh as hell I don't need no stylist  
Got like 80K spread in all four pockets  
Got some CPN CC's in my wallet  
When she see them racks she be like, "Damn daddy"  
And this BC shit that there is my family  
I'ma drank in a hotel in Miami  
Finna buy me some land and grow out in Canton  
Sold so much of it that people done took advantage  
When I go away, wish I can go and vanish  
On the drugs I'ma go to another planet  
If you not from the street you won't understand it  
Niggas plotting on me they so underhanded  
She gone come in the room with no bra and panties  
Got my P's on, I'm feeling so fine and dandy  
And the strain that I'm burning is cotton candy  
Yeah  
My niggas animals they ain't got no conscience  
Burn a lil' nigga, I'm violent  
We got keep a stick for the street shit

And I gotta shop in the in the D shit  
I was in the projects stressing  
All these racks they a blessing  
Every night I was clutching my weapon

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