

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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