

Winter

Money Man

Yeah, damn this shit goin' hard, Tay Keith
Yeah, yeah, shit hard as fuck
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah (Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

I stack for the Winter, got plenty of women
Exotic my reefer, my prices be cheaper
My car a two-seater, this hybrid sativa
I Fendi my sneakers, my side bitch a teacher
Bought two houses two grow it in, I only go in in secret
I don't want my neighbors to know, so I sneak it
Yeah I love lil mama, yeah I had her weepin'
But I had her sucking and swallowing semen
My daughter a angel but my car a Demon
I came from the streets, yeah the muhfuckin' cement
I'm always strong, boy you can't find a weakness
She hit my blunt and she took off to Venus
Trap house got sticks so you niggas can't breach it
Heard you ain't solid, so no I can't feed you
You not a wolf, dawg, so no I can't feed you
Re'd up myself nigga, no I don't need you
And talkin' birds when I'm keepin' a Eagle
In the streets I'm a legend, just like I'm a Beatle
I'm selling gas where I'm from, it ain't legal
I distribute and I supply the people

Yeah, yeah, she hit my blunt and she went to Uranus
Her body a work of art just like a painting
A nigga try me and then it gon' be a slayin'
Old school Chevelle and I just got it maintained
Gold on my neck like a muhfuckin' Ace
I want that check right now, I be so anxious
Serve you a P while I'm rockin' Givenchy
My truck be white like a muhfuckin' honkey
Latest drip on me, they ship 'fore they launch it
Show some respect when you talkin' to bosses
Fucked her all night and it got me exhausted
Count up the check on the top floor apartment
You niggas soft as fuck, you niggas harmless
Draped up, designer on all of my garments
Flew to New York just to shop up at Barney's
Camouflage Gucci like I'm in the Army
Sold him 10 bags of exotic at Hardee's
50 racks stuffed in these jeans by Amiri
100 pounds inside the house and the curing

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I'm burnin' cookie but I don't eat sweets
Real street nigga, out there fixin' my teeth
CPN crib, boy this shit ain't in my name
Regular gas and exotic come Monday
Ain't go to church, I was trapped out on Sunday
Balling on niggas like Antetokounmpo
White collar dollars, I found me a loophole
Lil bitch from Glenwood, she twistin' my new grow
Indoor Gelato, I got it for two fo'
Fruit Loops for 19 but that's just some greenhouse
She come to my house to get her back beat up
Lost so many packs to UPS
I got gray hair from all the stress
I'm selling gas bags with no regrets
He tried to play me, got shot in the chest
I need 5 million from labels and no less
All this trap money I receive, I'm so blessed
My nigga shooters and all of them soldiers
When it come to street, shit my nigga, I'm the culture

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