

You Hell

Money Man

(Alawais)

Lil' mama like, "Goddamnit, you hell"
I had made eight K from a Zelle
Got rich cliental, got squares in the mail
Got Chase, got Wells
Got fake SS cards, pros, and L's
Got a runner gettin' info from hotels
Got a bad bitch shoppin' with me on Rodeo
In the Cullinan, insides white like mayo
I be fryin' so much, I might end up in jail (Let's go)
Got UK slips, I'ma find that glitch
I'ma take this account, I'ma drain that bitch
Juiced up files and they ready right now
Shawty on the bed, nigga, ready right now
756's boost my style
Niggas work for free, well, damn, that's wild
Ten K formula, I'ma turnt, get a foul
Burberry bunk, gon' drape my child

Fendi kind shorts, just drank my seed
UPS worker just chill with my weed
CP nine when I sign that lease
Button-down silk shirt made by Dreez
Bro couldn't sip syrup got him on creatine
Every day, I wake up, hit the gym and I deadlift
5X barrel, nigga, we'll come shred shit
Big Money, number one, they don't wan' at me
Bet a nigga run, we get space, you better blow strike
Real street nigga, hell yeah, I'm a lowlife
Glock 17 on tuck with the flashlight
Quick draw, we saw a nigga, better act right
UK cartridge, you know I wanna punch in
Bank account influence, social gettin' dumped in
You don't really get money, not him, not him
Got star neck, flex for me just to lock in
Really gettin' to it hittin' big boy objects
Nigga really charged, really blowin' T8
Sixty K, one day, only took one play
Flexed up Monday, Dubai, one-way
If I'm lyin' right now, Lord, strike me down
Hittin' different ATMs, I'm makin' them rounds
Go inside the bank, bae, and make me proud
See if you can take the whole balance out

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