

# You See It

Money Man

(Keez on the track, ooh)  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

You know I'm plugged with the green  
I got that Glock in my jeans  
I got them racks in my jeans  
Nigga, this Al Gelato, this shit twenty-three  
That bitch in love with my voice, she got me on repeat  
Nigga, this strap, it hold fifty, don't care if you deep  
You got your ho rocking Fila, you cheap  
She meet a player like me, she gon' cheat  
She meet a player like me, I'ma beat  
I got two bitches with me, they some freaks  
We fucked in a foreign, left cum on the seats  
I killed this here track, I left blood on the beat  
I am so different, my shit is unique  
Met a bitch out of town, her name Unique  
Yeah, yeah  
Them bullets rain just like they an umbrella  
Bought that bitch lipo, I put her together  
Bought that bitch Fendi, I got her together  
She love the kid, so I got her forever  
Yeah, yeah, I got them treasures  
I pour out the pint and I don't even measure  
I fill up a ziploc and don't even weigh up  
My plug gave me two bags and told me don't pay him  
Treat these bitches like dragons, you know I'ma slay 'em  
I pulled out that 'Rari, I'm makin' a statement  
My kids gon' be G 'cause you know I'ma raise 'em  
I got that sack, so I'm feeling like Aikman  
Call me Harambre, you know I be apeing  
I can't control 'em, my niggas be taking  
Pulled off on a play 'cause I ain't feel like waiting  
Pulled off on a bitch, she was talkin' too much  
Get your own sauce, niggas copy too much  
Gotta drop more, I ain't droppin' enough  
Don't hit my line, you ain't coppin' enough  
Them niggas cool, but ain't fucking with us  
Used to burn loud on the back of the bus  
Heard you went broke, but you used to be on  
Gotta stack up them racks, what the fuck is you on, stupid?

Yeah, yeah, you see the drip when I'm walking, yeah  
You hear the real when I'm talking, yeah  
These bitches love me, they stalking, yeah  
Walked on this beat, I was crawling first  
I need like 50K for a verse  
Eight hundred for this lil' t-shirt  
I'ma go swipe her a Louis purse  
I love the way that she movin', twerk

Had to boost up my status  
My bitch is the baddest, my car is the fastest  
Your shit the trashiest, I don't wanna listen  
Had to put all my dawgs and my hoes in position  
I must admit this lifestyle is addictive

I done seen money turn good niggas wicked  
I done seen money turn ugly hoes bad  
I done seen money turn childhood friends mad  
Walk around with this wad in my motherfuckin' hands  
These niggas lil' boys, come talk to the man  
These niggas telling lies, they be some shams  
Go get some hustle, go weigh up some grams  
Go get some hustle, go get you a Lam'  
Go get some hustle, don't you understand?  
My bitch she red, right now, she got a tan  
This 9 open niggas up just like a can  
Shout out my niggas who locked in the can  
I do whatever I want 'cause I can  
This AP plain as fuck, this shit is bland  
Three hundred acres, I purchased some land  
I keep it A1, that shit in my glands  
She keep on beggin' me, she want a chance  
She wanna come and unfasten my pants  
Tossin' them racks on that ho while she dance

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