

A Lot Of Em

Moneybagg Yo

(Uh)
(Federal, federal, federal, federal)
Yeah
I ain't seen this shit comin', you know what I mean? (Yeah, yeah, haha)
You ain't 'posed to, though (Nope)
(DMacTooBangin, yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Ayy)

Wanna talk money bags, bitch, I got a lot of 'em
(Got a lot of 'em, lot of 'em)
Whole bunch of guns and bitches, bitch, I got a lot of 'em
(Yeah, he got a lot of 'em, lot of 'em)
Whole bunch of foreign cars, bitch, I got a lot of 'em
(He got a lot of 'em, nigga)
Whole bunch of foreign broads, bet I got a lot of 'em

Ayy, lot of 'em, lot of 'em (Haters)
I got a lot of 'em (I got a lot of them)
A lot of 'em, a lot of 'em (Hoes)
I got a lot of 'em (And I ain't runnin' up out of 'em)
A lot of 'em, lot of 'em (Bands)
I got a lot of 'em (I got so many of these millions, man)
A lot of 'em, a lot of 'em (Guns)
I got a lot of 'em (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Once in Prague, got a lot of 'em
Fuck the robbers, I had shouted on 'em
Moneybagg keep a lot of 'em (Pff)
Young nigga keep a lot on 'em (Woo)
Chain a hundred, that's a car (Thirties)
Get him hit, pull the watch on 'em (Ballin')
Goon cheap, I got a lot of 'em
Niggas real, I got a lot of 'em
Bitch bad, I got the father
Fuck with me, she gotta swallow
Fuck with me, I get your hair done
I'ma pull that shit from the back up
G-Got the city mad, nigga's gossipin', I don't give a fuck, though
Got my millions up, guns up, nigga, like, what up, though?
Got choppers on choppers (Choppers)
Boy, I used to run with the robbers (Robbers)
Catch him be fuckin' them pontils (Pontils)
I don't believe in the gossip (Can't do it)
I-I don't believe in the gossip (Gossip)
Tip out the whip, goin' flossin' (Flossin')
Jump out the crib, go and floss it (Floss)
Two or three mill', what it cost me? (Ayy)

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Wanna talk money, okay, let's do it (Ayy, let's do it, my nigga)
Chest like okay, see, I blew it (Hey, I just blew this shit)
A hundred bands ain't nothin' to me, that's small (I'm talkin' PWG)
With the cheese (Yeah), and the 'Wop, nigga, I ball (Swish)
Hey (Hey), my house is a small mall (Hey)
It ain't my fault you get lost, dawg (Where you go, yo? Haha)
Your bitch is a freak food
When she on my dick, she get lockjaw (Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh)
I just fuck and get rid of 'em (Rid of 'em)
I ain't with havin' no problems (No)
Foreign shoes, I got a lot of 'em (Stylin')
These got red on the bottom (Plug walkin')
I'm makin' some noise, my main bitch for it
I'm full of that-, oh, a lot of that-, oh (Bagg's in here)
Niggas is talkin' a lot, won't let off a shot (No)
Oh, act on that nigga, deserve 'em a woman (Baow)
I put ice on my watch off of show money (Yeah)
Lot of trips, that get up and go money (Well)
Threw a lot of cash, this is not my stash (Bitch)
Had his mouth open, like The Scream, man (Hey, hey, hey)

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