

## Intro

## MoneySign Suede

Put the beat louder, yay?

I'm 'bouta, I'm 'bouta, mm, 'bouta snap

Nigga always snap how I snap it

How I snap

How I snap it

Uh, I'ma snap it

Lil' nigga, start jackin'

Ayy, I ain't gon' lie, it's been hard, I'm still fallin' apart  
in the park

They gon' tell you that they love you, ut they just playin' the  
y part

I be doin' it for my people, for my people, I go hard

I do it for my people, I be snappin'

You can't be too nice, they gon' wanna take advantage

They gon' tell you that they love you when you have it

You gon' know these niggas fake, cheap plastic

Remember, I ain't have it, I used to want it bad

Lil' problem 'bout me is I always want it fast

Like I'm running, like I'm gone, running from the past

I'm tryna make it to the pass, make a nigga lap

Like I'm runnin' like I'm going runnin' to the bag

I want them bills with the orange numbers in the back

For this money, think out the box, I ain't fucking Jack

I don't care about hate, I got a bag

I don't care about hate, my bitch bad

You be acting like hard, you gotta cut it

You a momma's boy, you ain't never drove no bucket

You ain't never hit no lick, what you know about juggin'

Niggas rapping this and that but niggas never been through noth  
ing

I remember they used to curve me

I remember they used to ignore me

I gave my all to that bitch, but I guess she wasn't for me

I can't believe my nigga changed

My nigga changed like he owe me

Some niggas mad, I'm going farther, they wanna smoke me

I can tell you this and that, but you wouldn't understand

I was down bad, used to drive my momma's van

I ain't gon lie, back then I lost faith

Now a nigga up, they wanna catch up to my pace

I know some niggas mad 'cause they see me on they page

They see me on they feed, they like "Fuck that nigga, Suede"

That shit don't get to me now, that shit just part of the game

Lil' nigga getting money, I don't care about hate

Lil' nigga getting money, I don't care about hate