

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