

# WHERE'S MY MONEY

Night Lovell

Mhh, mhh, mhh, mhh  
Mhh, mhh, mhh, mhh  
Mhh  
Yeah, yeah

All these niggas, why they watching?  
I just wanna claim your ass and take you shopping, yeah  
If you with me there's no plans on really stopping  
Where's my money? Where's my money? Yeah  
Got my photo in your locket  
Say I love you, then you try to change the topic, yeah  
I be flexing all this shit up in my wallet  
Where's my money? Where's my money? Yeah

I be on the same shit  
Call this bitch and then she telling me the same shit  
"Yes, I want you, but you always do the same shit  
Yes, I love you, but you fucking with the same chick, yeah"

You're such a fucking asshole  
I fucking hate you  
And you changed so much  
I miss when it was just about me and you  
Now a whole bunch of shit is in between us

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I be tryna find my sanity  
All these people looking at me like a gallery  
Sharing all this energy, I'm like a battery  
Tryna keep your ass away just like a calorie, yeah  
Can't you feel this fucking tension, yeah  
Watching how I do my stepping  
Call my number, don't forget the damn extension  
613, where I be, that's a blessing, yeah

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