

## Another Line

OhGeesy

I just hit seven hundred thou  
And when they hear that shit click they better hit the ground  
And baby got that good grip, she love when I'm in town  
Love to smoke big take a handful out the pound  
We the ones, yeah  
Yeah, we run this shit  
Big chips and crazy trips  
Two zips and eighty bricks  
Shout-out to my pops, he had the 80s lit  
Mercedes Benz with the crazy kick  
I love the dope game  
'Cause I'm crazy rich  
I'm on a boat with two bankers and a crazy bitch  
She'll take the case for me, she ain't saying shit, yeah  
And look at what we built from the ground up  
Stacked up to black duff, the cash tucked  
Act tough to taped up and bagged up  
I'm outside, it's late night, I'm masked up

Got money on mind  
I got money on mind  
Got money on mind  
Yeah, I want it all the time  
Got money on mind  
And I'm always on my grind  
I got money on my mind  
Fuck it, pour another line

We talk that big money, we don't talk no little shit  
And bitch I got a drill team ready to take a field trip  
That shit around my neck, man, that shit cost a meal ticket  
Anything unnecessary I ain't finna deal with it  
Bitch I'm on my J-O-B, they hate on me  
They be waitin' on me, then they get this cheese  
Don't do no runarounds, I get straight to the point  
Got Cartier lens and then I bust them down with pointers  
Hop in the Benz, bitch, I don't rent it, I'm the owner  
Free my nigga Thugger, baby, I'm a stoner  
Cookies and Louis, these bitches diggin' my aroma  
I just copped a presidential 'bout to go get a Daytona

Got money on mind  
I got money on mind  
Got money on mind  
Yeah, I want it all the time  
I got money on my mind  
And I'm always on my grind  
I got money on my mind  
Fuck it, pour another line

Oh yeah, yeah  
Fuck it, pour another line  
Oh yeah, yeah