

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

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Oh yeah, yeah
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