

She call me by accident, and she say it's a glitch
Money don't buy you happiness, but money'll buy you a bitch
I can hit the mall, and spend a thousand on some Ricks
I used to buy a brick, and hope, and pray it get me rich
My dawg ain't really my dawg, and that shit hurt like a bitch
Got me jamnin' out the window, make me invest in my new hit
I don't own a house, but my money long like a creek
My baby want a baby, and Gucci strollers, and cribs

See, I got too much politics, niggas don't get involved
Uh, goofy, he get hit, he die before he fall
That Lamborghini fast, after this we takin' off
I started off with crack, but end up cookin' soft
My mama make me laugh, she say she'll take the charge
See, he ain't got no heart, got sickos in the car
This Rollie sixty-thousand, you try me you ain't gettin' far
You can catch me with the gang, my glizzy my bodyguard

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Catch me in New York, you know I'm locked with the crip
Crodie, he be trappin', he remind me of Money Mitch
My brother bought me Jordan's, two Brushes came with the clip
They know I'm major
I made half a million before I went sign a major
Nigga been to Paris, but my next stop gon' be Asia
I went for his pole and got me in that bitch like acres
I know a bitch that give it up just for a cash call
Lil' bitch don't use your head, you line me up I push it back, uh
Lamborghini truck, we started racing like in Nascar
How much times that lil' bitch call me back, and I ain't answer

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Pressa, Charlie B, Glitch