

# Bag

Project Pat

Drumma Boy

I got that H Town, Miley Cyrus gass bag  
I'm finessing, made a whole one from a half  
I'm on a mission, need them M's, I need it bad  
Bitch, I'm trappin', need a hundred million dollars cash  
I need a bag, I need a bag  
I need a bag, bitch, I need a bag  
I need a bag, I need a bag  
Bitch, I'm trappin', need a hundred million dollars cash

I'm trappin' hard day in and day out, need a bag, ho  
With these M's, I can buy you a new ass, ho  
I talk that shit, guess I'm the shit, my asshole  
I [?] bloodhound with a blindfold  
My grandma told me need a wallet, seen this bankroll?  
Me and my money twins, neither one of us fold  
I'm on a jug-athon, chasing millions 'round the globe  
I'm well connected, boy respected, lose your life, bro  
Came to get it, yeah, my neck cold like the North Pole  
Chasing the check is the mission  
We don't do no intermissions  
Cheffin' it up in the kitchen  
Whippin', them bitches they snitchin'  
When you a boss, they gon' listen  
Either they gon' come up missin'

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I came up, they trappin'  
They bringing my name  
Young and on fire  
More money, more fame  
I see that they hating  
These niggas be faking  
They patiently waiting  
[?] taking  
Need a bag, need a bag  
Run it up, a hundred thousand  
Put it in a Louis bag  
Keep it coming, keep it piling  
Chasing checks, chasing checks  
Taking off, as if (Skrrt)  
Taking off in jets  
Straight flex, straight flex  
I need a bag, yeah, bitch, I need some gas  
You know the motto, ho  
First [?] is last  
No money for blue hundreds, I'm blowin' loud, I ain't hearin' nothing  
I blow a bag on the daily, bitch

I can really show you how to get this money

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