

Money

Project Pat

Money, this that shit these robbers out here blast for
Money, this that shit these bitches clapping ass for
Money, this that shit a nigga living fast for
I'mma get me some, I'mma get me some

Only thing I know is get money, I got to have that
Quick to put that chopper in your life, bitch where that bread
at
I don't want to rob, but I promise you that I will though
Imma do whatever I got to to pay these bills ho
These niggas say I'm rapping, but I could be trapping
A round of applause the way these nines get to clapping
A lot of y'all broads pillow talking with these bros
And telling all your business, p*ssy nigga naw
I never tell my business to a ratchet ho
Oh nut gobbling slutty bitch, all she want is blow
And money's everything, got my ride sitting clean
Boy if you ain't seen a half a million you ain't seen shit

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Who, walk in the bank!?
Who, open the safe!?

Who, I don't have account
Who, my shit in the safe!? Passcode, bombproof
Ebola-proof, New York Times want a photo shoot?
Double XL want to write reviews?
Sixty minutes, with Barbara Walters, f*ck would I do? I did it
I had to get it, you won't see my goons, got a thousand midgets
With text on 'em, I send a text to 'em, to hide in your crib an
d send a text back
They put rattle snakes in your baby's crib, Bushwick Bill, the
ugliest niggas
That kill, I'm laughing, I'm counting my money with cheers, bur
rr, you niggas is her's
Bitch made, C section with a switch blade, stupid
I go buy Rav', you talking sideways? I'm parking that bitch, in
your baby driveway
How do I do it, that's how I stunt on a hater, f*ck would I do
else?
f*ck what I knew, f*ck what I do, if I ain't doing Juicy J to t
he fullest?
That Juicy J carrying metric tons, since I was thirteen, watchi
ng Pat in the coke game

'Til I grew up shouting Three-Six (Mafia!), fifty-
million dollars in the basement (Mafia!)
I buy your connect on an iMessage, bitch don't flood my emails
Juicy J, I never fly alone, my weed got frequent, flier mileage
(Money!)