We got millions on the table now, we not stressing A gutter-ass nigga like me didn't got a blessing Foreign whips, oldschools keep these bitches guessin' The streets taught me a lot and I learned my lesson

Tunnel vision, tunnel vision, tunnel vision, tunnel vision
Money, money, money, money
Tunnel vision, money [x5]
Tunnel vision, tunnel vision, tunnel vision
Money, money, money, money
Tunnel vision, money [x5]

If you ain't gettin' money, why the fuck is you complacin' Staying with your momma, still sleepin' in the basement You lazy-ass niggas better get up off your ass I ain't crippin' but with [?] cash I'm breakin' hoein ass tryna go and make a playin' Ramen noodles on your bowl, but I want a t-bone steak I'm always on the hustle, I gotta get paid A nigga beem gettin' bread since the 7th grade Hood hot as fuck like a microwave All my niggas cutthroat like a razorblade Heterosexual with my money, I been straight Everday your birthday, if you gettin' cake

The other shit he better been if you ain't talking bread Tunnel vision on the money, keep your pussy, keep your head Cause I can take that pussy, bitch and go cop a whip Hoe, your head can't buy a nigga a ticket, when I take a trip The conversation money we can chop it up and talk it If you ain't speakin' money, speakin' marching I'm gon' walk on off

I do not care about the snitchin' and who got the bricks Unless we plottin' up to go and take some niggas shit You niggas like to get high, but don't to get sob The dope game like pimpin' it never get old And when it comes to money fuck a friend Only friends I need is Mister Grant and that OG Ben's