

MONEY

Rob Stone

Yeah, uh
Yeah, gotta get right
Yeah, uh huh
Heh

I wake up in the morning feeling kinda special
Throwing on some new Margiela
Hit the blunt before I leave the crib
I step outside, cats out lookin' at my ride
I'm the guy and I'm high and I'm flyer than a airplane
And it's a damn shame, niggas always say it
And it's a damn shame, we still save the day
I hit the damn fame and only want the paper
I'll give my last name and wonder will she take it?
I pray I make it, tryna be cool and be patient
Tryna find a new way out this damn evolving situation
Tryna find a new big house to raise my son and to be great in
One day you gon' figure out who really with you and who hate
One day I'm gon' hit the top and change my number next day
Heard they tryna line me out, I heard you runnin' out of clout
I know you heard I'm coming back
No way can let 'em take me out
No way can let 'em knock me down
I'm standing tall until my back break

I hit the mall and I start spendin' money
Young nigga ballin' 'cause I'm gettin' money
I hit the club, they bringin' bottles to me
The women love me 'cause I'm gettin' money
Fuck it baby, give it to me, fuck it, I'm gon' put it on ya, yeah
You drop it down and I'm gon' spend it on ya, yeah
You know a nigga came from California, yeah
I'm not just rappin' I'm really gettin' money

Yeah, big bossed up
Young San Diego nigga, finna' charge her
Fuck a dime in the Benz and switch cars up
I keep the girls lined up like Starbucks, aye, yeah

No one stand adjacent
If you callin' on my phone, talk bread paper
Don't be callin' on my phone if you ain't talkin' major
I'm gettin' hundreds, stackin' racks like skyscrapers
I'm gettin' blunted back-to-back, I'm on a hiatus
I keep on grindin' cross the map, and I ain't tryna wait there
I put the town up on my back, I even got my haters
I put my soul on every track and catch a vibe later

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