Bitch I get money stop motherfucking playing with me

Money making bitch I ain't ever chasing dick Ayee run me my money Money making mitch I'm always paid in full sis Ayee run me my money Always talking slick pay your rent before you diss Ayee Run me my money And I can talk my big shit I got designer on my lips Ayee run me my money

Bust it open like I'm Luke He want to pull this ass over toot toot Fucking all night booted off the boot He bussin' back to back chile he ain't scared to shoot, AHHH All I do is get paid, got these bitches lined up like I'm in a parade Acting out this ain't charades I'ma real Florida bitch but I am not from Dad

Don't brag on your bag baby boy you gotta spend it I-N-D you can't make me a dependent I'm headed to the top only if the lord willing I don't fuck with broke bitches I need room for all these millions Body snatched up but sis I ain't Brazilian I just copped me a Benz at the top ain't no ceiling Cash check or charge Birkin bag Chanel swag swipe your card

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I need my money on time be quick on your feet Ain't a rap bitch out really fucking with me Yea I look like money, dollar sign physique And I love me a nigga, lick pussy and feet I got a big ole ass for him to munch on He ain't got a bag tell the broke nigga get gone Giving up the pussy cuz you loved him did the shit wrong Nigga run me my money leave your feelings and your bitch home Yea, next caller big dick baller Like my nigga tall and his money way taller Know they say the money make a bitch pussy holler Heard he got the ${\tt M's}$ and ${\tt I}$ need every dollar

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