Trick

Saweetie

(Murda on the beat so it's not nice)

Moola, moola, moola, man, that's all I give a fuck about
Dollar deals and family, man, that's all I give a fuck about
Talkin' out the side your mouth, I don't give a fuck about
Got my own bands, but I still want you to cash me out

Trick, nigga, you's a trick (You's a trick)
You pay my rent, I still won't let you hit (Hell no)
You want a bag? I got my own shit (Yeah, bitch)
You poppin' bands, I still won't let you hit (No, no, no)

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Everybody bosses 'til the bill come 'round
But a nigga gotta eat, so I ain't checkin' the amount
Every baller wanna holler, let me max his card out
Hit Rodeo, that's a K-O on his bankroll, then I'm out
I like Leos 'cause they meaner when it come out they mouth
Got a Aries that take care of me when I'm in the South
I like Virgos 'cause they loyal and they always devout
But my favorite sign the one that come before the amount
That's a dollar sign every time, if it ain't, then nevermind
Ownership of all my shit or I don't sign the dotted line
I'ma come for all of mine, make it rain, then see the shine
Diamond in the rough, but all these diamonds, I ain't hard to find

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I like them out of town niggas, teach me somethin' different
Hold it down niggas that don't mess around wit' ya
I just mind my own business, got my own business
I'm a walkin' check, so I ain't checkin' for you bitches
Ain't gon' get none of this unless he spends some on this
Expensive-ass ish, cater every wish
My fragrance is rich, ooh, I smell like The Ritz
Keep my cheese with the Swiss so I ain't payin' me shit (Bitch)

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