Man everyday is Christmas, bitch I'm feeling good And if I'm going broke, bitch I'mma rob the hood I see your mans holding, yeah he got the goods I'm in it for the money, get that understood

Man everyday is Christmas, rob him for his bricks
Bitches on my dick, I guess this glory shit
Robbing pussy niggas for whatever licks
Loving on these hoes, I ain't never been
If I spend my riches, I'mma rob shit
Caught him lacking, leave him surfing through the lake
Thirties turn your mans into a milk shake
Holla' at my boys, yeah he want a plate
Rob him for his pounds, if he holding weight
Mask up, load and put 8 to hes face

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Tell him, I'mma rob him if I want something
I got money, I got pounds, I don't need nothing
Church talking, my niggas come clean up
Put a suite on his ass, let him dream up
I got money, I ain't going broke
Harry potter niggas seem to crack a joke
Got your block surrounded like a bus stop
News keep recording until the show stops
We shoot your block up, we got your block hot
My niggas coming through until the body drop
Tech Nine's, choppers get them all lauched
Put these guns on his ass, leave his body shocked

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