

Hold on  
Wait  
Wait  
Hold on  
Wait  
Ey  
Hold on (Hold on)  
Ща, щас подожди  
Ey, Ey

I put my hoodie on  
Out in the streets  
I'm tryna put me on some millions  
No time for booty calls  
Call on my niggas and tell em it's time for that duty call  
They know what time we are on  
If it ain't euros, or dollars, or pounds then let it go  
that shit hysterical  
I been a hustler since I was cut from the umbilical  
I'm dressing big cheques big racks  
My melanin flex in tact  
And when I hit that it's splash  
I need about a million in cash  
I need like 4 million in cash  
I'm putting that jewellery last  
Then put a couple bands for the fam (family)  
I heard we just tryna be the man (man)  
I heard my shit popping in Japan  
I'm about to cop me a new lamb

I came up for my money (Money)  
Money yeah yeah yeah  
I came up for my money (Money)  
Money yeah yeah yeah

My hobby is Grammy

I make dancing, no dirtiest  
My bag is really chubby  
Call me mula [?]  
Let 'em see, no Bon-Jovi  
You can call me Triple H  
[?] hunnids  
We moving like an athletes, no dummies

These bitches on the back seats  
Scream yummy  
So where's my money boy  
It ain't no panic, this is why I got it boy  
Kicking ass like karate boy

But yeah bitch, I'm paranoid

I came up for my money (Money)  
Money yeah yeah yeah  
I came up for my money (Money)  
Money yeah yeah yeah

I came up for my money (Money)  
Money yeah yeah yeah  
I came up for my money (Money)  
Money yeah yeah yeah