

# Money Talk

Slim

Work in the pyrex

Shit

I went jail, had to ride it

I'm really on the curb

Flying birds

I'm really on the curb

I got work

I stretch grub, I stretch grub and then I let it fly like birds

I dust off a little 10 quid

My red bottoms are expensive

I spent half my life just flipping these packs

I lose 9 O's then I'm bringing it back

I do a 1ner in the fast lane, I turn soft zeds into hard cain

I love life

Cause of hard days

Niggas talk good but that shits fake

I get phone lines pumping

3-for-2 no 1-on-1's

Like I can't tell who's really hungry

Cause I'm out here, I can't see no one like

I been in kitchen, just whipping

I got a dish in the sink, just dropped 4 O's

Gotta whip into 6

You talk a lot and it sounds like shit

I love money and bricks

Look at the flick of my wrist

I love country and fiends

3 bands stuffed in my jeans

The hustle runs in my blood

I came a long way from the mud

Niggas sitting down, smoking weed and talking shit about funds

I ain't trying, it comes natural

I grabbed half a brick and I bagged it all

I used to tear the strip on a pedal bike

And burst shots up in capital

Like who's real and who's not

I used to grind for a minimal proff

I take lessons not a loss

Niggas chatty chatty I'm not

Cah I'm trappy

Like give me a square and I'll smash it

I got a raw of zed on my feet

I got magic all on my jeans

I get busy, I got work

I whip, bag it and serve

All the bullshit I ain't into it

Niggas should've been wearing skirts

Like nigga I been tearing work

I used to hit cunch for weeks

I made 2 bags in my sleep

I counted 20 stacks this week

I got niggas all on my back

Like bro you gotta do rap

I got kitties all on my phone

Like geezer we need that crack

Like tonight I'm heading up O

And I dunno when I'm coming back  
You sound good in your vids  
But you ain't got a spine in your back  
No back bone niggas went jail cah they jack phones  
My little niggas in a cats home  
I made made stacks off a crack phone  
Niggas bitches cause they chatty  
I got 16 dark in a alley  
Cause I lost love for these niggas  
Cah now I'm winning these niggas ain't happy  
I coulda shed a million tears  
But I put my pain on the gram  
And I ain't seen some niggas in years  
But I give more fucks for my line  
Cah that fake shit, I don't rate it  
See this square here I'm gone break it  
I don't watch money I go chase it  
And I fly up birds till I make it