

Money Talk

Slim

Work in the pyrex
Shit
I went jail, had to ride it
I'm really on the curb
Flying birds

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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