

Debiase Decisions

Smoke DZA

Money, money, money, money, money

What else
183rd Street

Uh, I retired the buckets, retired the phones
Retired rugbys, my closet's a retirement home
Niggas hate because it's cool, they admire the flow
Put the money in something positive, might've been on
I'm talkin' million dollar dreams when I'm on the phone
Reality driven, nigga, I'm settin' the tone
I'm talkin' money, money, money, money, money
Ain't no real price for my poems, I'm in the zone
Might text Virgil for real
Might just Tunecore, ain't heard of a deal
Might just lay back, smoke some herbal and chill
Might hit the dealer, cop a convertible steel, uh
Every joint, I give a murderous feel
It's Ringside, king side, as I competitor kill

Money, money, money, money, money

Yeah, nigga
The Butcher comin', nigga

Look, I been grindin' my whole life, still chasin' a number
But I won't chase a bitch unless her face on a hundred
Smoke in front of a crowd, type of gangsters I run with
Niggas won't be allowed in the places I hung in
Uh, need the million dollar bag like I'm with Virgil
Hit you with the bag, make your skin purple
My man down bad for attempt murder
My white bitch from Calabasas got 10 surgeries
Get 'em this color? You gotta hit Japan
Got dope slammin' white like Vince McMahon
My mom said, "Your future bright, you gotta pick your friends"
But I trapped all night and went and picked the Benz, uh
Haters got quiet when I got a bigger house
My next move gon' have the headlines standin' out
Every verse sound raw when I spit it out
That's why all the fans appalled when I get announced
Uh, I was a dope boy with coke dreams
'Til the feds ran down on the whole things
Blue strip hundreds, no green
Griselda got the game in the dope fiends
Let's go

It's not what I'm up to [?]
It's what it all comes down to
And what it all comes down to is this
Money isn't everything, it's the only thing
And everyone, everyone has a price for the Million Dollar Man
Hahahaha