

Have My Money

The Diplomats

I'm all about this moolah, I'm all about this bread
And if I get caught slippin', I can end up in the feds
Bitch better have my money, nigga better have my money
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My man, baby mom, in the morning, tell him "GM"
Kiss him on the forehead take the keys to his BM
Ain't even gon' tell you, got the code to his Diem
I hit her on the 'Gram like hashtag free 'em
I'm biased, but all I got for these hoes is papaya
I done drove ever car, no liar
I ain't talking music when I say I did shit with Mariah
Nick wasn't there, nor was Mottola
Sittin' on the crates, gun in the stroller
I was selling coke, no joke, no cola
Just made a quarter 'mil off Ebola, what's up?

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I got bitches that could chef up a perico
Dominican, he had the best perico
And we just trying not to catch The Rico
Remember what Mitch had heard from Rico?
Well, niggas die every day, B
I'm getting money, getting fly, every day, B
I pulled up onside the real AZ
And I was young when they tried to kill AZ
We kept it mob style like whip [?]
Audemars styling on the wristwatch
Still do Harlem in my flip-flops
Summertime, hoppin' out the 'Rari with the missing top

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Living life big, this that mo' money shit
So no matter what I get, I'm screaming "Mo' money, bitch!"
Mo' money coming in, mo' money spent
Smelling like money, that's that mo' money scent
AMG kit, this that mo' money band
Knock-knock open the door, I'm letting mo' money in
She like, "What's this 'Mo' money' shit?"
I'm like "Them niggas that you with, I'm getting mo' money than"
Pockets full of Chuck-E-Cheese
I'm under the money tree and I'm just catching all the leaves
She just want to feel the breeze
I just want her on her knees, cold nigga, antifreeze

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