

Servin

Timbaland

Yeah
DJ Timmy Tim
2016 baby
This drink got me feelin some type a way
You can't fuck with me now baby

Matte Black Bentley coupe frog eyes on 'em
Servin chia pet, got that dog food on 'em
Cameras at the trap house I hit the zoom on 'em
Martin Jello, Michael Jackson bitch I'm moon-walking
I just cook dope with baking soda, animals
Got the corners on me, they from Arizona
High Top Louis Vuitton and I got them Loafers
I just grabbed the Pot spread the waters like I'm Moses
Stir it with the floss walk on water like it's Jesus
Bad mamasita swear I gotta get her a visa
Real trap shit mafia Giovanni
Fur on a nigga when I step it's Jumanji
Chain sittin on me boy yo jacket dead stalling
Ball man Jeans boy that shit you got bizarre
Outa space coupe boy I swear I toot the Martians
Shout to Mexicano with that "Guardo He' Movado"

Just sold a lot a dummies
I ran off with the money
Count up, blue hunnids
Percy got me walking like a zombie
I got a fetish for the money
(I got a fetish for the money)
My finger itching for the money
All I wanted was the money
Money counting, counted hunnids

So fuck a painter act I pour up Ten Liters
Fast and Furious coupe motorsport Vin Diesel
Water, water, water, got them ice cubes on 'em
I just made a movie just like Ice Cube on 'em
Chris Tucker plug and that nigga acting goofy
Run up on him with that Pack and I swear He'll Lose it
Feeling just like Meechy when I walk just like engini
Got them hunnids on me and they blue just like Givenchy
Wolf of wall street boy I feel just like Leo
Green humble matrix, boy I'm in here just like Neo
I just bought a diamond but they on me sub-zero
Ran up with the Tech to check wan-gino
Strapped with Smith & Wesson you won't never see me stressing
Plug - - you can guess it 40 diamond VVS-ing
Turnt up for the summer bought my side bitch a Lexus
Money calling I can't stall it, gotta go collect it

I just sold a lot a dummies
I ran off with the money (count up)
Blue hunnids, percy got me wash like it's summer
I got a fetish for the money
I got a fetish for the money
I'm faking issues for the money
All I wanted was the money

Money counting count up

All black Bentley coupe dripping sauce on 'em
Thousand dollar shoes got me scared to walk on 'em
Floating on this perc preacher going dolph on 'em
Free all the real niggas I'm the one who talk for 'em
Panamera Porsche drop the top and hit the corner
Eating Benihana I remember it was just bologna
It's a cold summer I can't lie I'm a road runner
I feel like Master P I'm 'bout to get me a old Hummer

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