

Kinda \$

Veeze

Yeah

He know I'm gettin' all kind of money
She really hope the condom rip

Stripper ho on my ass, I ain't even 'bout to give that ho the pill
Made my name off blowin' pills, I'm a heavyweight like Holyfield
I walk in the club with no ID, oh, bro, you rap? I had no idea
Bitch said she want five K to hit it, I buy a PT and just pour up red
I'm losin' connection, I'm in the hills, he jealous, I'm never gon' know how
it feel

My eyes real low like I'm from Korea, I sin every day, but God forgive
The foreign I parked is lower since I loved it, you gotta die for bands
The doctor smart, I told him to give her new hips and basically hide her rib
s

Ooh, she a lil' snobby bitch, don't say thanks to the compliment
Grown-ass nigga, he gossipin', I'm too big, can't acknowledge it
Put a bad ho on you like a pimp, make him spend it all 'til his pockets rip
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money, she really hope that the condom rip

She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (Yeah)
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She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (She know)
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She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (She know)
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She know I'm gettin' all kind of money

That pussy so good, I'm drivin' to it (I'm drivin')
That pussy so wet, I'ma dive into it (I'm divin')
I'm stackin' this money, put pride into it (Yeah)
I look at my stash, that's my pride and joy (That's my baby)
Bae, look at what I did, I got Prada for you (Shh)
I'm treatin' my main and my side like daughters (What?)
I fill up her purse with a wad that's new
I'm throwin' up fours and my pockets full (Yeah, beep)

Ooh, he ain't even got no money, why the fuck the lil' nigga talk 'bout mone
y? (What?)
Ooh, I ain't even count my money, I ain't touch nothin', that's the pile up
money (Yeah)
Come to my town, I run it, got all the bricks and 'za by the onion (Ugh)
Peezy got the pints and the money, Wham said Lil' Dan got the money (The mon
ey)
All blues, he ain't gotta count it for me, shows up north and down the count
ry (Yeah)
She nervous to shake it, she down to hug, I fuck her so good, she gotta love
it
Dope too good, we gotta cut it, mixin' my pop with the Wock' in public
I ran it up without signin' nothin', you talkin' too broke, that's not my su
bject
Nigga smile in my face, stab my back, that's not my buddy (Not my buddy)
Deuce of the syrup make pineapple pop look like a pumpkin (It's orange now)
Bitch got good-ass head, make me lose breath, feel like I'm runnin'
Groupies hoes flockin' to me, they know I'm gettin' all kind of money (They
know, they know, they know)

She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (They know)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (She know)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (He know)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (She know)
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Baby, give me some cash (He know, yeah)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (They know)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (She know, he know, she know)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (Yeah, yeah, let me hear that shit)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (They know)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (She know, he know, she know)
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money
She know I'm gettin' all kind of money (Yeah)