

# Money

wewantwraiths

Sorry I ain't sorry  
You think these bitches love me?  
Only 'round me 'cause I'm up. Won't let you spend my money  
When I had nothing, was still cutting in and out of traffic  
Used to dream about a foreign. Now, the whips exotic  
Yeah

We don't pay deposit  
Launching in this new tiptronic  
Long hair like Pocahontas  
She gon' empty out my pockets

Now, I got bitches phoning me like you don't ever call me  
'Cause when you left me, it was peak and didn't wanna know me  
Baby, let me show you all the things he never showed you  
Fuck you like I owe you. Really been meaning to call you

You say I can't afford you  
Still I give you what you wanna  
Realist is I kinda love it  
Haven't seen your ass since summer

You kinda did the runner  
Bouncing 'round with all that bumper  
I got my exes vexed with me 'cause I can't keep a promise  
Leicester this ain't Gotham  
My bro. He gon' stick to robbing  
That's the only way he know to get a little money  
But when you lose someone you love  
That feeling in your stomach  
Knowing that he died alone  
I pray he made Shahada  
When you left, part of my soul needed readjusting  
Nowadays you never know. Tomorrow isn't promised

I came up from nothing  
You won't hear me ask for nothing  
When I'm down bad on my luck, I know these niggas love it  
I've taken many losses. Why I always take precaution  
They talk the talk, can't walk it  
That's when shit starts getting awkward

Pillow-talking to these hoes. Best keep me out the gossip  
I'm just being honest. Bro got one too many bodies  
When the money's running low, you'll end up spending profit  
Where niggas make a hundred fold  
And still won't send you nothing

You want me to be sorry. That's the one thing I won't say  
I'm sorry I ain't sorry. Certain things won't be the same

I got no more left to say  
I mix Codeine with the pain  
Every day is not the same  
Without my bros that's been a way  
I sent out like 50k to all my niggas that's in jail  
Marlow bought the burner out

Got teeth on him that won't decay  
Remember my first Gucci belt  
Italian linen every day  
Didn't know what Louis were  
Couldn't build Rome in a day  
She just wants the newest purse  
Broski wants a dinner plate  
I don't even want the love  
I'm getting used to all the hate  
Put on LV shoes like I skate  
RSQ3 or the 8  
I got bad bitches from south  
I'm with the shooters from L8  
We're making moves and stay up late  
'Cause I'm still choosing to get paid  
Had to cut my homie off  
'Cause bro maneuvering like a snake  
I'm tired of this talking  
Can't fit this rubber band on this stack  
I had to force it  
Tryna turn these dingers into Cullinans and Porsches  
Broski gonna shoot you first 'cause we ain't into that bullshit  
Hate when bitches stay too long  
Can't wait for her to leave  
Flexing on her Insta with that shit she got from me  
So much expectations every time I supersede  
Bro got segregated 'cause he smoked man on the threes  
All the things we never had and now we have what we don't need  
I tell hoes to suck me first  
Even hoes deserve to eat  
I might spend a monkey first  
To test the waters when it's deep  
I can love you 'til it hurts  
But it ain't hard for me to leave  
Nought to 60 in this Urus  
Let's go on the count of three  
Always seen these bridges burn but it's never 'cause of me  
Go legit  
Let's go to work, but niggas rather pick the streets  
I lost way too many brothers. Why'd you think we hate police?  
Broski loves to sell dope. He gets a dopamine release