Talkin' big money, bitch, uh
That little shit you talkin' 'bout
That's lunch money
We don't even smoke that
And this shit gon' be like this for uh
Pretty much the rest of the time we here
My little niggas got more money than you fuck niggas man
I promise

I got-I got-I got-I got so much So much, so much, so much

Quarter million, little nigga, I was nineteen Had my hustle down pat, I did the right thing They don't move that fast, they act like they don't like cheese Had a couple niggas mad like they don't like me Is it cause I'm hella paid? I think it might be Yeah my pockets hella straight And I smoke so much dope I got OG in my IV So many niggas jackin' that shit don't even surprise me I don't even want it back, shit it's off to the good Can't even say I didn't know you would Make a little money, get it from the bro Bring that shit back to the hood Anytime you see me, man I'm on the grind Nigga wasn't workin' when you knew you should Now you talk about me when I'm on the road And when I ride by I'm in the newest one

I got so much money I think I should pay for all this
They ain't down to spend how much they say cause they ain't ballin'
I got so much paper I just spend it like it's nothin'
Ain't no way they spend how much they say cause they just bluffin' (2x)
I got so much

Big money Even larger crib No I ain't just stuntin' That's how I'm supposed to live I move fast paced So I drive faster cars Take a look outside Those are really ours And we're really stars We all travel safe and go really far In that custom paint, in that suede floor In that California, that's really hard In that California, that's what we on Smell that strong, you know I'm baked Chances dog, that's what we take How much you hate, that's what we make Roll up one, that's what we face Lot of y'all claim that you real, gon' show up fake But that shit don't mean a thing Cause I'll still be on my grind And stackin' all of this change

I got-I got-I got-I got so much So much, so much, so much

Don't even gotta ask if I get enough, cause I got so much
Gin in my cup, twenty-two cones I'mma stuff
Lightin' another one up
(I got-I got-I got-I got so much)
Live it up, every dollar spend it up
Don't even gotta ask if I get enough, cause
(I got so much)
Gin in my cup, twenty two cones I'mma stuff
Lightin' another one up, cause

I got-I got-I got-I got so much So much, so much, so much

Hey man, green is for the money, gold is for the honeys Step up your game or step down Whenever a problem troubles us all If you trust in the Lord there will be a brighter tomorrow For there's nothing too much for the great God to do And all that he asks and expects of you Is faith that's unshaken by tribulation and yield Confidence and knowledge that God knows best And trouble and sorrow, they are only a test But without God testin' of our soul It never could reach the ultimate goal So keep on knowing and believing All that God has promised you would be yours to receive Preach, Church, tabernacle Wiz! Wiz! That's the way Wiz! Wiz! That's the way Wiz! Wiz! That's the way