

# Type Monëy

Yeat

.556, big bullets to the head (Woo, woo)  
I don't even fuck with nobody, what's the deal?  
I'ma lay back, kick back, pop a pill (Woo, woo)  
Drivin' in the coupe, I don't even grab the wheel  
Swervin' the muhfuckin' madness (Skrtrt), I already said that shit (Skrtrt)  
Swervin' the muhfuckin' madness (Hol' on, hol' on), I already planned that s  
hit (Bitch)  
I was just swervin' the muhfuckin' Tonk', swervin' this shit right out the m  
uhfuckin' bottom  
Yeah, took this shit out on the town, I'ma pop me a Perc', I'm not drinkin'  
Moscato (Hol' on, hol' on, hol' on, hol' on)  
I'm sippin' on lean, lean, I'm green, I'm high as a bird, bitch (Phew)  
Yeah, I'm poppin' the muhfuckin' X (Hol' on), lil' bitch, I ain't no nerd, b  
itch (Hol' on, hol' on)  
Yeah, hol' on, come on, come and tell me what you said and what you heard, b  
itch  
Yeah, I got snipers aimin' down at your head (Bang, bang), yeah, you blurred  
, bitch, yeah (Bang, bang)  
I was swervin'-swervin'-swervin' the diamond (Skrtrt), right off the curb, bi  
tch (Luh curb)  
Yeah, seven-seven-  
seven, send 'em to heaven, I'm talkin' to God, bitch (Phew)

Yeah, you don't know who we are bitch (Uh-uh, uh-uh)  
I got dirty money buried in dirt, type of money, put that boy on a shirt (Sh  
irt, shirt)  
Type of money make the bitch go berserk, type of money make that bitch go tw  
erk (Uh)  
Type of money I could ruin your world, and type of money I could take your l  
il' girl  
This type of money got me runnin' the world  
This type of gun, it 'bout to hit in his bowels  
'Boutta show them all, but this is not help  
Roll 'em down and dish 'em out from the barrel  
I got mob ties way before all of us  
I'm a big star, call the astronomers  
Got a big car, it gon' fit all of us  
Bitch, you gon' need a mil' if you just want a verse  
I don't wanna talk, no, I don't wanna converse  
Back in the trap with no sign of a hearse  
Bonnie and Clyde, got a Glock in her purse, oh, yeah  
(Oh, yeah, yeah)  
We them boys who be poppin' them tags, bitch  
When that bitch wanna fuck, go 'head  
Yeah, my Glock shoot his shot like a fade  
Bitch, we know that you broke, keep tabs on ya  
Bitch you trippin', you off of them tabs  
Like a snake, bitch, we hide in the grass  
Made this shit out of muhfuckin' Lego  
Made it easy, this shit from the ground  
I wanna live too, this a jam  
And she sit on the beach, she a shell  
We ride, we look covered in rags  
Inside the Urus, the bitch all red (Yeah)  
Bend the bitch back and I bust on her head (Yeah)  
One, two, three, four shots leave him dead (He dead)  
.556, big bullets to the head

I don't even fuck with nobody, what's the deal? (What's the deal?)  
I'ma lay back, kick back, pop a pill (Woo, woo)  
Drivin' in the coupe, I don't even grab the wheel (Woo, woo)

.556, big bullets to the head (Woo, woo)  
I don't even fuck with nobody, what's the deal?  
I'ma lay back, kick back, pop a pill (Woo, woo)  
Drivin' in the coupe, I don't even grab the wheel  
Swervin' the muhfuckin' madness (Skrrt), I already said that shit (Skrrt)  
Swervin' the muhfuckin' madness (Hol' on, hol' on), I already planned that s  
hit (Bitch)  
I was just swervin' the muhfuckin' Tonk', swervin' this shit right out the b  
ottom  
Yeah, took this shit out on the town, I'ma pop me a Perc', I'm not drinkin'  
Moscato (Hol' on, hol' on, hol' on, hol' on)  
I just been sippin' on lean, lean, I'm green, I'm high as a bird, bitch (Phe  
w)  
Yeah, I'm poppin' the muhfuckin' X (Hol' on), lil' bitch, I ain't no nerd, b  
itch (Hol' on, hol' on)  
Yeah, hol' on, come on, come and tell me what you said and what you heard, b  
itch  
Yeah, I got snipers aimin' down at your head (Bang, bang), yeah, you blurred  
, bitch, yeah (Bang, bang)  
I was swervin'-swervin'-swervin' the diamond (Skrrt), right off the curb, bi  
tch (Luh curb)  
Yeah, seven-seven-seven-  
seven, send 'em to heaven, I'm talkin' to God, bitch (Phew)

Woo, woo (Phew, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Woo, woo  
Woo, woo, woo  
Woo-woo-woo-woo