

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 (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 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 (Skrrt), 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)
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Woo, woo (Phew, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Woo, woo

Woo, woo, woo

Woo-woo-woo-woo