

# Scared Money

YG

Why you bring that money to the club if you ain't throwing it?  
How you naked on the gram but in person you ain't showing shit?  
Why you go against the gang you can't beat 'em, nigga join it  
Ain't tap in when you got to Cali, got yo ass extorted  
Brand new coupe, I floor it, brand new bitch, gotta whore it  
Brand new Glock, I adore it, have a nigga running like Forrest  
V.I.P., I'm very important, in the hood I ain't never no tourist  
Got the drop on a opp we Dora explore it, ay

YG from the streets, YG went legit  
YG lit, YG start a business with yo bitch  
Fifty bitches flew to Cabo, YG a trip  
YG think he Kanye West, he got his own kicks

Whoa, fresh out a pandemic but I ain't rusty  
Whoa, have a baby by me bitch, come be lucky  
Whoa, bitch I'ma throw it all, all the strippers love me  
Whoa, walk in best dressed but I ain't no Kid Cudi

Girl, did he just say what I think he just said?  
Bitch, yes

Talkin' like you lit yo bitch betta not be ugly  
Pull up with a 10, her waist slim, ass chubby  
Half a millie on my neck, who gon' take it from me  
Pussy, we ballin' on you fuckin' dummies

Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Pussy, we ballin' on you fuckin' dummies

I'm so lit sports center gotta post my clips  
One lay-up and they treat me like I'm Luka Dončić  
2-6 nigga and we used to conflict  
Turn these brand new YG sneakers into Louboutin kicks  
Red bottoms 'cause the blood bled out him (Aw damn)  
If I miss him, 4Hunnid red dot him (Aw damn)  
I was thinking 'bout walkin' up a stack of crates  
But I was busy stackin' cake  
Cole fuckin' world say the whole name  
Cole think he Drizzy Drake, he got his own plane  
Flew it all around the world and now I'm back bitch  
Three cribs in the same neighborhood, I'm that rich  
These niggas pray to God to make it on the shade room  
Meanwhile I made it on the "Bitch, I'm hella paid room"  
Road blocks when Cole drops, they push back they rollouts  
That's right, pussy, make room, stay tuned, nigga!

Talkin' like you lit, yo bitch betta not be ugly  
Pull up with a 10, her waist slim, ass chubby  
Half a millie on my neck, who gon' take it from me  
Pussy, we ballin' on you fuckin' dummies

Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Scared money don't make no money (Woah)

Pussy, we ballin' on you fuckin' dummies

Ball too hard on niggas like Zion when he bust out the shoe  
See that Lil switch on the glock, you can't shoot back when we start shootin'

Thuggin' on the block with YG set trippin', my pockets blue (True)  
VVV's cost some cheese, reach for these I'll blam on you  
Scared money don't make no money  
I got shows coming in but the trap still bunkin'  
Wrap the Lamb' truck white but the inside's pumpkin  
Grip her neck while we be hunchin' and she like when I talk country (Who you with?)  
Big speaker, yeah, big shit talker hoe  
Have yo cash together, cost a Mike Vick for a truffle boat (Said)  
Dollas, followers, and ratchet hoes, I got a lot of those (Where you at?)  
Gettin' me some head, waiting on my food to cook at Pappadeaux's (Let's go)  
Big bag!

Talkin' like you lit, yo bitch betta not be ugly  
Pull up with a 10, her waist slim, ass chubby  
Half a millie on my neck, who gon' take it from me  
Pussy, we ballin' on you fuckin' dummies

Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Scared money don't make no money (Woah)  
Pussy, we ballin' on you fuckin' dummies