

I seen OGs on the corner making hella sales  
No matter what's the weather or the cars, they on the paper trail  
Had bad bitches flexin', ridin' in they coupes  
And to get that, I knew just what a nigga had to do  
I had to get money, cars, clothes, and bitches  
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I was just a little nigga walkin' 'round the E, I seen a lot of action  
Took a trip to the scene and see the OGs trapping  
Fifteen fees passed, spend ten, you get three back  
I saw a rock on the stove, made the dope jump, rabbit  
Then bag it, left and came back at it  
Say K Blacka, you want this money, you can't be slacking  
You see this shit I do in front of you, you know I stack it  
I started thinking in my head about saran wrapping  
He said you can be rich soon if you don't be no fool  
But still I took my chances trapping the green in school  
I asked my OG do you do any clubbing?  
He said that club gon' be there nigga, I'm tryna get this money

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I'm all grown now  
Do what I want now  
Trap on that same corner  
Trap out that same house  
Where they be racks out  
And push packs out  
Got me in love with money  
All a nigga want is money  
He pull up to a yard, nobody don't stay in  
He open the door, I swear that bitch look like a bakery  
He said it's blow and you can make what you want today  
Don't let 'em lie to you, money change every day  
It do, this bitch just told me she don't suck dick  
Threw money on the bed and force that ho to try to swallow it  
You said I'm going to strip club and throw bands on the bitch  
You better go straight to the plug and throw bands on the brick

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