

## Make A Lot

Young Thug

I make a lot of money  
I make a lot of money

I make a whole lot of money  
I blow a whole lot of paper  
We fit each other right like a blazer

We argue, we fight, and we fuss  
And we fuck and we mugging each other  
I eat it, I lick it  
I treat it, I don't wanna leave it defeated  
Come on and fuck on me  
Run from me, buck on me, yeah  
Put luck on me, pull up on me  
Feel ups on me, suck gifts on me  
Fuck is you hating for?  
I am so different, come have a tour  
I caught him disturbing the peace  
And I left him extinct like a dinosaur  
Drowning in mud like a muh fucking rhinoceros  
I didn't think that she was a freak but she kinda was  
Yeah she was a freaky little bitch  
I didn't get a chance to even eat that little bitch  
Do you mind if I creep that little bitch  
I'm gone, when I fuck a bitch, I'm straight outta the trenches  
Do you mind if I need that little bitch?  
Do you mind if I feed her to the clique?  
If you mind I don't ever wanna be rich  
And I'm a rip that money up with my clique like a pick, yeah

Racks on racks  
Hit it from the back and I can't see nothing like a cataract  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Standing back, looking like I'm bamming it  
Smoking packs looking at you runnin' that  
I'm a die looking at your humble ass  
Come in, baby, that's my mama, baby  
My heart racing and I'm so impatient  
Call Metro and let leak speed racer  
Cook that dope up, but no Easy Baker  
I swear to God I  
I was too busy buying acres  
That's my bitch, nigga that's my bitch  
She can never come fuck you if she's my bitch  
Gold VVS I go Mitch  
And I swear you gon get hit if it's a hit  
Bitch I've been the boss of ever since  
All my fuckin cups dirty like a ditch  
I'm in beast mode like Marshawn Lynch

And if it don't make dollars then it don't make sense  
But me? I swear