

Smells Like Money

Yung Gravy

Blllr

Rubies, Franks, Pesos

We apologize but you have exceeded the max volume on your bank account

I count my loot baby, baby

Smells like money

Smooth Gravy, Gravy (Bitch)

Smell like money

Woo, piped your lady (Woah)

Yeah, smell kinda funny

Woo, baby, baby

Smells like money

I opened my wallet like, like goddamn (Goddamn)

What the fuck? He got bands (Bands)

I'm going stupid

But you already knew it

Draft the ass, I recruit it

First round 'cause I'm boujee

I been cruising

Booty cheeks, I'm bruising

Gravy, you so soothing

Ride around town with a bitch named Susan

Bitch

Money

Money, damn, money

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Smell like money

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Get mine, get mine, get mine

Get yours, bitch, I'm gonna get mine

Hit dimes, hit dimes, hit dimes

You can pipe that bitch for the fifth time

Get up, get up, get up

I wake up, count my chips up

Get up, get up, get up

You can fuck with me end up, tits up

Making movements

Had to pay my coupments

Raspberry whip with the blue tint

Fifty K just my accouterments

Copped the crib for amusement (Woah)

With your bitch, reproducing (Woah)

I can't fuck with pollution

Italy house, you buy, Betty Boopin'

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