

# The Meaning

## FKi 1st & Post Malone

All this green, Looking at my wrist  
Like what the fuck you really mean  
All this money nigga, All this green  
Looking at my wrist like what the fuck you really mean  
All this money nigga, All this green  
Looking at my wrist like what the fuck you really mean  
I got a couple bitches do they really love me  
Looking at my neck like what the fuck it really mean  
All this money nigga, All this green  
Living that life like a fucking movie screen  
I got a couple bitches do they really love me  
Looking at my neck like what the fuck it really mean  
My momma kept calling she said where the fuck you been  
I said I ain't coming home until I get her a Benz  
She said what happened to what's her name  
That hoe ain't my friend, They be cool with you one day  
But they just fucking pretending  
This is the beginning never know no ending  
We ain't imitations what the fuck is our ceiling  
I need [?]

Don't need the depend, need to learn to read and not no fucking sense  
If you talking money, Then I might show off my penmanship  
I can't even flex on Instagram  
Cause y'all niggas love to steal my shit  
I ain't even worried this is one of the advantages  
Remember when you see this shit, FKi 1st did this shit  
All this money nigga, All this green  
Looking at my wrist like what the fuck you really mean  
I got a couple bitches do they really love me  
Looking at my neck like what the fuck it really mean  
All this money nigga, All this green  
Living that life like a fucking movie screen  
I got a couple bitches do they really love me  
Looking at my neck like what the fuck it really mean  
Leaning through the city and I got my  
whole team  
Cup is overflowing spilled some flavour on my seat  
Bathing ape tee, I got Balmain on my jeans  
Starting once again, Don't know what the fuck it means  
I don't give a fuck about a bitch no  
I ain't ever drunk, I'm getting rich hoe  
All I'm trying to do is stay that guy and make my mami proud  
Smoking hundred dollar papers with my woe

Oh yeah

I sit on top and go fast, I don't need a chauffeur  
Talking shit what do you got to fucking show for

You know I'm the one they book the show for  
30 bands up frontAll this money nigga, All this green  
Looking at my wrist like what the fuck you really mean

I got a couple bitches do they really love me  
Looking at my neck like what the fuck it really mean

All this money nigga, All this green

Living that life like a fucking movie screen

I got a couple bitches do they really love me  
Looking at my neck like what the fuck it really mean

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>