On Me

Moneybagg Yo

I just wake up and get my day started like this here
This how I do this shit foolAll this money got these bitches on me, on me, on me
They like fleas, I can't get 'em off me, off me, off me
Diamonds on me flash like paparazzi, 'razzi, 'razzi
Million dollar man, Ted DiBiase, 'ase, 'ase
In the club posted with my homies, homies, homies
Check on me just like Michael Conley, Conley, Conley
If I sneeze they might catch a homi, homi, homi
Too much drank and weed, I feel like a zombie, zombie, zombie
My car ain't got no key, you got to push start it
Pull up in a foreign and valet park it
I'm somewhere in Memphis at a day party
Security trippin' at the door, we had to Bogard it
Boy your swag on fufu like the free market
I been doin' this sauce shit since Ed Hardy
He froze up in the action, he a choke artist
My nigga 'dem don't miss shit, they scope artists
I need a bitch like Kash Doll, a black barbie
If this rap shit today, on Black I'm back robbin'
All these narcotics I'm takin' got my head naughty
She eatin' the dick while bumpin' me, I got her head nodding
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Too much drank and weed, I feel like a zombie, zombie, zombieMy homies gangster, uh-huh
I'm talkin' dangerous, uh-huh
They don't post no fuckin' pictures of no bangers, uh-huh
They won't go to court and point no fuckin' fingers, uh-huh
In the trenches with 'em, don't give a fuck 'cause I'm famous, uh-huh
Drop him where he stand, burn him like a tan
They gon' do it for me, just on my command
Shawty thick as fuck, I wanna get in her pants
She got a man but tonight he ain't in her plans
Let me show you why the call me MoneyBagg, hundred K large in a Gucci duffle
I got a real check on me, pockets I stuff 'em, hope I don't bust 'em
Saint Laurents when I walk
You ain't got these 'cause these here custom
Hittin' your bitch from the back on the dresser last night

I fucked around scuffed 'em, damnAll this money got these bitches on me, on me, on me
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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