

# So Much Money

## Juicy J

Thumbin' through so much money, thumbin' through so much money, thumbin' through so  
much money, that I need three hands to count it  
Thumbin' through so much money, so, s-so much money, thumbin' through so much money  
that I need three hands to count it I woke up in a Bugatti, and parked it by my Ferrari  
Took my Rolex and chopped it and stuffed it in my Buggari  
I got your bitch on a Molly, she ride me like a Ducati  
If giving head was a college, she would be summa cum laude  
She treat my dick like a pistol, I treat her face like a target  
I told em "Bandz A Make Her Dance", I turned my head, that shit charted  
Black matte Aston Martin, my hood gives Koopsta apartments  
Lambo didn't come with no key, I push a button to start it  
Say Juicy J must know magic, all these invisible sets  
I put kush in my lungs and leather seats in my jet  
I got a gold-plated toilet, my nigga, I'm rich as shit  
And I would carry a wallet but all my money won't fit  
I drop the bag in Miami, and Faragamo'd my bitch  
A couple of bands for her bills, a couple more for her tits  
Bitch I got money and shooters don't make me pay for the hit  
They wipe your ass off the planet like you ain't never exist  
I'm countin' so much money, dollar signs all I see  
I might go buy me an island and fly your bitch to my D  
I got that old school Chevy with crocodile on my seat  
And I still run with them wolves, yeah bitch I'm a beast  
I spent the rack 'fore I knew it, and that was just on my feet  
This bitch is stupid as fuck but on that Molly she geek  
She like "It's Christmas in May", I'm 'bout to roll up a reef  
And I'm so cold on these hoes but I still carry that heat

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