Stop It

Juicy J

I'm a tell you broke niggas something
ListenMake money, no vacation
Pay cash don't make payments
Getting high like I'm eighteen
But I've been rich since the late eighty's
Backstage, naked ladies
Poppin pills and swallowing babies
Bad bitches ain't come to play
She gon' give me head before I go on stage
New car, a couple, a hundred
Ain't nothin' I call it play money
Bugatti, Ferrari, the Benz, the Bentley
Juicy stay stuntin
Street niggas, we packin them 2's
Play with it, make action news
Put some money on your head, you worth a stack or two
Real nigga I'm 100, I stay leanin, I chase money
Niggas out here savin hoes, niggas need to be savin money
Made mine, can't take it from me
Hit the club, I take your woman
Take her home, get some head, wake up breakfast in bed
Yeah nigga that's grits and eggs
Rich bitch don't forget the bread
Up and down that interstate
I move weight, that's Jenny Craig
I'm a fuck me a model, I'm a fuck me a model
You only get to live one time, so I'm a fuck me a model
I make money all day then I ball with the profits
Niggas hate on me, I tell em hatin' niggas stop it
Go fuck with a bitch, get that becky then I'm gone
Catch me on that loud pack, blowin on this strong
Catch me on that loud pack, blowin on this strongStraight out of North niggas nigga
20 years in
Still rich and ain't gon stop getting rich
Told you niggas I ain't never gonna stop getting money
Let's get it
Bitch you ain't no killa
And real niggas don't talk
Start shit in this club
It's going down in the parking lot
Niggas get killed and then we ain't shedding no tears
Niggas can't keep they mouth closed, judge give you them years

Yo homie fuckin yo bitch
And she ain't duckin yo cock
Them noobies ain't holding you down
And you call them niggas yo dogs
They really out here hatin so stay strapped up like a tight
They got guns, they got them rubies
Except they not shootin blanks
Pass straight them, broad daylight
They don't care who lookin
Young niggas got something to prove, niggas think he pushin
Playin round in my hood and I'll smoke you like a swisha
We don't care bout money and we don't play with them pistolsI make money all day then I ball with the profits
Niggas hate on me, I tell em hatin' niggas stop it
Go fuck with a bitch, get that becky then I'm gone
Catch me on that loud pack, blowin on this strong
Catch me on that loud pack, blowin on this strong
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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