Unknown

Money Man

[Chorus]
Heard them lil threats you sent
They don't mean shit
I'm in the trap on some green shit
Got my Unc on the stove
With a mean wrist
Got a bitch in my bed on some freak shit
Come and take your lil pack on some free shit
Had to pray for a check on my knees shit
All this jewelry on i can freeze shit
Ain't no i in team
We on some we shit
Did this shit on my own i don't need help
Got the strap on my lap like a seat belt
Secret service cars i know how Meek felt
Had a lot of friends that ain't mean me well
Selling gas just so i can feed my kids
Work so hard i just did me like 3 shifts
Got 4 cars nigga i don't need no Lyft
Got two FN and they on both hips
Got two sticks with me but i got four clips
When i fuck her i fuck her so focused
Shawty love me cause i don't take no shit
She gone do what i say, i'm controlling
Baby girl make sure that them legs open
I be conscience i ain't trying to see no pen
Yeah
All this jugging i just bought a new Benz
Yeah
Said you was down but you lied to me
Say you want smoke but you hiding from me
I be spending it cause no you can't die with money
[Verse]
When you crossed me it almost brought me to tears
Had to man up and go face all my fears
And my chick from a whole 'nother hemisphere
In a foreign and you know that i'm switching gears
In the studio i'm my own engineer
Need a addy for P's you can send em here
Feel the walls closing in i can tell its near
All this loud in the house i can barely hear
In designer 12 locked me up, profiling

I be fresh as hell i don't need no stylist
Got like 80k spread in all four pockets
Got some CPN CC's in my wallet
When she see them racks she be like
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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