Countin Money (Feat. Yo Gotti, Gucci Mane)

Bun B

(Fuck a rubber band a nigga need a buncha' birds)
(Fuck a rubber band a nigga need a buncha' birds)
(Fuck a rubber band a nigga need a buncha' birds)
(Fuck a rubber band a nigga need a buncha' birds)[Chorus]
Money all day, count money all day
Count money all day, count money all, money all
Count money all day, count money all day, count money all
Money all, money all daySay mane, no matter where I go, no matter what I do
If chillin' wit' myself, or ballin' wit' my crew
The skies is lookin' cloudy or Bahama water blue
I got that money on my mind, so tell me what it do
And if you be like me, then you already knew it
We goin' for the money then we goin' right through it
Take it to the table baby, chop it up and screw it
'Cause it ain't nothin' to it where come from, but to do it
We get it in our hands, and then it go right through the fingas
We standin' on the system in a fresh set of swangas
We pop a couple tags, put some fresh up on the hangas
That everyday struggle and can't nair nigga change us
Believe that I was famous 'fore I ever did a song
Believe I had a poppin' 'fore a label put me on
It's 2010 and I ain't seein' nothin' wrong
But niggas countin' money all day fuckin' long[Chorus]Money totin', pistol carrying young nigga thugged out
Very first song I ever dropped was in a drug house
Razor blades, sandwich bags, Louis shoes, stupid swag
Rubber bands, duffel bags, small bills, trash bags
Apple chain on my neck, you know that cost stupid cash
Maserati for the watch, that's that foolish cash
Penitentiary chances, '6's on a muscle car
Bun helped me keep it real and watch it take me far
My money don't fold, this money here
I ain't make it for no hoes, I ain't get this off of shows
Count money all day, count money all night
Just know I'm wit' my paper, so I got my paper twice
I be lonely wit' out my paper, so I sleep wit' it at night
Now I wake up wit' to my paper so I start my day off right
They call me Cocaine Gotti, and it's money over bitches
Mr. Everything White, he be always in the kitchen[Chorus]It's me Gucci
I'm the shit bitch you smell me

Ain't no need to check ya sneakers
Three bricks, plus a split wit' me, then bitch you got a hit
Big money on my leisure, pop bottles wit' top models
Wit' my goons in Puerto Rico,
Yo' girlfriend I'm a freak her
Believe me I'm a giant, you down best leave us to believe us
I own the team I play for, plus I coach 'em I'm the center
The hottest rapper that you know, people look like Cujo (Gucci)
A coward dies a million times a soldier dies with uno
So tune into East Atlanta uh,
Please don't change the channel ma
Roll the windows down back up
In my Phantom show my automa
Hangin' out my partner, naw
Don't you want this autograph?
Thinkin' that you angry
Ccause my neck look like the Mardi Gras[Chorus]

Songwriters
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