

# 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 day Say 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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