

Money Talk

T.I.

Lotta nigga talk, you don't ever get paid
Fuck nigga hate, broke bitches throw the shade
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Still kickin' shit, make a bitch go crazy
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Fuck nigga hate, broke bitches throw the shade
Still kickin' flav', got my swag on turn up
Came with a zip, let the whole thing burn up
All I know, get dough, keep it pimpin'
Taught me that in '85, never learned nothin' different
All I see is haters in my rear view
Millions in my windshield, got a clear view
I trained myself, go deaf for a broke nigga
That way when you're talkin' I don't hear you, listen
Still poppin', give a shit about me
Fuck that shit you talkin', look at you, see you ain't 'bout it
Look at you, see you don't want it
Should hardly be an opponent
When you sittin' next to TIP, it look inferior, don't it?
Give a damn if you don't know
I've achieved everything you could hope for
If being a real nigga turned into a corporation
Look at me, shawty, I should be the logo
Please no photos as I stepped in that Magic
Got four hoes in the two door Bentley, what's happenin'?
She with the actress, then she come in with me
But if not I leave her, she mean nothin' to me
I pull up, hop out, give the valet my keys
I run the city, bitch, I'm parkin' for free
And who the nigga right here talkin' to me?
There gon' be problem if you keep botherin' me, man
I came in this bitch to spend 20's and 50 G
What you tried to park here? That ain't my Bentley
You can't listen to me now, God as my witness
Keep on in your earnin's I take your opinion
I swear, nigga
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Focused on the money, fuck shit? Forget about it
I bought a Lamborghini, wrecked it, give a shit about it
Get up out it, call a Uber, go and buy a new one
I gotta run a bag up, it's extra for the blue one
Got 500 bags off in Chattanooga
Go and put it up and take a 100 more, the gang here
Two rules, gettin' money, nigga, stay real
At all costs, nigga, at all costs, nigga
Take a hit of this and run your balls off
And, nigga, you ain't really beefin' if you called off
Play a bit to the left, call it southpaw
Fuck around, get your mouth wired, gotta weed y'all
Better stand down before I be a man down
Guns up, hands down, that's exactly how I caught y'all
Okay one day I retire, put me in the hall of fame
But you lames don't forget what I done taught y'all
I put the fear of God in ya
Oh you nigga hard is ya?
I can see the broad in ya, pull your card
Then you gotta make a move, make a choice
Either go out like a bitch or get your ass kicked
God damn that'll be horrible
So pipe down, nigga

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