

Money Stacks

Gucci Mane

I got money stacks
Like dirty clothes
I love the kids
But I don't love the hoes
Four wit ya, boi
Show wit ya folks
She say she love me
But she just love rolls
I got money stacks
Like dirty clothes
And I don't love her
She love my dirty dros
And if the game screwed up
I'm bought to flip it on
And I got pounds of blow
And sixty pounds of gold

R.I.P to my old hoes, say hello to my new friends
Bad chick with the red bottoms, we pull up in a brand new Benz
Feel this whip like shorty, low. I got foolish money, little shorty knows
My money growing like a Chia pet, our first date was ...
Our second date was ... steak, our third date was hella great
Hella money, I said hella weight
I got a bit of steak, with a huge lake
Helicopter with a pilot, Maybach with a driver
Bedroom with a kitchen in it, might wake up and cook a ...
Our deuce up on four weight
Got short money, it's no plate
Got fifty pounds off that gas pay
You can smell this shit from the driveway
Tore this shit in like two days, been waiting on it like nine days
I'm a truck nigga, scream "living legend"
Get my grass clipping like Nine Jays

I came up from a fifty slab
I'm bad when angered, but good with mail
I'm a test code, trying to catch a truck
I'm the Mad Hatter, trying to catch a kale
Well they lock me up and then let me go

I'm balling on ya like Mexico
Yellow bands, got collard greens, got all good kinds of vegetables
I'm highly paid and successful
Imma cook it up and get ass-crushed
Got a bank-roll, no pressure
Ain't the old me, I won't scratch ya
Professor teaching lectures
Bet the poor love this semester
Might learn something if you listen to it
Get new Berries, do Delta
I'm a go-getter, I'm a gold killer
She ain't doing it, and I let her
I ain't finished living, you painting pictures
On talking to my investors
I'm walking round, I'm talking loud
I'm smoking loud, got shelter
Your side of town, my side of town
My bird fly in the weather

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>