

# Shut Up

## Yowda

You ain't talk about money, bitch shut up

Every nigga 'round me about to come up

A hunnid grand on my accessories

I'm a stunna

40 cal on my waist in case a nigga wanna run up

Never put the gun up

Heated like the summer

And I live for the moment

So I grind to the sun up

Babygirl want me to cut her

No need to wonder girl

I'll beat it like a drummer

Dick her down

No need to tongue her

Got her offa swag

And ain't no need to fund her

Now she givin me the thumb up

Callin me a plumber

And her friends wanna fuck me

Cause she braggin how I done her

But man I ain't trippin on that

Right now I'm just focused on rap

And I ain't talkin beats and microphones

I'm talkin bout bricks

But I ain't buildin homes You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up

You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up

You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up

Bitch, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up

You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up

You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up

You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up

Bitch shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up

You ain't talking about mony, bitch, shut up

I got choppers, poppers, Berettas

Young nigga cold so my hoes wear sweaters

'Told her is a fixed session

And she let us

Oooh, ridin with the heaters

My niggas got stripes its like I'm ridin with the zebras

Hood niggas ain't good with the visa  
Dick is so good, make your bitch have a seizure  
Just had to give my lil homie 10  
Couldn't see him doin' life in the pen  
'See them but I wouldn't want to be them  
Cause I'll be giving that part to his BM  
You niggas aren't getting paid  
You niggas are going to church and getting saved  
Get bread, get bread, get bread  
and all my niggas with them popping like pillheads  
My roof gone, like my ex-bitch  
She was broke so I moved to the next bitch  
And the next bitch came with another slut  
So now when I get paid, it's a double-up  
You niggas know what's up  
MOB, ain't no I.O.U.s, C.O.Ds  
Fuck the police and a broke bitch  
I can't do bad by myself, I don't need no bitch  
See an old bitch, that 's my new thing  
Lace her up, now she's calling me a boo thang  
We get money together  
That's how we do things  
When she got the bag  
You know the shoes came  
Hermes on my belt, louie on my feet  
Yowda on the rap, mustard on the beat  
'Tll be in the street, you just industry  
Like 50 dollars bills, I'm a G  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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