

About The Money

T.I.

Yea man TIP in this motherfucker with me nigga
To the max with it (racks)
I count six shots Bustin' out the bando
A nigga jewelry real metal like a can opener
I went from rags to riches to a feature with Tip
I went from Smart Car to a bitch with some smart lips
And the F&N make my hip limp
I'm goin' fishin' with these little bitty shrimp dimps
And my bank roll got a big dip
She gon' bring it on a big ship
Quite trill, no Quik Trip
I got drugs in the alley, know Tip there
She just wanna have a good day
Smoke way more weed than a guy in L.A
I want them birds 'til next May
Never let em fly away
What!? Aye buddy, aye buddy
Listen what my nigga Tip say
If it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it
Turn it! I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh
I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye
Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, hey
Ay, what you think we in the neighborhood for?
Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho
Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones"
Put your money down, I could buck a hard 4
You playin' with it, I'ma send 'em through your car door
My watch flooded, shit sick, got Parvo

I'm doin' it for black and yellow, free Hardo
The head honcho, nigga no Tonto, nigga
I'm quick to put some bricks in a Bronco, nigga
Niggas talk shit, well I don't respond to no nigga
No murder, no dough, no convolIf it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it
Turn it! I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh
I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye
Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, hey Aye, what you think we in the neighborhood for?
Standin in the trap, slangin good blow
Maybach used to slang that crack
Buy a stolen car while he bang that AK
If you ever took a loss better bring that back
Catcha' witcha' betcha' heat will blow your brains bout that
Know you better be, on your best behavior when addressing me
Because, bye-gones, we don't let em be
Niggas disrespect me, I'm a catch a felony
For real, if you listen I can get you paid
But not interested in shit you say If it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it
Turn it! I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh
I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye
Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, hey Ay, what you think we in the neighborhood for?
Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho
Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones" nigga
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>