## **Definition**

## **Money Man**

## Hook:

Don't need a watch to tell you what the time is She the defenition Of what fine is I'm the defenition of what the grind is I heard you lost nigga I hope you find it They see my jewelry and they got blinded I told some labels I gotta decline em She bent it over so I jumped behind it I took a lost and ain't no use of crying He play with me than everybody dying Whip up a contract I ain't gotta sign it I'm out in Cali just seen Kobe Bryant Come be my secret baby keep it quiet My niggas shooting like they from Iran We Rocking scarves like we from Pakistan I wish I never ever bite the hand that feed you Never ever let a broke nigga lead you Verse:

My baby momma telling me the fame getting to your head Fuck that shit I been trapping all my life I'm thankful I ain't in the Feds

Bc my brothers we breaking bread He go against us off with his head She wanna back it up on a real one She wanna shake that ass for a real one That nigga take trash ion feel em

I bag em up and then I vacuum seal em
Bitches be telling me I'm they favorite rapper
Street niggas tell me I'm they favorite trapper
Fucked up a grow cuz i was on the road
Now my trap house conflicted with the shows
Cooled down on swiping niggas made it hot

I done hit every ATM they got
I turned my condo into a dispensary
Clientele steady hitting me

Lil bitches blowing up my line they tryna keep in touch they tryna come visit me
I remember it so vividly on the Greyhound with a 100 peas
I'm just so lucky they ain't bring the dogs out
Hid a 100 gs in the dog house
My neighbors suspicious they know imma plug

It's time to move cuz they talking to much
I'm tryna keep this shit very discrete
Can't have my buiness all over the streets
Play with me I'll leave you dead in the streets
Hook:

Don't need a watch to tell you what the time is She the defenition Of what fine is I'm the defenition of what the grind is I heard you lost nigga I hope you find it They see my jewelry and they got blinded I told some labels I gotta decline em She bent it over so I jumped behind it I took a lost and ain't no use of crying He play with me than everybody dying Whip up a contract I ain't gotta sign it I'm out in Cali just seen Kobe Bryant Come be my secret baby keep it quiet My niggas shooting like they from Iran We Rocking scarves like we from Pakistan I wish I never ever bite the hand that feed you Never ever let a broke nigga lead youOutro: I'm the type to smoke a blunt on the people I done seen the money turn niggas evil I done seen the money change people Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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