

# Bag of Money (feat. Meyhem Lauren)

## Action Bronson

"Where's the fucking money, shit head!" Yo, fucking Paulie Trybe, man  
Get your muthafucking hand out her asshole  
We gotta go, fam', we gotta go, kid  
Yo, get the whip, get the whip! I'll take 21st Century poets that's for a thousand  
Curly hair or Nubian women get me aroused  
To the point I wanna gamble it all  
I was smashing from the back  
She put her hands on the wall  
She couldn't take the thrust  
Only lust like a fiend for the dust  
Or the pizza from Pezzi, perfect  
Want to sleep with the crust  
Or the 740 Alpina, leather seats is a must  
And my shorty holding a nina  
Rolling green in a dutch!  
Bronsolini, organically I rise to paper  
In the purest form, lyrically derived from nature  
Like the Amazon, put your cameras on  
Watch this muthafucka turn into an animal!  
Light stubble, rock the muzzle like Hannibal  
Jump off the top of the boat into a cannonball  
Hoes with gold teeth, we off the coast of Greece  
In under 3 seconds, muthafucka load the piece Kid, the bag of money coming with me  
You muthafucka  
The bag of money coming with me  
Yeah, the bag of money's coming with me  
Muthafucka you Surprise! Lauren is in the house  
I eat fowl birds and keep a hen inside my mouth  
Always extra, guest featuring with Dr. Lecter  
Like Bald Head Slick, I hold my mic like a scepter  
Rest in peace, Guru, son I rep Q-U  
Chains on chunk  
They looking at me like "who you?!"  
These handmade Cubans probably fucking up my posture  
Pesto sauce properly drizzled upon my pasta  
No imposter, son I'm authentic  
Around drugs so much, I'm probably raw scented  
Bag of money dips, triceps is all dented  
Precise painting pictures

Think about life and then I pen it  
Nike Air extraordinaire, it's a cold world, prepare  
That's what it is, dad  
Winterize your vehicle  
I love kicks like Action Bronson loves a reefer pull  
Peace to good, bad girls that let us both sleep with you  
The bag of bitches coming with me  
Word up, son, all the bitches coming with me  
Yeah, yo, the bag of bitches coming with me  
We go raw son, all the bitches coming with me!  
We making babies tonight, nigga  
Yeah, smoke what you want, sniff what you want  
You wanna have five daddies, you ever have five daddies before?  
Ayo, 2010, got 'em buzzing like a beeper  
Round table discussion  
Conference in Geneva  
Leaders at the table, poly over nasal  
Forty seven minutes since the time I lit the basil  
My rhymes are carte blanche  
Liver than the Oscars  
Extra virgin olive oil drizzled on the pasta  
Fry the bacon, make it sizzle for the chazers  
Honor in this thing of ours  
Living like the mobsters  
Compliments go to the chef and that's the real  
My crew of goonies in the joint  
We need some extra veal  
You know the Caddy got an extra wheel  
And if I'm ever in a pickle, I can hand a fucking Tek to Steele  
Take aim and knock an apple off your head  
And I'm a play like Polamalu  
You get tackled for the bread  
We're running in your crib  
Your shorty shackled to the bed  
Money laying on the Persian  
Leaking plasma from the lead  
And it's on!  
The bag of money's coming with me, muthafucka  
(It's all coming with us, nah I mean?  
Outdoorsmen!)  
Queens, kid, the bag of money's coming with me  
Uptown connection, you fucking pussy  
(Word up, man, It's all marvel  
Y'all niggas know everything is marvel)  
Bronsonlini, Bronsolovski, Team Facelift  
(Everything we drink, everything we smoke  
Everything we buy, everything we sell  
It's all marvel!)  
My muthafucking man Shaz

Paulie Trybe, Paulie Walnuts  
(Action Marvel, Meyhem Marvel, nah I mean?)  
Machine, Fonda, Tommy Guns  
(Tommy Marvel, Marvel is everybody's middle name we fuck with  
Meyhem Marvel Lauren, it's all marvel  
The bag of money's coming with us)

Songwriters  
ARIYAN ARSLANI  
Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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