

Cash Money (feat. Krayzie Bone)

YG

[Verse 1: YG]

I go hard, no limit on my card
Digested in your solar system, you hangin' with some stars
Dick all in her jaws, the stash worth pack at
I mix tequila with the yak, I'm so abstract
Aw shit, I just had a flash back
Of me runnin' in your shit like "where the cash at?"

But now I'm a lab rat
I'm 'bout to focus on droppin' back to back
All classes bitch, Cadillac[Hook: Krayzie Bone]

It ain't no conversation
If the main lane ways don't translate
Money, I'm talkin' cash money, money
Them crispy hundred dollar bills
It ain't no conversation
If the main lane ways don't translate
Money, I'm talkin' cash money, money
Them crispy hundred dollar bills

[Verse 2: YG]

She be on that bullshit, I be on that bullshit
She jump man dick to dick, really on that bullshit
She pass that pussy like she Scottie Pippen
Shots for the team, cause the streets ain't safe like Dennis Rodman, nigga
Had a mirage back to back, billy coupe, I'm coppin' that
Rolex with red faces, they like where you cop that at?
I told 'em how I fucked this bitches, I told 'em how she sucked my dick
Now they wanna go and hit, man, these niggas copycat[Hook: Krayzie Bone]

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Them crispy hundred dollar bills[Verse 3: YG]

Took me a lotta shit, nigga go and cop me that
This money is too real, got a fixed wheel, look sloppy at
Bob the builter how I built this shit up and got my profit back
A hundred bloods and fifty crips, tell me how you stoppin' that?

Okay, okay, okay, I get it
Invest [?] in this shit to get rich, I'm with it
Then them niggas gonna say that ballin' out
Hit the dealer, cop the Rolls Royce then I haul out

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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