

Money In the Grave (feat. Rick Ross)

Drake

Yeah, okay
Lil' CC on the beat, mmm
Yeah, yeah I mean, where the fuck should I really even start?
I got hoes that I'm keepin' in the dark
I got my niggas 'cross the street livin' large
Thinkin' back to the fact that they dead
Thought my raps wasn't facts 'til they sat with the bars
I got two phones, one need a charge
Yeah, they twins, I could tell they ass apart
I got big packs comin' on the way
I got big stacks comin' out the safe
I got Lil Max with me, he the wave
It's a big gap between us in the game
In the next life, I'm tryna stay paid
When I die, put my money in the grave
When I die, put my money in the grave
I really gotta put a couple niggas in they place
Really just lapped every nigga in the race
I really might tat "Realest Nigga" on my face
Lil CC let it slap with the bass
I used to save hoes with a mask and a cape
Now I'm like, "Nah, love, I'm good, go away"
Ain't about to die with no money, I done gave it I was on top when that shit meant a lot
Still on top like I'm scared of the drop
Still on top and these niggas wanna swap
Niggas wanna swap like it's Slauson or Watts
I don't wanna change 'cause I'm good where I'm at
Mob ties, so I'm always good where I'm at
Word to Junior, Jazzy, Baby J
Tell 'em when I die, put my money in the grave
Couple figures, killers call and collect (Collect)
She fuck a nigga, then she on to the next (Next)
Really livin' large, she in awe with a mack
When you niggas thinkin' small in the mall with a rat (Rat)
Roll with us if you really wanna get it (Get it)
Go get a half a million in the Sprinter (Sprinter)
Phone ringin', bitches know a big tipper (Tipper)
I got the hookup and there's really no limit (Limit)
Dead broke is in you nigga DNA (DNA)

Rickey Smiley's in Decatur with the yÃ©
Lil' nigga, just another state case
Bury my motherfuckin' Chase Bank, time to bounce (Bounce)
Gotta count on my allowance (Gotta count on my allowance)
You niggas snitches so I gotta reroute it (So I gotta reroute it)
A nigga drippin' like I got a zillion dollars
Got the trap jumpin' like Zion when I rebound it
Then I'm out (Then I'm out)
And I'll never talk about it (About it)
The homies quiet, but we all smoke the loudest (Loudest)
Rich niggas and I'm really bein' modest
'Cause the way I do my deals, never treated like a artist
Want the house (House)
You could DM my accountant
My per diem six figures and I'm countin'
Nine figures was the goal 'til I hit it
These niggas ain't livin', so bury mine with me
Ross got it (Maybach Music) When I die, put my money in the grave
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Now I'm like, "Nah, love, I'm good, go away"
Ain't about to die with no money, I done gave it

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