

Money Shot (feat. Mac Miller)

Curren\$y

Motherfuckers thought they had it on lock
I tell them open the safe
A ho a ho, I put a ho in her place
They show me love all the time
Motherfucker it ain't nothin' to rhyme
Got my tax bracket cracking filling W9's out
It's my house
I was in the pro's, you was only at the tryouts
Tell your coach to put your ass at timeout
It is what it is and it be what it be (oh yeah)
Pimpin' ain't easy, leave it to me (oh yeah)
Mommy, I don't need a ho, wonder why I keep her though
She got that bong-ba-bong-bong like how the speakers go
Kick it on the FIFA flow
We fucking with a Jedi, on my left side I got C-3PO
Do it big, keep it low, swear that I'm a genius though
Why I'm in line at the club like Emilio!
Sit at home, rich alone, Vic Damone, money talk
This is mine, get your own, this the fuckin' money shot Benz coupe, green Dickies suit
You lied if you say I ain't the truth at what I do
I stay high, halfway shut eyes when I came through
Comfortably dressed, it's the sultan of sweats
Boardin' the jet, on course to collect the check
Give these little boys somethin' to respect
You can be the man on somebody else set
No baby steps, I move like a Tyrannosaurus Rex
We tryna have right now and next, everybody eat
That's what I'm tryna see
Do it better than I done it homie
Don't just follow me, I'm not the one to try to be
I'm watching you too, I need you to inspire me
Fool this is true, I don't even lie down to sleep
No time, I take naps in-between flights
Even though it don't seem right, no sheets
Dollar signs all night in my sleep
Money shot

Songwriters

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