

Money, Cash, Hoes

Freddie Gibbs

[Hook:]

And I stay up on my toes

Money, clothes, hoes [x3]

They say anything goes

For money, clothes, hoes [x3]

And I stay up on my toes

Money, clothes, hoes [x3]

They say anything goes

For money, clothes, hoes [x3][Verse 1:]

I got diamonds on my wood, bitches on my phone

Sturdy hoes like those they just can't leave this dick alone

You remind me of my chick, got that for the bros

Took less than a week to hit that sweet and take it out

Pussy open for a pimp, make your daddy proud

Boy I bet she goes, she blow this dick I blow this pound

And we stay on purple drank OG in my wood

Only smoke that Cali shit I put that on my hood

I be thugging to the death of me straight G.I. rider

Ain't no pussy in my pedigree

I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe

I just sit back and let this reefer get the best of me

And now I be thugging to the death of me straight G.I. rider

Ain't no pussy in my pedigree

I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe

I just sit back and let this reefer get the best of me

And niggas know that[Hook][Verse 2:]

Got Versaces on my frame, Fendi on my waist

Girl you keep that thing up sit right up here on my face

She got that super wet, we get super freak

Keep it on the low don't put my business in the street

You remind me of my chief something like my sound

Girl you know what's up you turned it up I beat it down

It's the realest niggas in it you already know

Gangsta of the year, got like 4 times in the row

I be thuggin' to the death of me straight G.I. rider

Ain't no pussy in my pedigree

I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe

I just sit back and let this reefer get the best of me

I'll be pimpin' 'til the death of me straight G.I. rider

Ain't no pussy in my pedigree
I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe
I just sit back and let this reefa get the best of me
And niggas knows

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