Money Be Calling (feat. Jim Jones)

Philthy Rich

I'm addicted to bitches
Yeah these niggas on hating
These niggas be hatin
Yeah these niggas be hatin
I said that money be callin
That money be callin
That money be callin
Yeah that money be callin
I'm addicted to bitches
Getting money and ballin
And these niggas be hatin
Hatin trippin no stallin
Now that money be callin
That money be callin
That money be callin
I'm addicted to bitches
Gettin money and ballin
And these niggas be hatin
Hatin trippin no stallin
Money on my line so I answer on the first race,
Ballin like I'm supposed to be these niggas 3rd streets, Thousand on these reds, I'm allergic to the feds, he just dreamin bout the money he ain't woke up out the bed, here's young Philthy Rich sim city money man, pistol niggas I was on the corner wit is who I eat with, sim city to harlem, me and that money keep callin, and nigga been ballin, I ain't talkin bout Spardin, ask them outside and you can hear from a mile away, we might sit up front is what I told the valet, tip to my honey yeah the key up in the hunter, I was stuck in the trap tryin to test my first hundred, and that money keep callin, it's straight through no three way, locked behind them cells that bitch won't answer my three way, it was ringin of the hook, no money on my books, now that money keep callin I know you hear it in the hood bitches yeah
I said that money be callin
That money be callin
That money be callin
Yeah that money be callin
I'm addicted to bitches
Getting money and ballin
And these niggas be hatin
Hatin trippin no stallin
Now that money be callin
That money be callin
That money be callin

Yeah that money be callin
I'm addicted to bitches
Getting money and ballin
And these niggas be hatin
Hatin trippin no stallin
When the money calls, we can talk cash, it's twelve a man, them bitches know where that fork at, only two foreigns, so the shit growlin, when we hit the club we need ten bottles we straight wil'n, hit the dealer, make a baller choice, either hard top or that soft thing on that Rolls Royce, I just flew in with some bad bitches I flew in I'm in a drop top with two seats and I'm only thinkin about two in, my niggas lie, got a few in, ya'll in the building the mob niggas bout to move in, we come to gamble, blowin dough in Vegas, no real niggas that ball harder than the Oakland Raiders, cemeteries, seminary's, kill zone, big watches with wheel stones, we deal drugs, we don't deal with phones, I quarter thrill when I first bring that mill home
Now that money be callin
That money be callin
That money be callin
Yeah that money be callin
I'm addicted to bitches
Getting money and ballin
And these niggas be hatin
Hatin trippin no stallin

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