

Money

Cardi B

[Verse 1]

Look, my bitches all bad, my niggas all real
I ride on his dick, in some big tall heels
Big fat checks, big large bills
Front, I'll flip like ten cartwheels
Cold ass bitch, I give Ross chills
Ten different looks and my looks all kill
I kiss him in the mouth, I feel all grills
He eat in the car, that's meals on wheels (Woo!)

[Chorus]

I was born to flex (Yes)
Diamonds on my neck
I like boardin' jets, I like mornin' sex (Woo!)
But nothing in this world that I like more than checks (Money)
All I really wanna see is the (Money)
I don't really need the D, I need the (Money)
All a bad bitch need is the (Money)
I got bands in the coupe (Coupe)
Bustin' out the roof
I got bands in the coupe (Coupe)
Touch me, I'll shoot (Bow)
Shake that little ass (Money)
Get a little bag and take it to the store (Store, money)
Get a little cash (Money)
Shake it real fast and get a little more (Money)
I got bands in the coupe (Coupe)
Bustin' out the roof
I got bands in the coupe (Brrr)
Bustin' out the roof (Cardi)

[Verse 2]

I gotta fly, I need a jet, shit
I need room for my legs
I got a baby, I need some money, yeah
I need cheese for my egg
All y'all bitches in trouble
Bring brass knuckles to the scuffle
I heard that Cardi went pop
Yeah, I did go pop (Pop)
That's me bustin' they bubble

I'm Dasani with the drip
Baby mommy with the clip
Walk out Follie's with a bitch
Bring a thottie to the whip
If she fine or she thick, goddamn
Walkin' past the mirror, ooh
Damn, I'm fine (Fine)
Let a bitch try me, boom
Hammer time, uh[Chorus]
I was born to flex (Yes)
Diamonds on my neck
I like boardin' jets, I like mornin' sex (Woo!)
But nothing in this world that I like more than checks (Money)
All I really wanna see is the (Money)
I don't really need the D, I need the (Money)
All a bad bitch need is the (Money)
I got bands in the coupe (Coupe)
Bustin' out the roof
I got bands in the coupe (Coupe)
Touch me, I'll shoot (Bow)
Shake that little ass (Money)
Get a little bag and take it to the store (Store, money)
Get a little cash (Money)
Shake it real fast and get a little more (Money)
I got bands in the coupe (Coupe)
Bustin' out the roof
I got bands in the coupe (Brrr)
Touch me, I'll shoot (Bow)[Verse 3]
Bitch, I will pop on your pops (Your pops)
Bitch, I will pop on whoever (Brrr)
You know who popped the most shit? (Who?)
The people whose shit not together (Okay)
You'da bet Cardi a freak (Freak)
All my pajamas is leather (Uh)
Bitch, I will black on your ass
Wakanda forever
Sweet like a honey bun, spit like a Tommy gun
Rollie a one of one, come get your mommy some
Cardi at the tip-top, bitch
Kiss the ring and kick rocks, sis (Uh)
Jump it down, back it up (Ooh, ayy)
Make that nigga put down 2K
I like my niggas dark like D'usse
You gonna eat this ass like soup (Ayy)[Chorus]
I was born to flex, diamonds on my neck

I like boardin' jets, I like mornin' sex
But nothing in this world that I like more than Kulture
All I really wanna see is the (Money)
I don't really need the D, I need the (Money)
All a bad bitch need is the
K, K, C (Woo!)[Outro]
(Money)
Money
(Money)
(Money)
(Money)
(Money)
(Money)
(Money)

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>