

Cash Money (feat. Birdman)

Rich Homie Quan

When I was at the bottom seemed like I would never have nothin'
I done drove all the fastest cars
Feeling like a crash dummy
Never thought I would make it this far
Now the haters can't laugh at me
I got so much cash on me
Feeling like baby, with all this cash money
I got all this cash money
I'm 'bout to throw this cash money
Cash money, feeling like baby
With all this cash money
When I was little, wanted to be a Hot Boy
I remember buying, wayne CD "The Block is Hot" boy
And Juvenile, four hundred degree hot boy
Mannie Fresh he kept it G, every beat had knock boy
I don't fuck with no police if they in their cop car
All my niggas know I'm G, Rich Homie who they vouch for
If you do not fuck with me
Why you run your mouth for?
Camaro, I've got bucket seats
Forgiatos mounted up
Hundred thousand count it up
Ran through thousands, that's my girl
A little sense of humor, they say that I don't laugh enough
These niggas got me crackin' up
No joke! They fuck with me when I'm broke!
Money don't make you real, money make you silent
Money don't mean no deal, money got a young nigga wildin'
Money got family trippin', money got a young nigga hidin'
So much money it comes up missing, 'cuz all my niggas they violent
Cash money, cash money, all I want is cash money
I love numbers
My favorite class was that math subject
Walk around with a half on me
My partner walking with a bag on him
You best believe I got the strap on me
'Cause I don't trust none of y'all niggas
(You niggas snakes)
I bust one of y'all niggas

(Shoot you in your face)
Do voodoo, put a curse on y'all niggas
(New Orleans baby)
Black suit, get a hearse for y'all niggas Original, '88 a hot boy
Turn them 80s to 90s, nigga we hot boy
Two pistols niggas two macs on my side nigga
Some real niggas I know nigga put all on their feets boy
Ballin' on that front line
Lord knows, I made sure that my son shine
We some beasts on these streets nigga
And move a hundred bricks a week nigga
Two macs up in that 'lac nigga
Two bitches up in that back nigga
Two bitches up in that back nigga
I'm like fuck it nigga
Size em up straight buggin' nigga
Hundred things and that back ho
You better ride off, keep stuntin' nigga TRACK 2 ON I PROMISE I WILL NEVER STOP GOING IN
1. THEY DON'T KNOW 3. GET TF OUT MY FACE
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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