

Kleenex

Chris August

Money bitch, Money bitch, Money bitch Boy I got money, money, money

I got mo money

Ever run out of guap, I get more money

Don't gotta think, I just know money

Kleenex paper, all I blow is money

I got money, money, money

I got mo money

Another couple grand, are fo sho money

Gettin rubba band on the low money

Niggas hate but all the hoes wanna fuck me

I got money I got mo' money

Blow it by the O money

Mix tapes, over a hundred thousand sold money

Young, but I been getting cake so I got old money

You niggas trickin on your bitch, so that's your hoes money

And I aint playin picturin niggas sayin he stole from me (picture that)

I got put it on your head, and get your gon money

Marathon long money

You niggas weak, I got Barry Bonds strong money

Top 8 tall money

Beyonce song, um Ring the Alarm money

I spend so much on ink, even my arms money

I talk money, to broke niggas, I talk funny

No breaks so the haters cant stop money

Now that's a lot of money, too much to think to count

That check card money, my bars is bank accounts

A month I make about, hmmm....shit, I wont even say, just know im getting paid.(chorus) Money in my shoe
box, that's my pot of spinach

Tall money, small money, like a fuckin mission (ok)

I got mo' money (yea), show money (yea)

Money by my tube socks call it dro money

Dro money, kush cash (what's that?)

O money so I blow it out a big bag

Mall paper, 10 bags

Get it roller coaster fast (what's that?) 6 flags

How that money come? Like a track meet

Alley money boy, get in on a backstreet

Time to re-up, my blood call, said he online cop before he log off

I get straight cash, that's bank shit

Dumb monkey money, I call it ape shit
Space shit, alien green
Get it when its hot, West Coast money
Knadda mean?(chorus)

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