

# My Money Don't Fold (feat. T Money & Kango Slim)

## Juvenile

What?!

Flight School in the building homey  
Nino, it's on as a bone mayne  
Gettin that money mayne  
Puttin it in the bank account though, writin checks  
If you broke man it's gon' be hard for you understand this  
but peep this I know you see the cars, the jewels and the clothes  
Bitch nigga my money don't fold  
Bitch nigga my money don't fold  
Bitch nigga my money don't fold  
I know you see the Lamb' with the butterfly do's  
And I keep it to the side on some hoes  
Bitch nigga my money don't fold  
Bitch nigga my money don't fold  
Oh no! My money don't fold... I'm a winner  
If money is the root of all evil, I'm a sinner  
Listen up soldier boy I bend your antenna  
Red dot on the center of your head for my dinner  
I don't talk about swag... cause I show it  
50 thousand dollar cash every 12 I blow it  
Yeah that boy hot, Lambo's in the lot  
What'cha know about deep sea fishin on a yacht?  
Lil' kids thankin showtime at the center  
Retarded baby it's me because I'm shittin like an enema  
You garbage, I'm solid  
I'm on these hoes like fingernail polish  
Fresh out of Flight School I got it on pilot  
You in the corner actin stupid lookin childish  
You got your shades on loc but you can notice me  
You actin like you don't see me but bitch I know...  
Every day I'm the man... I pop Louis tags  
I probably got your whole life inside this Louis bag  
You know the F1, I already wrecked one  
Had to upscale, Lamborghini was the next one  
Hold your tongue son, I be on that BS  
I put that on everything I am U.T. yes  
I was in them raids, now a nigga paid  
And my bitch sippin more of these champagne heads  
Yes, I'm everywhere that they ain't broke

Seen the money then I'm already at the airport  
I am a star boy, you look a fan like  
You coulda bought two but you ain't have your plan right  
I got my Louis' on, cool plus iron white  
Sunday might go out there and show 'em I'm the man like  
You got your shades on loc but you can notice me  
You actin like you don't see me but bitch I know...I said I just got paaaaaaaid! The money playin ping pong  
I'm ballin at the red light, feelin good like King Kong  
This here the theme song, hundred fifty steam on  
I'm dead wrong, talkin money on the phone  
It's baller music, baby buy you some  
Boy I'ma get paid no matter how you come  
You can't act crazy, I'ma go and get guns  
I tell you what, be the quick to show up punks  
I hit the highways boy, with CDs and tapes  
Might come back with X pills, and cell phones and Bapes  
State to state, boy we tryin to be straight  
Fuck that, we tryin to bake a wedding cake  
They just got the new Jag, God damn that's fun  
Well we just got the paper, God damn that's one  
Because my money don't fold, spend my money on hoes  
We about it hoe so go and get some mo' dough  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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