

Money To Blow

A1 Dj Trae

Richer than the richest
More money, bitches
Yeah, coming to you live from the city of Houst-Atlanta-Vegas
So what do you do, young lady? One hundred
I am on a 24-hour champagne diet
Spillin' while I'm sippin', I encourage you to try it
I'm probably just saying that 'cause I don't have to buy it
The club owner supply it, boy I'm on that fly shit
I am what everybody in my past don't want me to be
Guess what? I made it, I'm the mutha fuckin' man, I just want you to see
Come take a look, get a load of this, nigga, quit frontin' on me
Don't come around and try and gas me up, I like runnin' on E
I, I, I, I'm on my Disney shit, Goofy flow
On records, I'm Captain Hook, and my new car is Roofio
Damn, where my roof just go, I'm somebody that you should know
Get to shakin' somethin' 'cause that's what Drumma produced it for
Yes I make mistakes that I don't ever make excuses for
Like leavin' girls that love me and constantly seducing hoes
I'm losing my thoughts, I say damn where my roof just go?
Top slipped off like Janet at the Super Bowl
I got em
They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall
All over your skin
I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh
(Cash money millionaire, yo, yo)
Got money to blow
Richer than the richest
We certified gettin' it CM, YM, Cash Money business
Higher than the ceiling, fly like a bird
Hit the Gucci store and later get served
We smoked out with no roof on it
Them people passin', so we smash 'em
Ballin' out, we keep the cash on deck
Lamborghinis and the Bentleys on the V Set
Louie lens iced up with the black diamonds

Car of the year, Ferrari, the new Spider
No lie, I'm higher than I ever been
Born rich, born uptown, born to win
Fully loaded, automatic 6 Benz
Candy paint, foreign lights with my bitch in
Born hustlin', too big, nigga, to size me up
Can't stop me, more money, burn 'em up
They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in
Letting these bills fall all over your skin
I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh
When I get paid every 24 hours, money and the power
Come to VIP and get a champagne shower
I don't have to worry because everything ours
And I got a big bouquet of Mary Jane's flowers
That kush, I promise that's my doobie
We don't smoke that Reggie Bush
And I'm with two women, make you take a second look
We poppin' like champagne bottles, but we never shook
And we goin' be alright if we put Drake on every hook
They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in
Letting these bills fall all over your skin
I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh
Got money to blow

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>