

All About The Money (Remix)

Troy Ave

It's the Remix though! (Young Troy what it do?)
Dj still gon' kill this part (It's the world nigga)
Roofeeo on the beat
Troy Ave make the Cypher complete (BSB) You never seen nothin' like this, Splash Brothers with the aim
I wish a nigga would boy
A nigga sleeping with your misses
Nigga call me Young 'Melo cause scoring is my shit boy
I'm CP3 'cause I be dishin' and handlin' the rock
Chef cooking with the pot boy
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money (Yeah)
It's all about the muthafuckin' money Step up in this bitch with my shades on (snow!)
All I see is bands, bitch I got my rays on
My jeweler call me Mr. Rolex nigga (niggaaa)
Wrists game so strong, they call me Bowflex nigga (Damn)
Twenty thousand square feet, bitch my crib way out (way out)
Bk Barclay, bitch I brought Jay out (yeah)
I was, 14 bought my first Presidential (how you ride?)
Had the mini 14 in the rental (b-boo)
Blue Lamb, yellow Lamb, even had a white one (white one)
Can't forget the kiwi green, even had a Sprite one (whoo)
Took the Jacob Marc to Jacobs nigga
With facing 10, big money beat the case, so What's Up!?! (Ha-ha) You never seen nothin' like this, Splash
Brothers with the aim
I wish a nigga would boy
A nigga sleeping with your misses
Nigga call me Young 'Melo cause scoring is my shit boy
I'm CP3 cause I be dishin' and handlin' the rock
Chef cooking with the pot boy
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money (Yeah)
It's all about the muthafuckin' money I be in the hood, drop Wrangler
Toilet paper in my Porsche cause I'm shittin'
94Th and Willmohr in the kitchen
Cooking birds niggas saying thanks for giving
Arnold Schwarzenegger arm from the whippin'
Arnold Schwarzenegger arm from the whippin'

Won't reply to you niggas sneak dissin'
Suck a dick when you see me know I'm grippin'
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money (yeah)
It's all about the muthafuckin' money No limit to my money I should get a tank
They walk me through the back entering the bank
Base running Aaron so I'm giving hank
That's a hit had him hit leave the nigga plankin'
He got six feet, I got six figures
Nothin' less but six shot coming off the hip
Life's a trip, life a gamble, I'm a big chipper
1000 Dollar hand wrist glitter bitch nigga You never seen nothin' like this, Splash Brothers with the aim
I wish a nigga would boy
A nigga sleeping with your misses
Nigga call me Young 'Melo cause scoring is my shit boy
I'm CP3 cause I be dishin' and handlin' the rock
Chef cooking with the pot boy
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money
It's all about the muthafuckin' money (eah)
It's all about the muthafuckin' money Menace to society, cocaine brothers
My dog made three Feds magazine covers
Get shot for the beat, wash up on the beach
Butt naked full of hoes, Timbs on ya' feet
Ya' stretched on the block, cover with the top
Backwoods, stay strapped, smokin' in the dark
Nigga snitch on forty niggas, how ya' writing books?
I'm from the city, testify and get yo' body took
Fuck 'em all, rats on me cause I hold the cheese
Been had him in the Sco' and now it's time to squeeze
50 Stacks of costs, boy now pay the penalty
Fuck all ya' kids, I swear to God, you gon' remember me
Words are powerful, it's time to see my niggas eat
In a two seater, in Atlanta, pickin' up mean
Ferrari or the Lambo, cause I got em both
Nigga took a chain, next they know I got 'em smoked
Neva rob, baby, I'm so foreva' mob
I'm out in Vegas at the ponds, playing peddle ball
Push a button I can turn a bitch to battle raw
Kill yaself nigga, how ya' rat on all ya' dawgs?
Play my position, here I am, so now it's time to ball
Troy Ave, now it's time to ball It's all about the muthafuckin' money (money)
It's all about the muthafuckin' money (money)
It's all about the muthafuckin' money (Yeah)

It's all about the muthafuckin' money I flourish under the fire, laugh in the face of doubt

You ain't got enough money or fingers to count me out

Bsb Records make the cypher complete

We the #1 independent label in the streets

And you 'sno that

Free Abdul my team, gotta' get my bro back (Drumma)

Salute to the fans, supporters and the DJs

Always

Outie

Songwriters

Jahphet Negast Landis, Jedediah Paul Gomillion, Roland Collins Published by

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