

All My Ni**az (feat. Danny Brown & ScHoolboy Q)

E-40

All my niggas really want the money
We don't want nothing else nigga I promise
All my niggas really want the money
All my niggas really want the money
All we want is the money
The Mozzarella Galbani
I got more guns than the army
Can't let no bitch nigga harm me
I got that purple like Barney
I got two bitches that's horny
They say they niggas is corny
They never there and they lonely
They bought a bottle of 'trony
And now they ready to blow me
If you know me you owe me
That's what I told her for sho'
I'm a mac just like Goldie
Me and my cronies and brodies
Rollies and stogies stay with the fifties and forties
That's us if you smell smoke
Cookies the antidote
Puffing that rope-a-dope
My partner's they kinfolk
They rap and they sell coke
Bust ya head like a cantaloupe
In the summer a peacoat
My iPhone is jailbroke
Leaning like the Tower of Pisa
Promethazina
Sweatin' like we under a heater
It's hot in here
All them suckers that's talking crazy
They not in here
Never tell my right ear what my left ear hear
All my niggas really want the money
We don't want nothing else nigga I promise
All my niggas really want the money
All my niggas really want the money
We don't want nothing else nigga I promise

All my niggas really want the money
 All my niggas really want the money
 I'm up before the sun up, the work it be uncut
 I break it in pieces and tell your auntie to run up
 Shooters keep guns up, snitches get tounge cut
 Talk to the peoples, and get your daughters and sons touched
 I'm up in the chevy, we bangin blow job Betty
 I just whip up a 80, so hit my phone when you're ready
 Turkey bag of the loud, we ain't fuckin with reggie
 Trump the trailer with pounds and touchdown out the So c'mon! About to hit another Lick
 'Bout a 150 bucks, for that tax on every zip
 Girl, I got bottles of that lean, tax on every sip
 Cause they got the Qualitest and I got the Actavis
 So Im rollin' (rollin'), thizzin' off that molly
 Stuntin' (Stuntin'), no hands on the Ducati
 My big homie E-40 put me on the Carlos Rossi
 I stay younger than the muscle
 Got the gang from Charlie hustle
 All my niggas really want the money
 We don't want nothing else nigga I promise
 All my niggas really want the money
 All my niggas really want the money
 We don't want nothing else nigga I promise
 All my niggas really want the money
 All my niggas really want the money
 Pockets will advance, clear the room
 If the bitch ain't with the shit, then your boy don't approve
 See, Hennessy, Bacardi turns the party
 Backwoods pre-rolled, club get foggy
 Niggas mean muggin', well leap then froggy
 Though I see why you mad, her ass applauding
 That's your bitch, she flip like dolphins
 We gon' work out and bounce the bed springs
 No credit cards, just debit and large cash
 And a real big bag, smell like a forest
 I used to sell weight 'til gastric bypass
 Pass with a Mac that smack your car glass
 Addicted to ballin', no Timbs, ate Wheaties
 Learn from Doo Dog, he taught big gritty
 King East Bay, E-40, boss leany
 Money all there, your money Houdini
 All my niggas really want the money
 We don't want nothing else nigga I promise
 All my niggas really want the money
 All my niggas really want the money
 We don't want nothing else nigga I promise

All my niggas really want the money

All my niggas really want the money

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>