

Makin' All That Money

Young Dro

(Fuck nigga I stay in polo, Holla back, Gatored up)
makin all that money...
makin all that money...
makin all that money ...
makin all that money...

Chorus:

Girl you makin all that money,
Don't let nobody cheat you, cheat you,
ooh you makin all that money,
Don't let nobody cheat you, cheat you.
Girl you makin all that money,
Don't let nobody cheat you, cheat you,
ooh you makin all that money,
Don't let nobody cheat you, cheat you.

Verse 1:

Pull up, 25 grand, fat pockets, look at my pants,
we too deep, look at my clan, polo clothes, look at my brand,
Dro, I came here to look at yall dance,
you said make it rain, so i'm kicking out grands,
my partner spent 7, and my homie spent 3, i spent bout' 11,
so thats 20 something g's,
you aint gotta stop and we dont wanna leave,
tip for the click put yo hand on yo knees,
nawl i aint broke but im still on e,
roll like the mutha fucking pills on me,
real low key shaking hard for the bread,
still in school so she smart in the head.
first magic city then we all at honey,
do it for the strippers making all that money.

CHORUS

Verse 2

She dance for you like you dance for me,
she don't handle you like she handle me.
she know im caked up ride lamborghini,
shaking her stuff like tamberine,
all my diamonds are tangerine

throwing this money like dan marin
all shawty need is pampering
she'll jump when you call like a trampaline
got my motor running like valvoline,
give me what i need and you can have the creme
my drop top chevy so apple green
these niggas in the club, they trap with me
so much money they after me,
black maserati and a strap with me,
karats on my neck call me young dro money,
we can blaze up a saddle then platinum 21 it.

CHORUS

Verse 3

Do it one time for the whole club geeking
do it one time for the whole magic city
do it one time for the girls in stroke
bout to tell the crew gone pull up then load em
28 rolling so the chevy gonna sit up
platinum 21 then head up get up
when we hit dreams all the girls wanna get us
falling free money everybody with us
24 k's 24 plays, I was in the precinct for 24 days
cajun blama, blaze'n saddle, blue frank g, the bay, it don't matter
talking bout girls that be stacking that money
real bitches who dont be acting that funny
getting straight to it, and even gotta say it,
fall up in the club, start stacking that bread.

CHORUS

Lyrics submitted by Leandra.

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