

Unknown

Money Man

[Chorus]

Heard them lil threats you sent

They don't mean shit

I'm in the trap on some green shit

Got my Unc on the stove

With a mean wrist

Got a bitch in my bed on some freak shit

Come and take your lil pack on some free shit

Had to pray for a check on my knees shit

All this jewelry on i can freeze shit

Ain't no i in team

We on some we shit

Did this shit on my own i don't need help

Got the strap on my lap like a seat belt

Secret service cars i know how Meek felt

Had a lot of friends that ain't mean me well

Selling gas just so i can feed my kids

Work so hard i just did me like 3 shifts

Got 4 cars nigga i don't need no Lyft

Got two FN and they on both hips

Got two sticks with me but i got four clips

When i fuck her i fuck her so focused

Shawty love me cause i don't take no shit

She gone do what i say, i'm controlling

Baby girl make sure that them legs open

I be conscience i ain't trying to see no pen

Yeah

All this jugging i just bought a new Benz

Yeah

Said you was down but you lied to me

Say you want smoke but you hiding from me

I be spending it cause no you can't die with money

[Verse]

When you crossed me it almost brought me to tears

Had to man up and go face all my fears

And my chick from a whole 'nother hemisphere

In a foreign and you know that i'm switching gears

In the studio i'm my own engineer

Need a addy for P's you can send em here

Feel the walls closing in i can tell its near
All this loud in the house i can barely hear
In designer 12 locked me up, profiling
I be fresh as hell i don't need no stylist
Got like 80k spread in all four pockets
Got some CPN CC's in my wallet
When she see them racks she be like

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

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