

Money Work (feat. French Montana)

Uncle Murda

Girl I let my money work, work let my money work
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Girl I let my money work, work let my money work Bitch I let my money work in California

Bitch I'm with the mexicans, in Arizona

Bitch I'm talking pure white for every thousand grands

Bitch I'm talking white girls on the Peter Pan

Bitch I'm sitting at the light in some big shit

Talking big shit, listening to big shit

Quarter mill for my big chains, hey papi I need a hundred things

A hundred? Nigga you heard me a hundred things

Bitch I let my money work, I'm blowing thousands

Bitch I got my whole crew out of public housing

Town over tell me to tell Ross I got that

The police, the F boys, the DEA can't stop that

That nina, that .40, that AK I pop that

That Louis, that Gucci that flossy I rock that

That new girl with epic insomnia I got that

I got that, nigga you heard me I got that

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Girl I let my money work, work let my money work I'm putting overtime bitch I let my money work

You know I overgrind bitch now I'm 20 worth (milli)

Still riding dirty hanging on the stake

Talking 40 shard kit for the break

Me and Murda on the back block swerving

Higher than a motherfucker feel turbulence

I let my money twerk, twerk let the bitches smurk, smurk

Let the dogs go, let them drivers skurve

I know some average sis, I know some porn stars

I own some bentley sis, I got some sports car
Underground we spend that, little bars I in that
Hottest niggas we been that, fast cars we in that
Correct to try to save me, won't see me on a warning poster
Stand up with the work, count on money all in one motion
I'm talking same damn time,

Knowing I'ma make 'em when I was way back griding, coke boy

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

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