

# Running out of Money

## Young Scooter

I ain't runnin' out of money no more  
Found a hustle, nigga  
Fuck the police!  
Road runnerIf a nigga get caught  
Ain't nothin'  
I be hustlin', I got money  
The rap niggaz broke fake hustling  
The rappers running, out of money  
Real dope boy nigga I ain't frontin'  
I turn nothin' into somethin'I could see you haters' faces as we started  
But I'm jiggling, never running out of moneyI see you hatin', but I love it  
I'm just a hustler, and you ain't nothin'  
You had a bud, but it's gone  
You had some money, but it's gone  
You ridin foreign, but it's a rental  
Black Migo my niggaz winning jug house  
It's my summer  
Fuck a label I only sign with stunnalIf a nigga get caught, ain't nothin'  
I'll be hustlin', I got money  
The rap niggaz broke fake hustling  
The rappers runnin' out of money  
Real dope boy nigga I ain't frontin'  
I turn nothin' into somethin'  
I could see you haters' faces as we started  
But I'm jiggling never running out of moneyI get money selling dope  
Brick man long way from foe  
M&M's, we call them millions  
I done stack my money way past the ceiling  
I'm one the ground I'm all shine  
I know you rob, but you ain't never took mine  
I've got a bank, but it won't fold  
One hundred thousand in my hand whipping dopeIf a nigga get caught ain't nothin'  
I'll be hustlin', I got money  
The rap niggaz broke fake hustlers  
The rappers running out of money  
Real dope nigga boy I ain't frontin'  
I turn nothin' into somethin'  
I could see you haters' faces as we started  
But I'm jiggling never running out of moneyI got a deal, that's what they say

But I got deals on a ye  
Cocaina, remix  
Nobody trust Scooter he took slick  
Ben Franklins, fuck a bitch  
Fresh out of jail, lookin' like a lick  
My bmg chain cost 2 bricks  
And I got 60, 000 wrapped round my wrist  
If a nigga get caught ain't nothin'  
I'll be hustlin', I got money  
The rap niggaz broke fake hustling  
The rappers running out of money  
Real dope boy nigga I ain't frontin'  
I turn nothin' into somethin'  
I could see you haters' faces as we started  
But I'm jiggling never running out of money.

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

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