

Look at all the money I made
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Look at all the money I made Used to pull up in the four door Honda
With my nigga Yayo with the black door
Met the lil bitch, I can tell she will run the next night
I was sneaking through the back door
I done grown up, I don't fuck with the goose
No more but I still sip the yak though
Whole team tryna eat like a fat ho
If it ain't money I don't even react though
Henny to the brim got my vision too blurry
You know I keep three like my name Steph Curry
Sonnin' these niggas like an episode of Maury
If you running for the money, motherfuckers better hurry
Shout out Diego, stacking like Legos
I got a bitch that's gon' go when I say so
I got a bitch that's gon' fuck when I say so
I pass her to Genius, he tell her to lay low

Songwriters

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