

Money To Blow

Drake

Richer than the richest

Yeah

Mo' money bitches

Comin' to you live

From the city of hustatlantavegas

So what it do young nigga

One hundred

I am on a twenty four hour

Champagne diet

Spillin' while I'm sippin'

I encourage you to try it

I'm probably just sayin' that cause I don't have to buy it

The club owner supply it

Boy I'm on that fly shit

I am, what everybody in my past don't want me to be

Guess what, I made it

I'm da motherfuckin' man

I jus' want you to see

Come take a look, get a load of dis nigga

Quit frontin' on me

Don't come around and try to gas me up I like runnin' on E

I I I'm on my Disney shit

Goofy flow on records I'm Captain Hook

And my new car is Rufio

Damn where my roof just go

I'm somebody that you should know

Get to shakin' somethin' cause that's what drumma produced it for

Yes I make mistakes that I don't ever make excuses for, like

Leavin' girls that love me and constantly seducing hoes

I'm losing my thoughts I said damn where my roof just go

Top slipped off like Janet at the Super Bowl, I got 'em

They can't help it,

And I can't blame 'em

Since I got famous

But bitch I got money to blow

I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall

All over your skin
I got money to blow oh oh ooh oh oh ooh
Oh oh oh ooh I got oh oh
I got money to blow
Oh oh ooh oh oh ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh
I got money to blow

Richer than the richest
We certified gettin' it C-M Y-M Cash Money business
Higher than the ceiling fly like a bird, hit the Gucci store
And later get served
We smoked out with no roof on it
Them people passi' so we smash on 'em
Binnin' out we keep the cash on deck
Lamborghini's and the Bentleys on the V-set
Louis lens iced up with the black diamonds
Car of the year Ferrari the new Spider
No lie I'm higher than I ever been
Born rich born uptown born to win
Fully loaded automatic six Benz
Candy paint foreign lights with my bitch in
Born hustlin' too big nigga to size me up
Kept stuntin' mo more money binnin' up

They can't help it,
And I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous
But bitch I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall
All over your skin
I got money to blow oh oh ooh oh oh ooh (yeah)
Oh oh oh ooh I got oh oh
I got money to blow
Oh oh ooh oh oh ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh

Well I get paid every 24 hours money and the power
Come to V-I-P and get a Champagne Shower
I don't have to worry because everything ours,
And I got a big bouquet of Mary Janes Flower
That kush I promise that's my dude
But we don't smoke that Reggie Bush
And I'm with two women make you take a second look
We poppin' like champagne bottles but we never shook
And we goin be alright if we put drake on every hook

They can't help it,
And I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous
But bitch I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall
All over your skin
I got money to blow oh oh ooh oh oh ooh
Oh oh oh ooh I got oh oh
I got money to blow
Oh oh ooh oh oh ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh
Got money to blow

C-M-B baby
Yeah, just like that big money poppin'

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by GRAHAM, AUBREY / UNKNOWN, WRITERS /
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>