Nickels & Dimes

David Stones

Chorus

Whoaaaaa!
I wake up and I get up on my grind
I wake up I got my money on mind
Bxtches all up on my line
I hit decline I got no time
Look I need every nickle every dime
Whoaaaaa!
(Repeat 1x)

Verse 1

I wake up and I think bout ways to get it
I'm tryna make a motherfucking ticket
These hoes calling me to kick it
Man I'm bout to change my digits
I stay grounded but I see them tryna knock me off my pivot
These niggas chillin
I don't know the feeling
If u chilling in your bank account u must have like a million
Even so I need that dough that you can stack up to the ceiling
What's the meanin of this shit if u ain't trynaÂ make a billion?
That says a lot about you
So revealing
I fuckd her and her friend
That's double dealing
You can look me in my eyes and see I'm out to make a killing
Hope it's with this music shxt
If not I'm robbing and I'm stealing
That's real shit
My downsouth niggas say trill shxt
My Chi-town niggas gon pick up them tools and drill shxt (bow!)
New Yitty we get bizzy off the rip
And if you talkn bout some chips then boy I'm really with the shxts
Whoaaaaa!

Verse 2

I wake up and I'm thinkng bout them digits

I'm tryna hit a lick I need that liquid
Shorty blowing up my phone
Ayo I don't think that she get it
Ain't got time to talk bout random shxt
Bitch please be more specific
I'm Knocking on the door
They like who is it?
Yo just open up the motherfucking door we got some business
And you know the shit I'm bringing to the table be exquisite
Don't have me kick this shit up off the motherfucking hinges
They bout to make a nigga get real ig'nant
I'm crazy for success I'm like addicted
But won't do nothing suspect or sadistic
If you think that you can stop your boy from eating just forget it
That's real shit
Them pieces stay lit they will hit
Finessing off the app we bout that skrill bitch
See really I get bizzy off the rip
And if you talkn bout some chips then boy I'm really with the shits
Whoaaaaa!

Chorus 2x

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