Money, Cars, Clothes

Lil' Wayne

Swizz Beats:]
Money, cars, clothes, hoes [x2]
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
[Lil Wayne:]Mr Angel on the beat
Young mula baby, and the devil on the flow ha ha ha
Young mullah baby, and the monsta on the hook ha ha, swizzy!
Young mullah baby, streeetzz...
[Lil Wayne:]Damn I hate a old fake ass nigga
Dats why you only see me with ape ass niggas
We gotta eat early like break fast nigga
New Orleans landlord where yo gate pass nigga
Like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5-0-4 yeah
Pussy ass niggas don't survive no mo
And the niggas say they riders
Ain't riders no mo
From the deep part of the water where the divers won't go
Hey sharks, sup piranhas,
Dem boys catfish, dem boys flounders
I pop, I roll, I roll around ya,
Hit ya with that 2-2 7 times like Casandra
Fuckin with my...
[Swizz Beats:]Money, cars, clothes, hoes [x2]
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
Money, cars, clothes, hoes [x2]
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
[T Streetz:]Yea, yea, ha ha
And fuck that fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck that nigga pussy ass nigga
Yea, yea young mullah baby, t streets...
T streets - fuck, what the fuck I look like
Fuck my verse, nigga
Swizz got the hook right

Asian let me catch em with the beam and it's cooked right
Weezy be the crack in the jar and he shook right
And I'm the nigga standin over the stove
With a good price with a bitch who ride dick
Drive bricks and book flights
Good by bad days, hello good nights
No my coke look like Carmelo blue flights

Sittin in lebrons, driver seat reclined
2 woman, my mary j disc and my 9
It's my life, my life, my muthafuckin life
And fuck one time it's young
[Swizz Beats:]Money, cars, clothes, hoes [x2]
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
Money, cars, clothes, hoes [x2]
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
[Lil Wayne:]Ha ha. T streets, B A G swalla ha ha
We young mullah baby yea...
I murder that boy, I kill that bitch
Straight burn ya body up like a skillet bitch
I turn beef to mignon, be my fil-let bitch
And ya stomach ain't gotta hurt for you to feel dat shit
So ain't no love for no otha so say I fuck dem tricks
Ain't no doves flyin now besides birds of dem bricks
Unless you talkin bout eagle dats the street I know
The person down the routes couldn't see my flow
I clap a nigga 3 times, like the 3 syllables
Word that I know, called (clap) hol - ly - grove
Nigga fuck yo money, clothes, cars, hoes
Kids, friends, and foes, and you and den I get back to the...
[Swizz Beats:]Money, cars, clothes, hoes [x2]
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money
Money, cars, clothes, hoes [x2]
I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money

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