Lotta Money

Diamond

She aint fuckin' wit less u
Gotta lotta money
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(Repeat1x)
You, You, You kno what it is
straight certified bad chick
she always fresh to death
like she hopped up out da casket
Bout to take my style back
You aint pay your taxes
Ya'll aint really rappin'
you hoes just actin', action
You hoes better cut it out
You know you see her jumpin' out
crome wheels, exotic heels
i guess dats wat da fuss about
She cant help it if your nigga wanna take her out
credit cards
she max it out
she all in his bank account
Da mall is what she think about
So niggas better betta come correct
Cuz she aint tryna holla
unless a nigga tryna cut da check
She a red, drop-top corvette, black lace corset
man dem hoes cant afford it yet
2xYou kno wat it is
Straight certified bad chick
She only fuck with niggas
wit a wallet full of plastic
Call her a shop-a-holic
She need rehad,

way da classes?
Cuz she be, she be ballin
She cant help it
its a habit
Somethin' bout them Jacksons
attracts her to them Grants
addicted to them Franklins
when they wrapped in rubberbands
You know way she at
She stay creepin with your man
she say money make her come
so she get wetter than a hand
and this is just her M.O
you bitches kno she be fly
And while you hoes hatin'
gone an add a N-E-Y
Been gettin doe
since knee-High
Now da bread EICY
Big shit poppin like E IBridge
Now all my ladies
who be gettin cash
without givin no ass
You stay poppin all dem tags
Throw the money in the bag
Cuz you a bad chick, now dats a bad chick
Is u a bad chick, there go a bad chickNow all my ladies gettin' paid
layin up in da shade
N Trippin cuz u get it
You kno money everyday
Cuz u a bad chick, now thats a bad chick
Is u a bad chick, there go a bad chick
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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