

Bag of Money (feat. Meek Mill, T-Pain & Wale)

[Rick Ross](#)

My bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I fuck her good and she always ride it for me
My bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I fuck her good and she always ride it for me
She got me caught up in the moment (She got me caught up in the moment)
She got me caught up in the moment (She got me caught up in the moment)
I only kiss her when she on it
Fuck her good, make her call me in the morning
My bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
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I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I fuck her good and she always ride it for me
Temporary forever, levitate with a nigga
I can teach you till you hate me but you hate them naval kisses
We can do like eight positions
Hit it til your make up missing
Baby girl my stroke official
And you know I paint that picture
Hoes on my line, most of 'em 9's
Couple of 'em dimes but all my hoes is hard to find
And I ain't always on the prowl
its just my soda mixed with brown
Got me quite open for a while
So let me in or let me out
And I like my marijuana bright
And I like my window tinted out
Shout out them strippers who hustle
Yeah George you know what this about
I just might throw a big amount
Don't know if I'm 'posed to take you out
I just know I'm 'posed to praise you up
Don't mean I ain't 'posed to take you down, word up
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I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I fuck her good and she always ride it for meMy bitch bad looking like a bag of money
E'rry time she fuck me she say "can I have some money?"
And I say "can I get a threesome?"
She say "boy, you funny"
But I be like foreal, just pick up that phone call on one of your girls
When I'm on that pill and I pop that perc
Girl I put in that work
Long as she come to me first its 14 racks what I put on that purse
Shit that Birkin bag, make the old dude mad
When I murk through passed in a dark blue jag
Say she like my style but I talk too fast
And I got that drive and she just might crash hold up,
she say she fucking with me the long way
She gon' ride this dick I had a long day
Nigga look at my bitch you looking the wrong way
Something mean, look exactly just like the song sayMy bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
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I fuck her good and she always ride it for meMy bitch bad, looking like a bag of money
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I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I fuck her good and she always ride it for meShe got me caught up in the moment (She got me caught up in the
moment)
She got me caught up in the moment (She got me caught up in the moment)
I only kiss her when she on it
Fuck her good, make her call me in the morning

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