Gooder

Young Money

Sittin' on the toilet, smokin' on some medicated
Countin' loose thousands, I'm living good, they aggravated
Two things on my mind, one is to keep stylin'
And the second is to get more of this shit that I'm countin'
Call me J 2-0, I flow like a fountain
And I swear I beat the beat up 'til that bitch start ouchin'
Keep them bitches' asses bouncin', make it fly like a falcon
Comparin' them to I is like a pebble to a mountain
I'm a uptown flame thrower, Young Money fire starter
I had to sign to Wayne, I'm from the same place as the Carter
Harlem, and I ain't like none of these other niggas
I get it, I spend it, yo' husband on a budget, missus
Young Money cloud gang, we so above you niggas
Besides these groupies, after these shows, who fuckin' with us?
You might as well have a badge the way you cuff them bitches
I slut them bitches and back to the door and fuck them bitches
Times ain't the same, shit done gone bad, but nigga, we good
Nigga, we gooder than a mother fucker, than a mother fucker
This for my mother fuckers, we run this mother fucker
So fuck them niggas and fuck them ho's
Money talks, we say hello
And I'm so, I'm so, I'm so Young Mula, baby
Okay, it's too much paper and not enough hands to count it
Paper coming in, money never going outward
It's Young Money, yeah, I hear a lot of niggas doubt me
This here is goon work, ain't nothing you can do about it
So nigga join the team or you can catch the sideline
Or just get out the game or get hit from the blind side
We makin' money while you niggas makin' petty quotes
You can make it rain, we make it flood like the levy broke
It's all about the paper, money controls my whereabouts
About a year from now I'm tryna break that new McLaren out
Wheels of Fortune on the whip, Vanna White in it
Bitch shotgun, probably be your wife in it
Hustle year 'round, nothin' come in front of that
Rap, real estate and work, I can make a ton with that
Pay me in advance, I'm not comin' bitch
Like Pain, Wayne, and Mack Maine, I got money, bitch
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Young Money under posh, y'all won't wanna come across
Money do somersaults, Bentley all you other dopes
Stuntin' on them ho's, it ain't me, it's the money's fault
Still make it rain, get struck by a money bolt
What it is, though? I know what it ain't
Y'all go hard, I go to the bank
Check my check stubs, bitch, it's Mack Maine
Young Money up and runnin', join the campaign
Times ain't the same, shit done gone bad
Bend a bitch over, pull some money out her ass
I'm tired of the game 'cause it ain't what it was
The chopper so close, I can give that bitch a hug
And a gangsta need love, so I keep a gangsta bitch
I got that dope dick, there ain't a bitch I can't addict
And I'm lookin' at the game, I roll my eyes
I looked at the clock, and her hands were tied
Because times ain't the same, shit done gone bad, but nigga, we good
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