

# Rent Money

## Future

Super

They go crazy

Yeah, they comin' in and out, in and out, in and out

Trap spot boomin' Got the money comin' in, it ain't no issues

I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you

Got the Mac 11 cocked, it got the kick too

Servin' niggas like Doughbeezy in my house shoes

Ya baby mama fuck me better when the rent's due

I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you

She sucked my dick, she came home, I bet she kissed you Treat me like I'm Al Capone, nigga, fuck you

John Gotti, illuminati, nigga, fuck you

I put a middle finger up, because, fuck you

This money got me geekin' up, nigga, fuck you

Red bottoms with the fur like Frank Luc

I bought some VVS and she caught the chain flu

I fucked this R&B bitch, I should thank you

Yah, I was sippin' my codeine from the beginnin'

She jocked my whole team, she seen who's winnin'

We light Liv up on a Sunday, come see us livin'

This for my dogs on the one way in penitentiaries

Send a direct hit, you gotta pay attention

I just lit my wrist up, I need some more attention

She didn't wanna play fair, I put her on suspension

I put a ki on Greyhound now I'm in a new dimension

Offered her 25, keep tryin' to take some of my percentage

I was petrified you know my right wrist authentic

I get glorified, that Richard Mille cost 250

I'm a big dog, it ain't no sense in holdin' back

On my Usain Bolt shit, I ran up me a sack

Fuckin' with them strippers all in G5

And as soon as the club closed we board the G5

I got scammers and junkies lined up on each side

I got five percent tint on each side

I tried to make it outta school on the east side

I'm on my Nicky Barnes shit, so it's fuck school

I'm blowin' money real fast like Big Meech crew

I like my hundreds stacked up, I like 'em neat too

They come in stuck together when they in the wrap still

I fucked a rapper bitch, I was on a drug deal

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I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you  
She sucked my dick, she came home, I bet she kissed you  
I fucks R&B bitches, should thank you  
Them bricks coming in like the John Doe crew  
They put a number on your head, they tryna stank you  
I'm 'bout to take 'em out the game, nigga fuck you  
They got me goin' insane, now it's fuck you  
I let my brother fuck your bitch, he got the dog food  
I damn near get half a ticket for a walk through  
I fuck dem Super Bowl bitches down in Houston  
I got this westside freak that like boostin'  
I built my empire up like Lucious  
Ay gimme pounds, gimme bricks, I'm a nuisance  
I make the blogs with ya bitch cause I'm ruthless  
I make the blogs with ya bitch cause I'm ruthless  
Yah, I get cash money like I'm Mack Maine  
I just put a rapper bitch on game  
I be smokin' rapper weed with my gang  
I just slam dunked ya bitch half fame  
Got the money comin' in, it ain't no issues  
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Songwriters

Nayvadius DeMun Wilburn Published by

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