

Been About Money

Birdman

Yeah

Lookin out the window of a heli-chopta over city lights

Makin' it rain, makin' it snow

Sunshine..(Chorus)

Been about cash

been a, been about cash

been a, been about money

been about money

been about cash

been a-, been about cash

been a-, been about big money

b- big money(Verse 1)

Hundred on the stack

rubbers on the band

Van full of kush

Guns in the lamb

Dumpin' moving fast

Mo money then I seen

Louie was the tag, the duffel bag and the jean

Bald eagle shit

fly born rich

filthy with the grind, come from flippin' bricks

customize shit, foreign fly red bitch

the leather stay soft

The head line stitched

Blowin' out the bound another show some mo money

Flip another hundred see we do this every summer

Brand new harley

keep some extra clips

keep some extra diamonds

keep some new whips

100(Chorus)(Verse 2)

Bottom of the shit

Everyday the same story; bull shit ain't shit so everyday the same story

More money is the shit

everyday the same story

Headline cash money sign (I'm filthy rich bitch!) you know.

Money is a must

We did the high life

Fully loaded 'round this bitch just the cash money life
In broad day light see we do it when we see it
you can put that on my hood: YM/CMB
Livin' legend livin' good
Marble on the wood
Spendin' how you feel nigga nothin' when your good
The game on the wood
them hoes out the hood
Poppin' (?) and we ridin' cherrywood(Chorus)(Verse 3)
Master of my piece
got the time on my watch
cartier is the piece got the grind on my watch
Got my mind on my money so we stay up on my grizzly everytime I'm gettin' these hundreds got my youngin'
comin' with me
We push truck, phantom top, everyday, non-stop benz coupe hard top bugatti nigga hard knock
Heli-chopta's choppas
We do it on the sunshine
Boats and them choppa's
we cruisin' on them high ti's
Highway money
Interstate hustlin'
Back to my city
great take the birds hummin' (?)
Hundred dollar nigga
Hundred thousand cash
Make another million
stashed in the dash
100(Chorus)Lookin' at the city lights
Just like that
250 in my pocket
Another mil in my bag
Yeah
100
Fuck with'em

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