

# Away From Me

## Wintertime

When did it become lame to put money over fame?  
Niggas steady haitin' cuz' they broke they can't relate  
It's too many fakes, to myself is where I stay  
If you ain't getting paper get the fuck away from me  
The fuck away from me  
Get the fuck away from me  
Get the fuck away from me  
Get the hell around from me  
Get the fuck away from me  
Boy my style ain't for free  
Get the fuck away from me  
Get the fuck away from me  
Get the fuck away from meThis shit effortless I be drippin' all day  
Blowin' money fast, make it back and make it rain  
I don't even try and I still do major plays  
I can drop a song with no words a 100k the same day  
Guarantee it, you can see it  
Niggas mad, cuz they can't be it  
Why you hate me no idea  
Take a seat no IKEA  
No Shanaenae, oh my goodness  
Disrespect me, no he wouldn't  
Wintertime a young hustla' from the wish a nigga woulds  
I can't not believe your nerves  
Who the fuck raise these nerds  
All I know is chase these checks  
Fuck you and who got next  
A year ago I ain't had shit  
On my soul that's real shit  
I had to go out and get it  
I don't vaule your opinion  
I just gotta ball no scrimmage  
I can't care about your feelin's  
Pro finnesser you can get it  
Shit, anyone can get it  
Fuck you over leave no witness  
He gotta' wife and he got children  
Thats is not my damn problem, life ain't fairWhen did it become lame to put money over fame?  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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