

My Bitches Get Money (feat. Gucci Mane)

Young Thug

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

My bitches be running, they chasing that paper
I'll serve you like waiters, I'm high like a scraper
Put a hole in your head, you look like a pacer
I'm sliming, I'm coming, know why I look at you funny?
My bitches chase money, my bitches chase money
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My bitches chase money, my bitches chase money I'm cashing out for 100 P's
Put em straight in the trap and then it collect the green
Your bitches want to caress the young slime king
Your old man want to arrest me for some slime things
I'm a fucking king cobra
Thugger, Thugger, not snitching, but I told ya
Catch a trip, now they hit him with that mini chopper
I'm not talking Africans but they say blocka blocka
I can't stop
I got young niggas standing on the block
I told him chill but he refused to stop selling rocks
He told me I never need license, he go shoot at cops
Put em down, Thugga run round with 100 some rounds
Serving in everyone's town My bitches be running, they chasing that paper
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My bitches chase money, my bitches chase money These niggas ain't got no money to dress like I dress
These niggas don't show out and be oh so fresh
Got red bottoms for me and my chick
My camera man got red bottoms on cause I'm so rich
My bus driver wearing Louis cause I'm Gucci bitch

My chef got on Ferragamos, nigga cook that shit
I got that stupid bread, my mama don't got to want for shit
I bought a hard top Lamb, didn't even want the shit
1017 Brick squad, bitch I own that shit
A nigga disrespect me, I can't condone that shit
I got a 10 O clock appointment at the office, trick
They pour a half a pint of lean in that coffee bitch
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