All My Niggas

G Herbo

[Hook] (x2)
All my niggas really want the money
We don't want nothing else nigga I promise
All my niggas really want the money
All my niggas really want the money[Verse 1: E40]
All we want is the money
The Mozzarella Galbani
I got more guns than the army
Can't let no bitch nigga harm me
I got that purple like Barney
I got two bitches that's horny
They say they niggas is corny
They never there and they lonely
They bought a bottle of 'trony
And now they ready to blow me
If you know me you owe me
That's what I told her for sho'
I'm a mac just like Obie
Me and my cronies and bronies
Rollies and stogies stay with the fifties and forties
That's us if you smell smoke
Cookies the antidote
Puffing that rope-a-dope
My partner's they kinfolk
They rap and they sell coke
Bust ya head like a cantaloupe
In the summer a peacoat
My iPhone is jailbroke
Leaning like the Tower of Pisa
Promethazina
Sweatin' like we under a heater
It's hot in here
All them suckers that's talking crazy
They not in here
Never tell my right ear what my left ear hear[Hook][Verse 2: Danny Brown]
I'm up before the sun up to work it beyond ya'
I break it in pieces and tell your auntie to run up
Shooters keep guns up, snitches get tounges cut
Talk to the peoples, and get your daughters and sons [tucked?]

I'm up in the chevy, we bangin blow job Betty
I just whip up a 80, so hit my phone when you're ready
Turkey bag of the loud, we ain't fuckin with reggie
Trump the trailer with pounds and touchdown out the [jevy?]
So c'mon! About to hit another Lick
'Bout a 150 bucks, for that tax on every zip
Girl, I got bottles of that lean, tax on every sip
Cause they got the Qualitest and I got the Actavis
So Im rollin' (rollin'), thizzin' off that molly
Stuntin' (Stuntin'), no one has another kind
My big homie E-40 put me on the Carlos Rossi
I stay younger than the muscle
Got the gang from Charlie hustle[Hook][Verse 3: Schoolboy Q]
Pockets will advance, clear the room
If they bitchin' with the shit, than your boy don't approve
See, Hennessy, Bacardi turns the party
Backwoods pre-rolled, club get foggy
Niggas mean muggin', well leap then froggy
Though I see why you mad, her ass applauding
That's your bitch, she flip like dolphins
We gon' work out and bounce the bed springs
No credit cards, just debit and large cash
And a real big bag, smell like a forest
I used to sell weight 'til gastric bypass
Pass with a Mac that smack your car glass
Addicted to ballin', no Timbs, ate Wheaties
Learn from [?] he taught big gritty
King East Bay, E-40, boss leany
Money all there, your money Houdini

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