

Shut Up (feat. Y.G.)

Yowda

You ain't talk about money, bitch shut up
Every nigga 'round me about to come up
A hunnid grand on my accessories
I'm a stunna
40 cal on my waist in case a nigga wanna run up
Never put the gun up
Heated like the summer
And I live for the moment
So I grind to the sun up
Babygirl want me to cut her
No need to wonder girl
I'll beat it like a drummer
Dick her down
No need to tongue her
Got her offa swag
And ain't no need to fund her
Now she givin me the thumb up
Callin me a plumber
And her friends wanna fuck me
Cause she braggin how I done her
But man I ain't trippin on that
Right now I'm just focused on rap
And I ain't talkin beats and microphones
I'm talkin bout bricks
But I ain't buildin homes
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up
Bitch, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up
Bitch shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up
You ain't talking about mony, bitch, shut up
I got choppers, poppers, Berettas
Young nigga cold so my hoes wear sweaters
'Told her is a fixed session
And she let us
Oooh, ridin with the heaters
My niggas got stripes its like I'm ridin with the zebras

Hood niggas ain't good with the visa
Dick is so good, make your bitch have a seizure
Just had to give my lil homie 10
Couldn't see him doin' life in the pen
'See them but I wouldn't want to be them
Cause I'll be giving that part to his BM
You niggas aren't getting paid
You niggas are going to church and getting saved
Get bread, get bread, get bread
and all my niggas with them popping like pillheads
My roof gone, like my ex-bitch
She was broke so I moved to the next bitch
And the next bitch came with another slut
So now when I get paid, it's a double-up
You niggas know what's up
MOB, ain't no I.O.U.s, C.O.Ds
Fuck the police and a broke bitch
I can't do bad by myself, I don't need no bitch
See an old bitch, that 's my new thing
Lace her up, now she's calling me a boo thang
We get money together
That's how we do things
When she got the bag
You know the shoes came
Hermes on my belt, louie on my feet
Yowda on the rap, mustard on the beat
'Tll be in the street, you just industry
Like 50 dollars bills, I'm a G
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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