

# In My Mind (Part 2) (Feat. Georgi Kay)

Flo Rida

Mind on my money, money on my mind  
Tryin' to stack paper, countin' every little dime  
Down to the penny, holla if ya hear me  
I do it for the streets, yeah, I do it for my city You know you gotta love it, hey hey  
You know you gotta love it, hey hey  
Stretchin' that paper long, shawty, she wanna roll  
Tell me where you wanna go, girl See don't leave home without it, out it  
Money gotta have, gotta have that bank  
American Express, all good  
But I need that cash in my hand, point blank Smell, it touch it, rub it  
Hug it, love it  
Number one subject, keep me rubbin'  
G5 on the jet to Dublin I need that money, man, people say wait  
I think we cousins, no you ain't  
I don't wanna break you off, I got cash to floss  
You can't gank the boss with that lame game Bank tryna count my change, change  
Stretch that paper with my aim  
Shoot me a stack to the brain  
Rock like number one, a Lac or the Range Rambo cash, Green Beret fame  
All this bread and still I want more  
All this cheese, I got the light dough  
All these P's, I got the beef flow Shawty, if you wanna roll, lil' mama let's go  
My pockets is swole, get rid of your clothes  
Jump up on the Hov, my mind on my dollars  
You already know, I got my Mind on my money, money on my mind  
Tryin' to stack paper, countin' every little dime  
Down to the penny, holla if ya hear me  
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You know you gotta love it, hey hey  
Stretchin' that paper long, shawty, she wanna roll  
Tell me where you wanna go, girl Hey, I do it, do it, do it for the streets, streets  
Everybody in the ghetto gotta eat  
Could've bought me a Bentley GT  
But I fell in love with the size of the Maybach seats Feel like a king when I'm on South Beach  
Livin' that dream with this M.O.B  
Get, gettin' that cream while I travel overseas  
Feelin' them beats with the face of a Queen Elizabeth A little bit, need all my gwap, I'm lovin' it  
Short to the hood, I'm thuggin' it, wifebeater off in public  
Got more g's than a government from the projects

But I ain't strugglin', get it poppin', champagne bubblin'  
Red carpets, wax so Southernin' Just bought a resort and I'm on three acres  
Go to New York and rock Fuscia gators  
[Incomprehensible], six grand to the waiters  
Fans support, I get it like the Lakers Off of the porch where they think about paper  
Don't need to fuck when I eat [Incomprehensible]  
Passport says I get rent in Malaysia  
All over Asia, 'cause my Mind on my money, money on my mind  
Tryin' to stack paper, countin' every little dime  
Down to the penny, holla if ya hear me  
I do it for the streets, yeah, I do it for my city You know you gotta love it, hey hey  
You know you gotta love it, hey hey  
Stretchin' that paper long, shawty, she wanna roll  
Tell me where you wanna go, girl Where all my NY, NY people gettin' cash  
We gettin' cash, we gettin' cash, oh, we gettin' cash  
Where all my LA, LA people countin' stacks  
We countin' stacks, we countin' stacks, oh, we countin' cash Where all my MIA people that's throwin' cash  
We throwin' cash, we throwin' cash, oh we throwin' cash  
Where all my H-Town people makin' stacks  
We makin' stacks, we makin' stacks, oh, we makin' stacks Mind on my money, money on my mind  
Tryin' to stack paper, countin' every little dime  
Down to the penny, holla if ya hear me  
I do it for the streets, yeah, I do it for my city You know you gotta love it, hey hey  
You know you gotta love it, hey hey  
Stretchin' that paper long, shawty, she wanna roll  
Tell me where you wanna go, girl

Songwriters

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