

Big Money

Lil Skies

Aye

Aye, aye, aye
Big money on me, nigga, I'ma run it up
'Cause I remember I was broke and I ain't have enough

Now I'm fly, she like to back it up

No surprise, now she fuck with us

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I walk in the bank, look like a walking lick

All these bitches fuck with us, we on some jiggy shit

Niggas hate, they in the way, I stay up out the mix

She know I'm a trick and treat, don't do relationships

Nigga we gon' hit no miss, no we don't do no diss

Buy it, we don't care for cents, no I can't pay your rent

She a freak, she lick the tip

I'm with my brothers smoking sliding when we in the tent

My cup so dirty it might kill you when you take a sip

Bitch I'm so high think I'm the pilot of this battleship

Hopped in the car, sped off too fast and almost crashed my whip

The cops come for me, then I'm silent I could never snitch

That's on Rakim, nigga

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Ayy, ayy, ayy
And now they like me 'cause I'm winning, gotta keep my distance

When I was broke and had no name they always kept forgetting

Shoot like I'm Pippen, I'ma score, can hear that in my writtens

If I'm a dog then you a pussy, I'ma beat the kitten

I'ma triple threat, make a hook and cash the check

Now they see a nigga next, mad I got 'em so upset

Pop a pill she not herself, rolling off these Percocets

She the freaky type for sex, got her rubbing on her breasts
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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