

Front Runners (feat. Jimmy Johnson)

Don Meeno

[Intro/Hook]

I love my money
Selling pies to get rich
I can turn five into six
Cause I love my money
Yea I love my money
Turn ten into twenty
Turn a dub into fourty
She in love with rowdy
She don't fuck with jodies
Cause I love my money
Yea I love my money
Turn ten to twenties
Turn that dub to forty
Cause I love my money
Yea I love my money[Verse 1: Jimmy Johnson]
And I guess that's why I stay fresher
Top notch pimp, get the most, not the lesser
Keep a nine on my dresser
Certified finesser
She's now fucking with them pornstars
Adios to my old broads
Michelin strong like the mo' cars
Brick worth a lot like a gold bar
Got work, now shawty trynna blow jobs
NASCAR Jimmy, I be flexing fuck the Go-Cart
And my shawty still water whippin'
I'm just posted like the coastguard
Coast to coast like the point guard
No flaws, why I go hard
Now my bands turned paper, so I gotta give 'em rubbers
Even though my bitch push 'em [?]
She still from the gutter
Bad bitch, she my lil' lady lover
Now I break bread with her baby brother
She stretch out the butter, she cook like no other
See, I always knew that I needed a project bitch
Cause a proj' bitch won't stick, when your pies don't flip
But you know my pies flip[Hook: Jimmy Johnson]

Cause I love my money
Yea I love my money
Turn ten to twenties
Turn ten to twenties
Cause I love my money
I love it, I love, I love it
Selling pies to get rich
I can turn five into six

I love it, I love, I love it (x3)[Verse 2: Don Meeno]

Ain't shit been the same in the six mane
Since Drizzy made the whole city famous
Coach put me in the game, played six mane
What's that nigga now, feeling like I made it
I'ma fuck around and drop 80 on the [?]
Breaking records like I'm Kobe on the Lakers
For the record, I was talking 'bout the labels nigga
Fuck it, gonna park the Mercedes 'round that
They fucking with the cables
Pray to god I don't fall out with my angels
Cause Lucifer been promising me favors
And I just gave the Jesus piece a brand new facial
[?] hustle that shit will motivate you[Jimmy Johnson]

Cause I love my money
Yea I love my money
And I love my money

Yea I love my money[Verse 3: Don Meeno]

Broke nigga wanna know what my name is
Tell him, check his girlfriends iPod playlist
A lot of haters, a lot of paper

[?] to my Haitians

I got a bitch who only talking Balenciagas and Margielas
These niggas talking more, they catch you work at car sellers
Black panamera got me the Goliath [?]... I'm gone[Jimmy Johnson]
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone (so long gone)
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone (I'm gone)
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone (I'm so long gone)
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone (Swear to god that I'm god)[Don Meeno]

I'm whippin' it like I need me a stretcher

I'm flippin' it like my bitch acrobatic

I'm dippin' it that brand new fresh Tesla

I'm president, I won the election

Them benjamins, I got the connection

I'm rippin' it, tryna fuck me a checker

I'm hittin' em, applying the pressure

I'm whippin' it, till I'm done with the extras[Hook/Outro: Jimmy Johnson + Don Meeno]

Cause I love my money, I love my money
I love my money, yea I love my money
I love it, I love it, I love it, I love it, I love it, I love it
Yea I love my money, you know I love my money
Uhh I love this pay, uhh I love this money
Damn I love the [?], chill I love this benz
Yea I love it, I love, I love it
Damn I love this pay, fuck I love the [?]
I love it, I love it, I love it....

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