Money Stretch

Lil Zane

What? What?
Money stretch
Lil' Zane, what'cha saying?
ATL's finest, what? What?Man you can check my lifestyle
And see that I'm quite wild
Seven twenty-eight night child
Universal and versatileYou study my style
Trying to live spiritual
And y'all looking now
I can see right nowY'all will never understand me
I call my best friend, my family
Until they cross me
Alcohol and weed cost meSo I limit it
Running niggas over like Emmit did without a squad
Drag you about a hundred yards
Many bumps and scarsPull out in the hottest cars with my entourage
Smoke more L's than Debarge
With connects worldwide like Macintosh
I practice living largeNiggas out of town don't understand these kids
(Say what?)
Niggas comin' to get me can't find where I live
I got two or three cribs stack the mill in the mill
Y'all get none of this dough shit y'all fiends stay illMoney stretch like a rubber band, so wrap the grands up
Catz got beef with me, go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down, it's not a gameMoney stretch like a rubber band, so wrap the grands up
Catz got beef with me, go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down, now throw your hands upName rings up in Hollywood
But I'mma true nigga, I'mma stay Hollyhood
I never change, might be a little busy though
A little nigga from a big ass city yoI love the dough
Give me hits, give me more chips
I stay legit so the feds can't tell me shit
I came in with nothing to loseNow I put my heart into making you move
I'm far flung and the charts say I'm number one
You number two nigga
Check on the BillboardWho under who nigga?
Far from an amateur, a money maker

Leave your chick alone with me
I bet I'll take herThe game's taught me one thing, don't let her break you
Money make the world go 'round and the girls go down
And even paralyzed niggas gonna feel me now
For you nerds that study my words, ya heardMoney stretch like a rubber band, so wrap the grands up
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Bustin' rounds lay it down, it's not a gameMoney stretch like a rubber band, so wrap the grands up
Catz got beef with me, go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down, now throw your hands upYou steady being on the corner right
Niggas ain't seen me in a while
You probably thought I died
You devils love to see a nigga down and teary eyedI call you idiot 'cause you don't know me really yet
I'm from the ghetto and getting dough is all I know
I'm on the low
I'm a mystery to 5-0'Cause they don't know
Damn my check is caught in studio
Business is lovely, see me in the videos
Bitches wanna fuck meWorldwide nigga ride
I'mma about to go to where some people call the other side
And live my life in paradise, keep my family tight
But I can't keep the way I'm goingIf the dough ain't right
My last days I can't live my life inside a cage
I'm getting money and you hataz don't do nothing for me
Either you with me or against meNigga let it show
I get the dough non-stop when the track's hot
And you know what? Now what?
I ain't even gonna rhyme no more, y'all get the pictureMoney stretch like a rubber band, so wrap the grands up
Catz got beef with me, go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down, it's not a gameMoney stretch like a rubber band, so wrap the grands up
Catz got beef with me, go call your menz up
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