

# make money

## Lil' Keke

You need it, go get it  
7 days committed  
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7 days committed, n-ggmake money, make money, make money  
make money, make money, make money  
make money, make money, make money  
make money, make money, make moneyMake money, damn if they gon take it from me  
super swag, bet I get ya naked hunny  
you know my stump ground, South Jamaica dummy  
aint no comp round, 6 or 7 acres counting  
they made I got in, never shoot or let me do  
body full of diamonds, hoppin' out the Bentley coupe  
crime high, I'm climbin', the other pockets empty crew  
n-ggas thought I died then, call me Mackavelli blue  
red and green stripes, diamond ear squares  
screaming twin pumps, right off the Lear stairs  
I give a f-cka bout a b-tch you a care bear  
heart pumpin', anti freeze as I stand here  
punch a Cotto, nightclubs bunch of photos  
run up on me like a dolo when I'm thumping dolo  
(?), bigger dollar signs than lowlow  
twenty stacks off a Polo when I go on promomake money, even though it don't make me  
it takes me somewhere you gon need an AC  
they chase me, cause my neck is clear as HD  
you can't see, baby I'm in money waist deep  
you should f-ck with me, I'mma be that n-gga  
how ya gon start acting funny when I get bigger  
f-ck the awards, I'd rather buy me a coupe  
nothing needed, do it all for the loot  
we here to make money  
make money, make money  
take money, take money, take money  
great money, in and out of state money  
weight mopney, Benjamin's straight moneyFlat party, I'm steamrolling everybody  
Maserati, riding is my kind of hobby  
white Ferrari, player pressed for p-ssy hardy  
aint no probably, she leave's I'ma get a doggy  
Bank's aka ya got nothing for me, show me 30 40 more MC's later they will bore me  
delivery semi auti, styles I'll never story

bout a thousand they will call me I'm a different category  
you playing big, riding round in your family crib  
look at your rib, roc boys understand the kid  
we handle sh-t, play with me get your candles lit, smoked  
ashes out the window of a brand new six  
don't look behind me, move me, you and what army  
armed with Armani, Christian Dior whole army  
you owe me sorry's, making money, living calmly  
Nicki got me f-cking Barbies, cousin's and aunt's make money, even though it don't make me  
it's takes me somewhere you gon need an AC  
they chase me, cause my neck is clear as HD  
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