

# All My Niggas

## Mr. Lucci

[Hook] (x2)

All my niggas really want the money  
We don't want nothing else nigga I promise

All my niggas really want the money  
All my niggas really want the money[Verse 1: E40]

All we want is the money  
The Mozzarella Galbani

I got more guns than the army  
Can't let no bitch nigga harm me

I got that purple like Barney  
I got two bitches that's horny

They say they niggas is corny  
They never there and they lonely

They bought a bottle of 'trony  
And now they ready to blow me

If you know me you owe me  
That's what I told her for sho'

I'm a mac just like Obie  
Me and my cronies and bronies

Rollies and stogies stay with the fifties and forties  
That's us if you smell smoke

Cookies the antidote  
Puffing that rope-a-dope

My partner's they kinfolk  
They rap and they sell coke

Bust ya head like a cantaloupe  
In the summer a peacoat

My iPhone is jailbroke  
Leaning like the Tower of Pisa

Promethazina  
Sweatin' like we under a heater

It's hot in here

All them suckers that's talking crazy  
They not in here

Never tell my right ear what my left ear hear[Hook][Verse 2: Danny Brown]

I'm up before the sun up to work it beyond ya'  
I break it in pieces and tell your auntie to run up

Shooters keep guns up, snitches get tongues cut

Talk to the peoples, and get your daughters and sons [tucked?]

I'm up in the chevy, we bangin blow job Betty  
I just whip up a 80, so hit my phone when you're ready  
Turkey bag of the loud, we ain't fuckin with reggie  
Trump the trailer with pounds and touchdown out the [jevy?]  
So c'mon! About to hit another Lick  
'Bout a 150 bucks, for that tax on every zip  
Girl, I got bottles of that lean, tax on every sip  
Cause they got the Qualitest and I got the Actavis  
So Im rollin' (rollin'), thizzin' off that molly  
Stuntin' (Stuntin'), no one has another kind  
My big homie E-40 put me on the Carlos Rossi  
I stay younger than the muscle  
Got the gang from Charlie hustle[Hook][Verse 3: Schoolboy Q]  
Pockets will advance, clear the room  
If they bitchin' with the shit, than your boy don't approve  
See, Hennessy, Bacardi turns the party  
Backwoods pre-rolled, club get foggy  
Niggas mean muggin', well leap then froggy  
Though I see why you mad, her ass applauding  
That's your bitch, she flip like dolphins  
We gon' work out and bounce the bed springs  
No credit cards, just debit and large cash  
And a real big bag, smell like a forest  
I used to sell weight 'til gastric bypass  
Pass with a Mac that smack your car glass  
Addicted to ballin', no Timbs, ate Wheaties  
Learn from [?] he taught big gritty  
King East Bay, E-40, boss leany  
Money all there, your money Houdini

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