Bitcoin Beezy

Â¡MAYDAY! & Murs

I got a condo in Miami, flyin' out my pussy
Coolin' on the couch we eatin' Girl Scout cookies
I was just a rookie she took me for a grand
Pussy so good I'm still her number one fan
I used to have a fetish for them dead presidentes
Now these commodores here got me goin' Kyle Menendez
Crazy for that giga
Bytes for all my hitters
Steaks with these killers
The matrix paying for dinner
Circle full of winners paper percenters
I need that bread bowl
Everybody running 'round for green they get they heads blown
Cashing in on ATM's
Close accounts with crazy friends
What they'll do for dollars never ceases to amaze the man
Flash in the pan hella money in my hand
Smash for the stands just so I can feed my fam
Never crashing the L.A.N. when I'm trying to get the grams
I got 50 bitcoin worth about a hundred grand
She's my bitcoin beezy her titties flowing easy
No bra in the studio, she beautiful believe me
She get wet when she see me, her panties come off easy
She said she never leave me like I'm Baby and she's Weezy
Left the data in the dresser
She laughed like Fran Drescher
Got no pressure from the vessel
When I bounced in kompressor
Made it rain in the desert
Now she love when I address her
Taught her how to fuckin' do it so now she call me professor
Lecture lassie like I'm lira lector
Dropping tokens in her slot I get up and play for extra
She wants some change but I ain't giving none, my fee is fester
I leave no heir to my throne so keep the scalp and catch up
And feel the raw uncut, turn it up in your van
Let it thaw thumbs up, what the fuck is the plan
I'm gettin' money on my celly but they don't understand
I got 50 bitcoin worth about a hundred grand

Raw uncut turn this up in your van
Get money
Get money
I'm talking big money
Raw uncut turn this up in your van
Smells like money
You gotta spend it baby, big money
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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