

About The Money (feat. Young Thug)

T.I.

Bustin' out the bando
A nigga jewelry real metal like a can opener
I went from rags to riches to a feature with Tip
I went from Smart Car to a bitch with some smart lips
And the F&N make my hip limp
I'm goin' fishin' with these little bitty shrimp dips
And my bank roll got a big dip
She gon' bring it on a big ship
Quite trill, no Quik Trip
I got drugs in the alley, no tip there
She just wanna have a good day
Smoke way more weed than a guy in L.A
I want them birds 'til next May
Never let em fly away
What!? I heard ay
Listen what my nigga Tip say
If it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it
I'm packin' 11, I'm packin' 11
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Guiseppe
I'm slime like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend
Pants out the grocery store, they stuck with lettuce
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches
Ay what you think we in the neighborhood for?
Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
I'll be damned if a nigga wipe a hood hoe
Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones"
Put your money down I could book a hard four
You playin' with it, I'ma send 'em through your car door
But while I flood the shit sick got prob' oh
I'm doin' it for black and yellow, free Hardo
The head honcho, nigga no Tonto, nigga
I'm quick to put some bricks in a Bronco, nigga
Niggas talk shit, well I don't respond to no nigga
No murder, no dough, no convo
If it ain't about the money

Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
 If it ain't about the money
 Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
 If it ain't about the money
 Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
 If it ain't about the money
 Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it I'm packin' 11, I'm packin' 11
 I ride in a gator, my shoes are Guiseppe
 I'm slime like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend
 Pants out the grocery store, they stuck with lettuce
 She try make the extras, I told on these bitches
 When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches Aye, what you think we in the neighborhood for?
 Standin in the trap, slangin good blow
 Maybach used to slang that crack
 Buy a stolen car while he bang that AK
 If you ever took a loss better bring that back
 Catcha' witcha' betcha' heat will blow your brains bout that
 Know you better be, on your best behavior when addressing me
 Because, bye-gones, we don't let em be
 Niggas disrespect me, I'm a catch a felony
 For real, if you listen I can get you paid
 But not interested in shit you say If it ain't about the money
 Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
 If it ain't about the money
 Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
 If it ain't about the money
 Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
 If it ain't about the money
 Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it I'm packin' 11, I'm packin' 11
 I ride in a gator, my shoes are Guiseppe
 I'm slime like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend
 Pants out the grocery store, they stuck with lettuce
 She try make the extras, I told on these bitches
 When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches Ay, what you think we in the neighborhood for?
 Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
 I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho
 Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones" nigga

Songwriters

CLIFFORD J. HARRIS, JEFFREY WILLIAMS, LONDON TYLER HOLMES Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>