

# If It Ain't About Money (feat. Trey Songz)

Fat Joe

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Fat Joe - Verse 1]

Wrist on froze, thanks to the stove;  
Mattress financial, bank's never closed;  
Monday to Sunday, serve all addicts;  
Joey Van Gundy, watch me work the Magic;  
Aah, and I ain't talkin' NBA;

I ain't even trust the brethren, jealous ones still envy me;  
Problem is, these guys ain't even half what they pretend to be;  
Cold Don, now look at all the shots that they keep sendin' me;  
And your girl the best, she fulfillin' all my fantasies;  
She drip, drip, drippin' all up in the Drophead Phantom seats;  
Now pop your bottles, blow your cush, fuck what your man say;  
'Cause you know we don't give a fuck, we let the pan play...[Trey Songz - Chorus]

If it ain't about money, why we wastin' time?  
(And tell her that) money's all that's on my mind...  
You can believe that, I'll be where the cheese at;

Wrist on froze, better get your hoe;  
Pocket full of paper, so these haters can't stand me;  
Ballin' like the Lakers, keep heat like Miami,  
And she killin' in them jeans, "Baby, won't you take 'em off for me?"  
She said she a boss, she ain't talkin'

If it ain't about money, why we wastin' time?[Fat Joe - Verse 2]

Neck on froze, thanks to the hoes;  
Pussy never plummet, pimp 'til I'm gone;  
Powder white work, let's get this shit poppin';  
And fuck the police, like them niggaz out in Compton;  
Aah, we too fly for our own good;  
And you can see the sky shinin' on the chrome hood;  
And you can smell that money right off the Lou Vuitton;  
Self-made millionaire right from the Bronx;  
On my way to Cali, Kobe, he playin' LeBron;  
Drop 50 stacks, tell my niggaz "Pay the bar";

Stop trippin', that pussy got a nigga hard;  
And the Am-Ex card, blacker than my nigga 'Kon...[Trey Songz - Chorus]  
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