

# Money To Blow (Street Version)

## Birdman

Richer than the richest

Yeah

Mo' money bitches

Comin' to you live

From the city of hustatlantavegas

So what it do young nigga

One hundred

I am on a twenty four hour

Champagne diet

Spillin' while I'm sippin'

I encourage you to try it

I'm probably just sayin' that cause I don't have to buy it

The club owner supply it

Boy I'm on that fly shit

I am, what everybody in my past don't want me to be

Guess what, I made it

I'm da motherfuckin' man

I jus' want you to see

Come take a look, get a load of dis nigga

Quit frontin' on me

Don't come around and try to gas me up I like runnin' on E

I I I'm on my Disney shit

Goofy flow on records I'm Captain Hook

And my new car is Rufio

Damn where my roof just go

I'm somebody that you should know

Get to shakin' somethin' cause that's what drumma produced it for

Yes I make mistakes that I don't ever make excuses for, like

Leavin' girls that love me and constantly seducing hoes

I'm losing my thoughts I said damn where my roof just go

Top slipped off like Janet at the Super Bowl, I got 'em

They can't help it,

And I can't blame 'em

Since I got famous

But bitch I got money to blow

I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall

All over your skin  
I got money to blow oh oh ooh oh oh ooh  
Oh oh oh ooh I got oh oh  
I got money to blow  
Oh oh ooh oh oh ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh  
I got money to blow

Richer than the richest  
We certified gettin' it C-M Y-M Cash Money business  
Higher than the ceiling fly like a bird, hit the Gucci store  
And later get served  
We smoked out with no roof on it  
Them people passi' so we smash on 'em  
Binnin' out we keep the cash on deck  
Lamborghini's and the Bentleys on the V-set  
Louis lens iced up with the black diamonds  
Car of the year Ferrari the new Spider  
No lie I'm higher than I ever been  
Born rich born uptown born to win  
Fully loaded automatic six Benz  
Candy paint foreign lights with my bitch in  
Born hustlin' too big nigga to size me up  
Kept stuntin' mo more money binnin' up

They can't help it,  
And I can't blame 'em  
Since I got famous  
But bitch I got money to blow  
I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall  
All over your skin  
I got money to blow oh oh ooh oh oh ooh (yeah)  
Oh oh oh ooh I got oh oh  
I got money to blow  
Oh oh ooh oh oh ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh

Well I get paid every 24 hours money and the power  
Come to V-I-P and get a Champagne Shower  
I don't have to worry because everything ours,  
And I got a big bouquet of Mary Janes Flower  
That kush I promise that's my dude  
But we don't smoke that Reggie Bush  
And I'm with two women make you take a second look  
We poppin' like Champagne Bottles But We Never Shook  
And We Goin Be Alright If We Put Drake On Every Hook

They can't help it,  
And I can't blame 'em  
Since I got famous  
But bitch I got money to blow  
I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall  
All over your skin  
I got money to blow oh oh ooh oh oh ooh  
Oh oh oh ooh I got oh oh  
I got money to blow  
Oh oh ooh oh oh ooh oh oh oh ooh ooh  
Got money to blow

C-M-B baby  
Yeah, just like that big money poppin'

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by WILLIAMS, BRYAN / GHOLSON, CHRISTOPHER JAMES / GRAHAM, AUBREY DRAKE /  
CARTER, DWAYNE

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>