# Money Bags (Paradise)

## Black Milk

Money son, it's all about the money
Whatchu talking bout all around the world
They all want that money
Yeah tell me where the money
Show me where the money
Everybody tryna get the money
Everybody, they want the dough

For them niggas that's blue-collar
Minimum wage dollars
Up early and out of that money we need a lot of
Single mother, single father
Whatever, you gotta get the (dough)
Yeah, at that bus stop waiting, tryna have mad bitches
Bout to start a job that you already hating
Fuck having a boss but that's the cost when tryna get the (money)
You know, hustle on that corner hoping you don't get caught in
Keep 'em on the lookout, the cops done already warned him
Another strike and you's a goner
Whatever, you gotta get the (money)
You know, make them dollars quicker
Feel like imma rob a nigga (rob a nigga)
Gotta get 'em my pockets need dollars in 'em
Robbery go quicker to get my chips up I gotta get the (dough)
Aye, to them dancers on the pole that's tryna pay off a loan
Or, just wanted some deals, just wanna buy some new clothes
Whatever it's for mama we know, you tryna get the (money)
Yeah, bill collectors calling but nothing inside your wallet
Told 'em to stop calling and now you feel like you've fallen
Upside down and you can't escape 'em, they tryna get they (money)

It's the money song
It's all about that money
We all need the money
Need that, tell me where the money
Tell me where the money
Tryna get the money

So people think that if you ain't got money then you ain't got a dick

If you make dollars then they don't make sense
We all 'bout making that profit
Check come in the mail, check cash go cop it
1st of the month, mailbox you watch it
1st of the month, champagne bottle pop it
Celebrating hood rich, paying your debt over
Hit the mall up if you got something left over, the dough
Tryna floss on 'em, past due bills but acting like a boss on 'em
Shining, ya know diamonds
They don't need to know what it really cost for 'em
Ain't no money out there so you fake it til you make it
Some people never make it they pick up the pistol and take it
What we talkin' 'bout? What, the money we makin'?
Tell 'em "Fuck you, pay me" if it ain't money related, yeah the (dough)
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