

Point Seen Money Gone (feat. Jeremih)

Snoop Dogg

Let's roll out to Miami and get the money
Baby how that sound?
When I'm feelin' high I'm probably on some light skin
When I'm feelin' low I'm sippin' on some brown
Won't you come trips to California?
We can get with it, show you how the shit goes down
Know around the world get nasty
And I'mma be right there, as long as where it's
That's where the cash beCash be
And I'mma be right there, right where my cash be
Yeah yeah
That's where the cash beMula, fatty, you not ready
I'mma get the cheese but the bread was spaghetti
Letti said he can play with them broads
Opportunistic I stay on them hoes
I ain't got time to be hanging with y'all
'Specially when there is no money involved
Joint seem mighty long, red beam on his dome
Point seen, money goneLet's roll out to Miami and get the money
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That's where the cash beRobert De Niro, fly as a sparrow
Profit to profit, arrow to pharaoh
El Bueno, hustle like Maino
All money in, no draino
Can't no-body, get it like I get mines
Mo' paper to Jamaica, I make it, bake it, shape it and cake it
Never had to fake it to make it
Just put the pedal to the metal rock it up and re-flake it
I'm living the fast life
Jet after jet and try to keep my cash right
I know you understands the meaning
Hand full of green and while the fans keep feigning
Straight up, no leaning, I'm right where the chips at

Or even in the hood where the Crips at
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Yeah yeah
That's where the cash beAll right now, I need Passion to the stage
I need Destiny, Maliah, Passion
And I'mma be right there, right where my cash be
I need y'all to the stage, let's go
Yeah yeah
I need y'all on the stage, let's go
WorkIn a white Ghost sipping holy water
Always been the type to get it close to Porter's
After play, Barry Bonds, out the park
I got hits, what you mean?
I through the dart
At the wall, off the wall, I feel like Mike
I don't miss, niggas talkin' shit
Say I took his bitch, hit that pussy, it took one night
Hitting that hoe quick, it was just aight
Uhh, not at all
I ain't get to see the wall, I cocked 'em all
Fucked it all, fuck the law, fuck you thought
I ain't change, seen my chain looks like the car
Flashy man, flashy this and dancing on me
Dirty dancing, dancing like my double cup
Lemonade to niggas that be talking tough
See you got money, I just double up
Multiply, fuck addition, fuckin' bitches all night
Macauley Culkin, rich and riches
This the life, they walk away, it's so delicious
Up in Dubai, sushi, hella bitches
Aw man, wrote a check, two commas, lean lean
Tell em' I need two shots, by two o' clock
Plus that adds about two thousand, two drops
Pull up with my crew, sinara

Songwriters
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