Pile Up

The Phoeno

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H-Town
Let no man separate what we create

Paper stacking like skyscrapers
You haters catching vapors
I'm so major it's unfair
I am rare
to be frank
I'm Tom Hanks
A league of their own
I am grown
So leave that bullshit alone
surrounded by piranhas
I deserve a Rita Ora Rihanna
I had Juice
Way before Bishop was hanging from the roof
Me against the world with nothing to lose
Throw some bread out
Fuck what you heard about
Niggas flock like penguins
Only when you fucking winning (UGH)

Chorus

Can a young nigga get money any more
Stacks in my slacks got em dragging on the floor
Don't get mad my bitch curves better than yours
Sipping on champagne with a stretch limo with 10 doors
Can a young nigga get money any more
Stacks in my slacks got em dragging on the floor
Don't get mad my bitch curves better than yours
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Let the money pile up
Let the money pile up
Let the money pile up

Let the money pile up

Verse 2

Funky Funky fresh dressed
to impressed ready to party
In my coup with my group
trying to leave with you
don't act brand new
and try to tell you taking
cause i heard u ain't impressed with the money he making
and i'm collecting money like a bank teller
with more soul than a stellar
money flowing like a propeller
Blind to the bullshit like my name is Helen Keller
getting money my only option
ain't no stopping the prophet
from getting this profit
in my pockets my wallet similar to Wallace
Sonnets be the product
I am the hottest
all that's missing is a goddess
Houston we got a problem
blasting of like a rocket

Chorus
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