

Pile Up

The Pheno

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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

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Let the money pile up

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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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