

Counting Money

Berner

I'm 20 bees, a hundred sixty G's
I been balling all week I'm counting money in my sleep
No sleep, my body feel weak and I ain't had time to eat
I'm counting money in my sleep
I'm caked up right now I gotta check
I'm checking bottles to the neck I'm counting money in my sleep
I'm counting money all day, I'm counting money all day
I'm counting money all day, I'm counting money in my sleep Oh right about now, I'm blowing cash
In this low lane cruising I'm too hot to go fast
I put some brand new lights in my benz and in my stashes
A fully loaded mag turkey bags full of gas
When we touch down then we celebrate
Watch me get trippy, watch me elevate
Money ain't an issue now I spend it when I get it
Limo tinny with about three or four bitches in it
And now I'm with my money get a rush when I'm counting
Lost a pack in the mill I thank God when I found it
In the club we're making fucking light show
Where the ice and the bottles that we buy, I'm counting money
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I'm counting money all day, I'm counting money all day
I'm counting money all day, I'm counting money in my sleep Right about now I'm getting bread with a bad little
bitch
Little mama give me head,
While I'm floating and I'm sip on my potion
I'm in the bossin got the loudest shit in the city look what I'm smoking
And my cherry red chevy with the top down
They'll be like damn what just mother fucker bout now
I bought a new home, a little Louie and some Prada
A 55 inch flat screen for my daughter
We bout a hundred thousand dollar for tomorrow just to flex
In the club try to show up if you wanna
I pull up with them ballas shut collars and piranhas
Shout out to my plug them talk thousand Tijuana

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I'm counting money all day, I'm counting money in my sleep Right about now I'm caked out
No no chips I put the pearl face out
I bet you cry when you look down the barrel
I'm on the pharel with a bitch I like bitches but she straight as an arrow
Had the money coming in so fast
I'm looking out like it, damn I know this won't last
We hit the strip club and make a movie money flies in the air
The way she look it at me like she wanna fuck me right here
And right about now, you really got me a check
Why you got your glass up or take the shit to the neck
Yeah I'm blowing kush smoke and I'm pissing my whip
You got a brand new paint job that can't be out wit
I'm counting money I'm 20 bees, a hundred sixty G's
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No sleep, my body feel weak and I ain't had time to eat
I'm counting money in my sleep
I'm caked up right now I gotta check
I'm checking bottles to the neck I'm counting money in my sleep
I'm counting money all day, I'm counting money all day.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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