

Out the Mud (feat. Young Thug)

Money Man

[Verse 1: Young Thug]

Blatt! Blatt! Blatt! Jeeee~

I make the pop flip

I'm stacking my chips

Like I'm in Vegas

She gotta have hips

Ain't fucking no RIP

My car is the latest

My pockets on blimp

I'm pissing out zips

My kids are lazy Keys all on my cars

I shine like a star

I'm higher than Mars, ohh

My jewelry is winning, no poo

And this street shit is in me, Ryu

I got tats on my fore arms

I smoke more trees than a Palm

Hey and I'm.....blowing, no bomb

That FN I got is bout loud as a car alarm [Hook: Money Man]

I told her jump inside the bed

I told her open up ya legs

I told her come and use ya head

These niggas beefing over bread

These niggas talking to the Feds

I just go burn a pound of Meds

I buy a brick and shake a leg

I had to go and get it out the mud

I had to turn myself in to a plug

Ain't nobody want to show me love

I had to crawl out from the slums

I cut half these niggas off

Cause half these niggas too soft

I had to bounce back when I lost

Ran it up now a nigga on me [Verse 2: Money Man]

I went to Arizona for a minute

Buy the boy just a cheaper ticket

Baby girl let a plug hit it

I'm a beast when them drugs in me

I'm with the growers out at Cali

They just be tossing bags at me
These niggas use to laugh at me
Now these bitches throwing ass at me
Ain't have a shoulder to lean on
Ain't have an OG to put me on
Ran up a hundred thousand on my own
Ran up a hundred thousand from the strong
I'm kicking bitches out the coupe
I'm giving speeches to the troops
Grab the F n N and let it loose
I just can't snitch on my connect
I just can't go for disrespect
Pour a 40 ease all the stress
Don't make me break a little nigga neck
Streets turning a nigga to a monster
Swear to god a nigga eating Lobster
I keep a cart by all the robbers
That's a hundred rounds for all my problems

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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