Making Money

Gucci Mane

[Verse 1] God damn a little boy got M's On my wall lives 100 eggplants They say you got money, nothing else matters But two things nigga, family matters most I got money and I smoke, smoke, smoke I pray to god I don't ever go broke I ain't never ever stopped selling dope And I'll never stop buying mink coats My girl [?] got a pink diamond choker Yellow diamond necklace costa [?] She got a walk kinda slow cause she's a meal ticket I only fuck with bad bitches, Gucci real picky I got a city bitch, a country bitch, turn me up a lil bit I gave you a lot of it, y'all ain't seen the half of it I got 30 squares, pussy nigga do the math of it I got good aim, pussy nigga Gucci accurate[Hook] Imma keep making money, Imma keep making money You keep making comics, Imma keep making commas You keep making cockpits, but I keep making commas Money don't make you real, but I really do got money You keep chasing pussy, and I keep chasing money[Verse 2] Can't stop me nigga, can't block me nigga Better chill, sit back and just watch me nigga Getting so much top might top that nigga Imma open up shop, come shop young nigga Been Guwop, let's shootout nigga Tell the fuck nigga up to 2Pac nigga She sleep in my bed and she give me good head But she still worrying bout what the bitch gon say Still saying Imma get rich one day Imma get money every goddamn day Broke ass niggas can't get no date

In the club, singing out, shawty swing my way
Money will talk like a high top fade
I'm a rich kid, baby who wanna come play?

At the club live on a Sunday, screaming out free my nigga Fortre
Sir Mixalot, my [?] are on broadway
Serve bricks a lot, I got so much yay
She a filthy bitch, she got a filthy twat
I can tell that the bitch sucks dicks a lot
I started off a nick bag, ran it up to a big bag
Never friends with a shitbag, get glad or get mad[Hook]

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