

# Money

## Flame

Girl, the way you're movin' got me in a trance  
DJ turn me up, ladies this yo' jam  
I'ma sip Moscato and you gon' lose them pants  
Then I'ma throw this money while you do it with no hands  
Girl drop it to the flo'  
I love the way yo booty go  
All I want to do is sit back and watch you move  
And I'll proceed to throw this cash  
All that ass in yo' jeans  
Can Wale be, can Roscoe scheme  
Long hair, she don't care when she walk she get stares  
Brown skin or a yellow bone, DJ this my favorite song  
So I'ma make it thunderstorm, Bud, want it, Flocka here  
Throw it, fuck it, I don't care, chests flyin' everywhere  
Got my partner Roscoe, like bruh, I'm drinkin', help  
Can't you tell, booze help me hit them 15 steps so fuck it  
Well, I'm tryin' to hit the hotel with 2 girls that swallow me  
Take this dick, gonna swallow, that Moscato got her freaky  
Hey, you got me in a trance, please take off yo' pants  
Pussy pop on her handstand, you got me sweatin', please pass me a fan, damn  
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She said look ma no hands, she said look ma no hands  
And no darlin', I don't dance  
And, I'm with Roscoe, I'm with Waka  
I think I deserve a chance  
I'm a bad motherfucker  
Go on, ask some motherfuckers  
A young handsome motherfucker  
I sling that wood, I just nunchuk 'em  
And who you wit'? And what's yo name?  
And you not hear, boo? I'm Wale  
And that D.C. shit I rep all day

And my eyes red 'cause of all that haze  
Don't blow my high, let me shine  
Drumma on the beat, let me take my time  
Nigga want beef, we can take it outside  
Fight for what broad, these ho's ain't mine  
Is you out yo' mind? You out yo' league  
I sweat no bitches, just sweat out weaves  
Wear out tracks, let me do my thing  
I got 16 for this Roscoe thing  
But, I'm almost done, let me get back to it  
Whole lot of loud and a little backwood  
Whole lot of money, big tip I would  
I put her on the train, little engine could, bitch  
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R-O-S-C-O-E, we Mr. Shawty, put it on me, please  
I be goin' ham, shawty upgrade from baloney, please  
Them niggas tippin' good, girl, but I can make it flood  
'Cause I walk around with pockets that are bigger than my bus  
Rain, rain go away, that's what all my haters say  
My pockets stuck on overload, my rain never evaporates  
No need to elaborate, most of these ducks exaggerate  
But I'ma get money, nigga, everyday stuntin', nigga, ducks might get a chance after me  
Bitch, I'm ballin' like I'm comin' off of free throws  
So ahead of the game, no cheat codes  
Lambo, Rosco, no street code  
And your booty got me lost like Nemo  
Go, go, go, g-go on  
And do yo' dance  
And, I'ma throw this money  
While you do it wit' no hands  
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