

Money In The Bank (feat. Young Buck)

Lil Scrappy

Okay-kay-kay-kay

G's up

Lil Scrappy

I got money

BME, (BME), money in the bank

G-Unit! I got money in the bank (yea)

Shawty, what you drank? I'm a get that dough and fuck with dem hos

Young ladies that know me, know Scrappy's a pro

Fill up at the bar, go get a massage

Find me a couple, we can make it a menage

You be tryin' hard, but, nigga, don't start

You be doin' shit is gon' get you to the morgue

I go get that paper, a mega fuckin' watch

I be pullin' out knots that can buy me a yacht

Hold on, baby, please, go get on yo' knees

If you don't do it for me then do it for the cheese (yeah)

I got extra weed (yeah), money long like sleeves (yeah)

If a nigga try to creep, I got extra heat

Got a bank account with a large amount

If a nigga wanna talk, nigga, we can let it bounce (bounce)

Take it outside, nigga; fuck fallin' back

Killers run up in the club, ballin' with a bigger stack Two step with me, let me show you how it goes

The Murcielago, lemme show you how it rolls

I got a Bentley that I only drove one time

50 bought it for me, shorty, but it's still mine

My Chevy clean, and the paint look like lemon-lime

You wanna shine; it ain't hard; just get on your grind

We keep a bankroll wallet full of credit cards

Cup full of Cristal, box full of cigars

Dirty South tatted on my back; I'm country

She said she like the way I talk; these hos love me

Club goin' crazy; we throwin' out stacks

G-Unit South, yeah, tell the DJ bring it back

See, I'm A-Town stompin' in a A-Town hat

But I'm reppin' Tennessee like my homey Project Pat

It ain't 'bout where you from, homeboy, it's where you at

Scrappy beat me on the dice, yeah

It's cool

I'll be back

Cause I got

Songwriters

VIGIL, RAFAEL / GALDO, JOE / DERMER, LAWRENCEPublished by

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