

Money (CJ Milli DJ Edit)

N.A.S.A.

If you've got a ton of big face hundred dollar bills
How much money would you have?
And every hundred dollar bill weigh a gram
And there's 28 grams in an ounce and there's 16 ounces in a pound
How many pounds is it in a ton?
Got to be about your uh, uh, uhI slide through, the 5-double 0 drop S-see
'97 Sport and shorts and matchin jewels
Worth about a quarter, mil-ticket is how we dress
True ballers fakin meal tickets up in the West
I know you want to touch us 'cause at the clubs you ladies rush us
'cause we're all about our cash, luxury livin' and hoes love it
Havin' money by the ton, Rolex and Bossalini
A nuchi give Versace cologne, now want to see me
At my best or worst? I gets paper when I burst
Repeatedly, heated, dumpin' low-low's, you know I'll burst
To get my cash on, I spin the A-1 dolla
For money by the ton, come get it with no soda[Chorus]
Money by the ton, that's the way it comes
We all, get paid
Oh oh, we make
Money by the ton, that's the way it comes
We all, get paid
OhI'm all about the paper, nothin can come between that
But Lexus, fully diamondback, ? and bald caps
Holler "Thug", that's what we be, who you see?
Steepin' out of rag boys, cornises and Bentleys
Six million dollar homes, we stays to the flow
Now how much cash can you stack in a twenty thousand pound boat?
It's money by the tons, fo' sho' homey and all hunds
And if ya get past the gate, cameras and pitbulls, you can have some
Flossin', no one flosses like bosses do
But caution, when they float 'cause the wrong step, bodyguards swoop
To protect those, diamond Rolexos
Sippin' that X-O on chromed-up leaky's and Lexo's
I put it down, pound for pound, surrounded by the millions
Fancy cars, movie stars tryin' to make a billion
Come show them my cash bundle, you are a pocket
Addicted to money, they can't stop it, it's daily comin' by the ton[Chorus]Now how you picture mad loot,
stretch Rolls and rag Coupes?

Big faces laced, I want all my dollars brand new
I stand true to the game, on loot to the money train
Rolex's and diamond rings, big bodies with the blowed brains
I bring the pain to get the cash like Jesse James
Til the wild wild West is drained by Major Pain
Who got the loot? Big bodied Coupes and S-Classes
And when we swoop, kickin' the loot or catchin' casket
Load up the rigs, with crazy big-faced hunds
Headed for the drug, still weighin' it by the ton
'cause money makes the world go round, stackin' off-shore accounts
Waitin' on the ?
So be a baller, got to keep it on the slunder
Millions by the hundred, transactions through account numbers
More money than you ever seen in big faced hunds
Comin' in a hundred and twenty million every ton[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

Byrne, Phelim / Hardwidge, Matthew GilesPublished by

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