

Where Yo Money at? (feat. Pacman)

Nipsey Hussle

Uh! What? Yeah
Turn me up a little bit
Where yo money at?
We gon' smoke a hundred sacks
Shootin' up your block
Switch cars, then we double back
You a funny cat
You ain't made a hundred racks
You ain't nothin' like Nip Hussle
That's a fuckin' fact
Puttin' on for my city, got 100 stats
I'm the realest nigga in it, can't front on that
A lot of fake niggas hate me cause they wanna rap
But if they dumb enough to say it I'm a fuckin snap
Big guns, big guns, I got big guns
AR's, AK's, nigga pick one
This young nigga on that shit you should get on
And I promise she get fucked if yo bitch come
Know some Inglewood niggas showed a crip love
He was like that nigga Nip kinda sick blood
Know them east side niggas bang my shit tough, it's all of love
Even to my homeboys that switched up
Funny thing is they swore when I get rich
I would turn my back on em but I'm still up in the mix
God damn, ain't that a bitch
Can a young pull up in a six gettin' his dick sucked
Where yo money at? 50's and yo 100's at?
Drop my new shit, tour the world then we double back
I be runnin laps 'til I'm runnin rap
I don't want no help, ain't no fun in that
Like the type of raps make you wanna stack
Make a nigga want a Benz, make 100 racks
I heard yo tape, where you done it at?
Where you ever grind? Where you stunted at?
You wasn't full time, you was comin' back
You was like I'm finna roll, it was finna crack
Cause you ain't want none of that
Give me love, give me cash, give me respect
Anything, other than, I'm a reject
Give me time, give me space, give me a sec
On the real, what you gone get is the best
You lowin', I ain't fuckin' with' it at all, you know it

Niggas ain't standin' this tall, you know it
All money in the name of the squad
That's how you niggas know we came to ball, just watch
Big guns, big guns, I got big guns
AR's, AK's, nigga pick one
Big guns, big guns, I got big guns
AR's, AK's, nigga pick one

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>