

About the Money (feat. Young Thug)

T.I.

Yea man TIP in this motherfucker with me nigga
To the max with it (racks)
I count six shots Bustin' out the bando
A nigga jewelry real metal like a can opener
I went from rags to riches to a feature with Tip
I went from Smart Car to a bitch with some smart lips
And the F&N make my hip limp
I'm goin' fishin' with these little bitty shrimp dimps
And my bank roll got a big dip
She gon' bring it on a big ship
Quite trill, no Quik Trip
I got drugs in the alley, know Tip there
She just wanna have a good day
Smoke way more weed than a guy in L.A
I want them birds 'til next May
Never let em fly away
What!? Aye buddy, aye buddy
Listen what my nigga Tip say
If it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it
Turn it! I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh
I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye
Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, hey
Ay, what you think we in the neighborhood for?
Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho
Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones"
Put your money down, I could buck a hard 4
You playin' with it, I'ma send 'em through your car door
My watch flooded, shit sick, got Parvo
I'm doin' it for black and yellow, free Hardo
The head honcho, nigga no Tonto, nigga
I'm quick to put some bricks in a Bronco, nigga

Niggas talk shit, well I don't respond to no nigga
 No murder, no dough, no convoIf it ain't about the money
 Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
 If it ain't about the money
 Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
 If it ain't about the money
 Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
 If it ain't about the money
 Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it
 Turn it! I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh
 I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh
 I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye
 Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye
 She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey
 When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, heyAye, what you think we in the
 neighborhood for?
 Standin in the trap, slangin good blow
 Maybach used to slang that crack
 Buy a stolen car while he bang that AK
 If you ever took a loss better bring that back
 Catcha' witcha' betcha' heat will blow your brains bout that
 Know you better be, on your best behavior when addressing me
 Because, bye-gones, we don't let em be
 Niggas disrespect me, I'm a catch a felony
 For real, if you listen I can get you paid
 But not interested in shit you sayIf it ain't about the money
 Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up
 If it ain't about the money
 Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
 If it ain't about the money
 Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
 If it ain't about the money
 Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it
 Turn it! I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh
 I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh
 I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye
 Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye
 She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey
 When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, heyAy, what you think we in the
 neighborhood for?
 Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
 I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho
 Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones" nigga

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