

# Money Problems / Benz Truck

Bryson Tiller

Hey  
Goddamn, goddamn  
Hey (God)  
Hey  
Oh, yeah, yeah, haha, trueMoney, money, power I need checks in every week  
Four Season, nigga, I need breakfast in my suite  
Niggas don't make money when they disrespecting me  
You would think they got a check, the way they checking for me, no  
Every time you see me, I'm in go mode  
Niggas ain't 'bout to charge up, blowing smoke (smoke)  
When I drop a few niggas is goin' ghost  
You gassed up thinkin' we go toe-to-toe  
Ayy, I'm bout to go Kanye West on niggas  
You know care less if I upset some niggas  
Hey, supposedly I've been in debt with niggas  
Fuck 'em, I ain't writing out no check for niggas  
My lawyer check them niggas, said don't sweat them niggas  
Order lobster for breakfast and dinner  
He talkin' wild, I said objection, nigga  
You a lame, get up out my section, nigga  
Hey, he throwin' shade, I don't play fetch with niggas  
Yeah, big money, still I rarely flex on niggas  
Don't need attention, just respect from niggas  
Oh no, all I really need is, need is  
Money, money, power I need checks in every week  
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Niggas don't make money when they disrespecting me  
You would think they got a check, the way they checking for me  
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Niggas don't make money when they disrespecting me  
You would think they got a check, the way they checking for me  
No way, that's okay, that's okay  
Oh, I come a long way  
Yeah and it's been a while since I clocked in  
Came out on top and shawty tell me I'm poppin'  
Might miss a concoction, yeah, pour me a drink up  
When these niggas start wildin', yeah, you the one that I think of  
And God, he the only one thing keepin' you niggas from gettin' sprayed up  
For my daughter, I'm gangster, for a dollar, you a traitor (traitor, traitor, traitor)  
You got money problems, I'm sorry (hey)  
Ain't no money problems ever stop me (never)  
I just treat a prayer like a hobby

And then I prosper to godspeed and it got me  
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Money, money, power I need checks in every week  
Four Season, nigga, I need breakfast in my suite  
Niggas don't make money when they disrespecting me  
You would think they got a check, the way they checking for me, no  
Ayy, yeah, I heard  
They talkin' crazy on the block still  
I ain't on the block no more, I'm in the hills  
Just checked the temperature, I'm hot still  
Ridin' 65, I'm on them hot wheels  
The flow way when I'm sauced up  
I got my money right last year, I bossed up  
Them diamonds, they look fake, they must ain't cost much  
Fake friends, they gon' say we lost touch  
Strangers, they gon' say I switched up  
Broke niggas look at me like easy lick, yeah  
Bad bitches want my kids, yeah  
Light skin, I call 'em my honey dip, yeah  
Niggas waitin' on me to slip up  
On my black, I just flex that's how I feel, yeah  
Lambo with the doors up, just for a feel up  
Pull up to the crib, jump inside the Benz truck  
Ayy, jump inside the Benz truck  
I might sell the Lambo, buy a Benz truck  
Or a SLS, gotta pick one  
Get my bitch one  
And she at the crib, yeah, doin' sit ups  
And she tryna get fit for a young nigga  
She a down ass bitch, that's why I fuck with her  
I'm just tryna get rich, double up figures  
Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em  
She a down ass bitch, that's why I fuck with her  
She a down ass bitch  
Down, down, down, down, down

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