That money is coming, that money is coming And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up Double up, double up, double up, double up No, I can't get enough I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off I step in the party like "Let's get it started" Yeah I'm 'bout to go off That money is coming, that money is coming And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up Double up, double up, double up No, I can't get enough I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off Step in the party like "Let's get it started" Yeah I'm 'bout to go off Top down in the summer, top down in the summer I came back like LeBron down 3 to 1 I don't understand man, it make me wonder Why the homie tried to rob him if he had a gun Eyes behind shades watching life fade Girls shaking ass, it must be a parade If all these niggas on I must be the one If all these niggas shooters I must be the gun That money is coming, that money is coming And I'm bout to f\*ck it up She shaking that ass so fast, the cash she bout to run it up Like what is your motive They want the fame, I want cash and promotion I'm making it splash on that ass like the ocean I ride my own wave 'cause my cuz'll be rolling I'm grinding double the time for mine, I'm keeping it coming in Had the Audi at 18, the Bimmer at 20 Now I'm bout to cop the Benz My circle so small that everyone else on the outside looking in I don't trust nobody, I don't see nobody Versace shades on my lens That money is coming, that money is coming And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up Double up, double up, double up No, I can't get enough I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off I step in the party like "Let's get it started" Yeah I'm 'bout to go off That money is coming, that money is coming And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up Double up, double up, double up No, I can't get enough I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off Step in the party like "Let's get it started" Yeah I'm 'bout to go off Really got money off I rap When I fall through the trap I'ma show off Smoking that KK, you hit this shit once I promise that you gon' cough Riding around in my '62, hit the switch once when I skrrt off Passenger seat got your bitch

If she say she don't smoke that's a turn off Tatted up, I got my shirt off Hating you can't get a word off You the kind I never heard of Taylor Gang or seeing murder She want some dick, guarantee I'ma serve her Practice what I preach Don't filter on me, I just teach what I learned Got weed and I burn it She giving me brains, that secret service Don't speak what you worth We parkin' low rider so deep on the curb Stay holding it down for my team on you geeks and you nerds You ain't 'bout your paper my nigga and I think it's absurd She say she love you but really that shit's a diversion Say that you stacking but really be splurging I get a old school Impala and cut that shit up like a surgeon

That money is coming, that money is coming And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang) Double up, double up, double up No, I can't get enough I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off (We smoking good over here) I step in the party like "Let's get it started" Yeah I'm 'bout to go off (My nigga Casey what's good? Gang Gang, Jet Life, you heard?) That money is coming, that money is coming And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up Double up, double up, double up No, I can't get enough (Double that shit up, roll another joint) I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off (Put another bitch on top of that bitch) (Buy another car on top of that car) (Get another watch, get another chain) I step in the party like "Let's get it started" (Do your own thing nigga, Ta ylor Gang) Yeah I'm 'bout to go off

She ain't with the questions I told her I ain't with the extras I'm glad we made a connection Checking them hoes off my check list All in the club and we flexing She f\*cking it up in the section It made her think all we do is sin And then she realized I'm a blessing Really do it, ain't gotta show off This real life, I can't take a day off Go hard or go home like the playoffs If you stay there, you might just get paid off You ain't never whipped these cars nigga You ain't never seen a hundred large nigga You ain't minaj'd these broads nigga One thing 'bout my gang, we all get it Girl I pull up in the hood for ya Everything that look good, it ain't good for ya The haters is watching, I can't trust 'em If the bullets start flying it's no discussion He did too much talking, I had to rush 'em Got your bitch in the back and I ain't bluffing The streets is so crazy but it's what made me Fifty mil couldn't change me, I'm still Casey

We run up the bands and we going crazy
Yeah we run up the bands and we going crazy
Book up the flights and we on vacation
Gave her a shot but I never chase it
The money I'm married, I can't replace her
Do me a favor, do me no favors
Nothing was handed, I had to take it
I can tell that they don't wanna see me make it, yeah

That money is coming, that money is coming
And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up
Double up, double up, double up
No, I can't get enough
I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off
I step in the party like "Let's get it started"
Yeah I'm 'bout to go off
That money is coming, that money is coming
And I'm 'bout f\*ck it up
Double up, double up, double up, double up
No, I can't get enough
I'm really the boy I ain't gotta say it, let them niggas show off
Step in the party like "Let's get it started"
Yeah I'm 'bout to go off