

Money Talkin

Gudda Gudda

One thing on my mind and that's to get it
I want the world, nigga, and everything that's in it
Riding with my niggas and them 4's cocked
Take your jewels and sell 'em back with interest - that's a pawn shop
They be like when you gonna stop?
Never, till I'm sitting on top
All I know is that green light
Gotta pull off my whole block
Reporting live from the bottom of the map
Riding with a 30 shot clip, bodies all neck
Don't be reckless, don't test us,
I'll put you on my checklist
You feeling lucky today? Then I can make your death wish
Hard body, we wreck them up,
Scarred body, I'll tear it up
Aim for the nose, hit his eyes, slick, rick, patch him up
My young niggas be acting up,
Check niggas, that's acting tough
Ball for ball, I'm sick with that fire,
Who's gonna match 'em up?
Nobody, I'm so Gotti, I whack niggas with no problem
Red in my pocket groin, I ain't never havin dope problems
That's your problem, solve it nigga, AKO revolver nigga
Stay in your lane, I'm giving coffins out, I'll morgue a nigga
East Side, we mobbing, nigga,
Lames best respect that
Jaw jacking, gon get your jaw cracked, chin check that

Riding with my niggas and we mobbin'
Best believe if it's beef you don't want problems
30 shot clip, that'll solve 'em
Money on my mind, when I'm speaking, money talkin'
Money talkin', money talkin'
Damn right, that's the money talkin'
Money talkin', money talkin'
God damn right, that's the money talkin'

My young niggas ridin' with them 30 shots
My old G still calling for the blunt
My brother locked up, gotta send him cakes
My bitch says she straight, watch this paper turn to dank
Got my chain on, fuck it, turn off all the lights
I ain't never left, bitch my money right
My hoes bad, I pimp hard like 8 ball
My MJ's G'd up,
Wanna catch me? Speed up
That boof gone, I'm smokin,
Money loan came for that
From the west side of that shot and on my mama, I done met Oprah
Yeah, Boo ain't speaking 'cause the money do
100 round drums make the killers move
Hell no, we don't dance hoe
Gudda Gudda blowing money like a bad hoe
I be playing bitches, banjo
Weed so loud you thought it was a bando

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I'm riding with this mula
My passengers, my shotgun, rider, that's my shooter
Nightmare on any street, call me Gudda Krueger
Catch a body then catch a flight then I lay low in Aruba
This is young money, rich game,
6th speed when I switch lanes
Me and my girl don't be a skank,
'Bout to hit the bitch and blow big chains
Still Gudda, ain't shit changed,
Just take a look at my wrist game
You reach for that motherfucker you won't see your wrist again
Sinner shop on tenth bay,
Next spine and yo shittin crack
I spot you a half of thing I'd better that ten back, yeah
That's the way it work, that's the way it go
I'm screaming fuck you, pay me on the daily, hoe

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