Lord

The money turned me into a monster
The money turned my noodles into pasta
The money turned my tuna into lobster
They want to do me I'mma do it like a mobster

4 A.M. I'm on the north side of Philly Riding around like these haters don't want to kill me It's a shame how they hate on me you gotta feel me I started out with a dollar and got a milli I'm like do it for the gram ho, do it for the gram ho She don't want to bust it I say do it for them bands yo I say do it for them bands fucking with that broke nigga you should do it fo r your man Lately I've been on the low with a ho that you probably know Took her to the crib and met momma right at the door Momma started smiling like momma I got to go I done took so many trophies to momma that momma know I said a real nigga, I get that money pay them bills nigga My momma told me "you a real nigga" And I be hanging with them real killers Now what a feeling when you looking at the latest whip and knowing you can c op it Or looking at the baddest bitch and knowing you could pop it The youngest nigga in my city doing it I got it On another level with Benjamin and money is the topic

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That was us, never sweet We went to war niggas riding down the street Popping that pistol they talking they never did Dropping the nickel with something that never cease I've been sitting on that money like a chair I've been getting to that money all year All year and my niggas all here But we started from the bottom we was selling hard squares Baddest bitch in the game wearing my chain I'm ready Switching lanes in that Mulsanne like I'm Andretti I do the Balmain, Balenciaga, no Giuseppe If they sleep on Meek Milly I kill these niggas like I was Freddy I eat that pussy like a monster She gon' ride this dick she need a sponsor You could tell I'm Philly from my posture And we be whipping coca like its pasta I be on money, 2 milly 4 milly no I need more money I get that "see a bad bitch and be like how you doing" money They be like how you doing honey oh

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