

# Ya'll Ain't Makin' No Money

Webbie

Woke up from a long night of sex this mornin'  
Brushed my teeth, got fresh this mornin'  
Hear my girl talk a lil' mess this mornin'  
Hit the hood got a bag of that this mornin'

Know I'm livin' good all them dog hoes on me  
Good dope sells all over my phone  
Know I'm finna keep it gangsta all over this song  
Got my hands all over this chrome

Nigga act hard all day long man fuck that  
Man I'll put it on my chain you won't bust a gat  
Man let me take you to the backyard  
Different color lacks boy

Half a mil' cash in ya hand y'all don't understand  
Bricks in my pants say lil' dude this grown man shit  
Why is you sayin' shit, who is you playin' with  
I got a big house, who is you stayin' with  
'Til you can spend this type of shit on ya wrist

Y'a'll ain't makin' no money, y'all ain't makin' no money  
Y'all ain't really doin' nothin', y'all ain't thuggin', y'all stuntin'  
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Y'all ain't makin' no money, ya'll ain't makin' no money  
Y'all ain't really doin' nothin', ya'll ain't thuggin', y'all stuntin'  
Y'all ain't makin' no money, y'all ain't makin' no money  
Y'all ain't really doin' nothin', y'all just fuckin' around

You saved up yo chips, to buy you a whip  
Music with the big rims, boy you a trip  
If you knew what I was worth boy I bet you would flip  
And the majority of these bitches I done already ripped

These hoes rippin' off a pimp (what!)  
Tell that bitch stock earrings hit me for a block to the wrist watch  
Got a couple niggas up in jail, they ain't gettin' out  
Webbie young savage trill fam we ain't sittin' out

Had my wife beater and my bracelets and my pants on  
Bitch I still had 85 grand on  
Think I ain't demonic gettin' on then ya damn wrong  
Play with me, I wouldn't even take a chance on it

Bitch put ya pants on, get ya ass gone  
9 times outta 10 you ain't stayin' long  
Devil ass niggas I've been tryin' not to stand on em  
Mayne I'm hot, man y'all need to turn the fan on

We hit the spot and get to blowin' it, pourin' it  
We gettin' money like we growin' it  
A lot of 150 dollar bottles got us pourin' it  
Drinkin' 'til I'm throwin' it, I'll see y'all in the morning

See me put the tag in the window, just soarin' it  
My hips say I warn ya, my whip say I'm doin' it

All I'm sayin', man don't complain, I'll ruin it  
I'll clean a hunnid grand out tha trunk and put you in it

Bitch niggas hate, niggas cake, niggas fake, a minute late  
Album waitin', real estate, nigga ate like a buffet  
And I just got the new J's, these go good with my new shades  
Stopped by the shop, got a new fade, gotta thank god for  
Straight to the hood to see some new cake  
Aye that crown will mess with my shake  
No matter where you go I'm a stay in yo place  
If you ain't gettin' no money better stay in your place

Grim don't stop then we goin' all day  
So iced out, it been snowin' all day  
Trill ent and we goin' all day  
Y'all niggas broke and it's all in y'all face