

# All About

Young Dolph

It's all about skrilla  
It's all about cash  
It's all about paper  
It's all about weight

I just spent your budget on my right wrist  
In a drop top smoking kush with my white bitch  
I just turned your main bitch to my side bitch  
How you get that new Rarri and it ain't out yet  
(I don't know, damn)  
It's all about money, it's all about cake  
I'm getting too much, I keep a toothache  
It's all about paper, and I'm super straight  
Ain't getting no money then you in the way  
It's all about money, it's all about cake  
I'm getting too much, I keep a toothache  
It's all about paper and I'm super straight

Riding in some foreign through Atlanta  
Balmain jeans and Saint Laurent bandana  
Why I sag so hard bitch mind your manners  
Excuse me I'm high as hell, bitch mind your business  
Was fucked up, now I'm doing tremendous  
We talkin' about money, you know I got plenty  
All of my bitches, they look like a vixen  
All of my niggas trigger finger itchin'  
I can't help it that I'm paid as fuck and all of these niggas bitches love me  
I can't help I paid these bitches no mind, and they still wanna fuck me  
Pull up, count the bread, and I'm gone  
I'm getting money, I'm never at home  
My little bitch, she bad to the bone  
Got dirty in my styrofoam  
Fresh as fuck like I'm going to the prom  
Presidential, Obama on my arm  
She get in my passenger seat, she gone  
It's over, I won

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It's all about dealing, it's all about weight  
It ain't 'bout these bitches, it's 'bout getting paid  
It ain't about friends, it's all about cake  
First they love you, then they hate  
Out here in these streets ain't nobody straight  
That fake shit I can't relate

I keep heat like MIA  
And good weed just like LA  
My lil thick bitch call her bae  
Boy I got more weight than you weigh  
I got what I got cause I prayed  
Guess what else I did, I prayed  
Just got off the phone with God  
And he said there's more on the way  
Real nigga 24/7, not every other day  
I'm killing this shit  
I'm killing this shit, counting millions and shit  
Luxury living and shit  
Counting and chilling and shit  
Handling business and shit  
Racks in the ceiling and shit  
Why I got all this ice on me, because my traphouse lit

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