

# Wiz Khalifa, Kleenex

Money bitch, money bitch, money bitch

Boy I got money, money, money  
I got more money  
Ever run out of guap, I get more money  
Don't gotta think, I just know money  
Kleenex paper, all I blow is money  
I got money, money, money  
I got more money  
Another couple grand are for sure money  
Getting rubber band on the low money  
Niggas hate but all the hoes wanna fuck me  
I got money

I got more money  
Blow it by the O money  
Mix tapes, over a hundred thousand sold money  
Young, but I been getting cake so I got old money  
You niggas tricking on your bitch, so that's your hoes money  
And I ain't playing picturing niggas saying he stole from me (picture that)  
I got put it on your head, and get your gon money  
Marathon long money  
You niggas weak, I got Barry Bonds strong money  
Top 8 tall money  
Beyonce song, um Ring the Alarm money  
I spend so much on ink, even my arms money  
I talk money, to broke niggas, I talk funny  
No breaks so the haters can't stop money  
Now that's a lot of money, too much to think to count  
That check card money, my bars is bank accounts  
A month I make about, hmm shit, I won't even say, just know I'm getting paid

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Money in my shoe box, that's my pot of spinach  
Tall money, small money, like a fucking mission (OK)  
I got mo' money (yea), show money (yea)  
Money by my tube socks call it dro money  
Dro money, kush cash (what's that?)  
O money so I blow it out a big bag  
Mall paper, 10 bags  
Get it roller coaster fast (what's that?) 6 flags  
How that money come? Like a track meet  
Alley money boy, get in on a backstreet  
Time to re-up, my blood call, said he online cop before he log off  
I get straight cash, that's bank shit  
Dumb monkey money, I call it ape shit  
Space shit, alien green  
Get it when it's hot, west-coast money  
Knadda mean?

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