

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Money Cars Clothes

Swiss Beats - Money, cars, clothes, hoes (x2)

I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money

Lil Wayne - Mr Angel on the beat

Young mulla baby, and the devil on the flow ha ha ha

Young mullah baby, and the monsta on the hook ha ha , swizzy!

Young mullah baby, streeetzz..

Lil Wayne - Damn I hate a old fake ass nigga

Dats why you only see me wit some bape ass niggas

We gotta eat early like break fast nigga

New Orleans land of where yo gate pass nigga

Like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, on 4

Pussy ass niggas wont survive no mo

And the niggas say it is ours

but it aint ours no mo

From the deep part of the water where the divers wont go

Hey sharks, sup piranhas,

dem boys catfish, dem boys flanges

I pop on grove, I roll around ya,

hit ya wit that 2 2 step 10 times like ensenza

Fuckin wit my..

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Lil Wayne - yea , yea, ha ha

And fuck that fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck that nigga pussy ass nigga

Yea, yea young mullah baby, t streets..

T streets - fuck, what the fuck I look like

Fuck my verse, nigga

swizz got the hook right

Asian let me catch em wit the beam an its cooked right

Weezy be the crack in the jar and he shook right

And im the nigga standin over the stove

Wit a good price wit a b? ride bitch

Drive bricks an book flights

Good by bad days, hello good nights

No my coke look like Carmelo?

Sittin in lebrons, driver seat reclined

2 woman, my mary j disc and my 9

Its my life, my life, my mutha fuckin life

And fuck one time its..

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Lil Wayne - ha ha. T streets, B A G swalla ha ha

We young mullah baby yea..

I murder that boy, I kill that bitch

Straight burn ya body up like a skillet bitch

I turn beef to me meyou, be my fil-let bitch

And ya stomach aint gotta hurt for you to feel dat shit

So aint no love for no otha so say I fuck dem tricks

Aint no loves flyin now besides birds of dem bricks

Unless you talkin bout eagle dats the street I know

The person now the routes to couldn't see my flow

I clap a nigga 3 times, like the 3 syllables

Word that I know, called (clap) hol - ly - grove

Nigga fuck yo money, clothes, cars, hoes

Kids, friends, and foes, and you and den I get back to the..

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I'm from the ghetto so gimmie my money