

Birdman & Lil Wayne, Money On My Mind

Yeah

(Chorus 2X with variations)

Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money money on my mind
So money is all I think of

Steppin out the motherfuckin car they in awe
I'm lookin like a star bitch when you see me make a wish
Holla at ya motherfuckin boy J.R.
Birdman my pa bitch ball bred born rich
Dear Mr. Toilet I'm the shit
Got these other haters pissed cause my toilet paper thick
I know but trip and that forty make a chip
Out a potato head wimp and like ranch I dip
And the hustle was all muscle just strength
When it comes to that weight I don't struggle I just lift
I got my hand on the game yeah I make a grip
Hundred grand in my fist same on my wrist
Get key money from a quarter blame it on my wrist
I whip coke like hoes nigga I'm a pimp
Lil nigga bout to rape the market
If we talkin bout money baby now we talkin

(Chorus)

(Hook: during chorus)

Fuck bitches (3X)
Get money (3X)
Get money fuck bitches
Fuck bitches get money
Fuck bitches get money

Yeah

Nigga get it in a slump if you know how
In the heart of the summer we need a snow plow
What you know bout that baby its yo time
Coke transactions on the phone we call it blowjob
Too fast for the feds too cocky for the cops
Had to ditch my old bitch gettin sloppy wit the pots
Hoppin off the boat meetin papi at the docks
He tell me I'm gainin weight I tell him I'm gettin paid
Money over bitches I'm yellin it to the grave
Developed at a young age go after what pays
These Gabana sunshades block the sunrays
I drop a car note in the mall on the first day
I gotta get it even if its in the worst way
That cake like it's it's my birthday
New Orleans my birthplace ya heard me
Where moneys more important than the person
Nigga

(Chorus + Hook during chorus)

Twistin up a blunt thinkin bout my next dollar
I'm diggin in the game tryna get some money out her
I'm so vain its a problem
It ain't a stain on these Pradas I'm just bein modest
Got me a goddess sure how to divide it

She still down and she don't get none of the profit
We around the city let the tints hide me
Thats a cold muhfucker whoever inside it
Forever symbolizing the grind it don't walk to you
I make it run like horses do
Giddy up baby if you got it then hit 'em up baby
I know its crazy but I can't get enough baby
I love it I fuckin love it
I'm a self made millionaire fuck the public
Ridin to myself cause I don't fuck with nothin
Pistol on my lap on the way to the money

(Chorus + Hook during chorus)