

# 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)