

# Hell Rell, Money Grows On Trees

Hook:

Bitches think our money grow on trees  
Cuz they see the kinda paper that I blow on V's  
Get a Bentley (Let's go) Cop a Porsche (Let's go)  
Bring it through the block, show 'em you a boss (Here we go)  
Uh-huh, these niggaz think our money got no limits  
Chain so bright, shit ain't even got no pendant  
I spent 50 (what you spent) I dropped 100 (Let's go)  
F\*\*k what I spent, I'm that nigga, you love it

Quarter key in the pot, drop it to the bottom  
Can't pay her bills, shit, that's that hooker's problem  
I think the hook'll drop 'em, plus I got a mean jab  
He said his flow is crack, put that shit in rehab  
Nigga you jacked your whole style  
Your life kinda cheap, you look like you cost 4 thou  
I'm rollin' through, smokin' too, drop Ferrari, ocean blue  
Venice Beach, 50 freaks, condo got a ocean view

Yes sir, no sir, speak when spoken to  
Stupid nigga gon' kill himself if I told him to  
Squeeze 8 in ya face  
I hate a pussy but respect a pussy nigga that'll stay in his place  
We got chefs, you still eating shrimp and broccoli for dinner  
you couldn't ball harder than me if you was a lottery winner  
And I ain't stingy with the money nigga. come get cake  
Damn, how many diamonds can one wrist take

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