## LiL Zane, Money Stretch

What? What? Money stretch Lil' Zane, what'cha saying? ATL's finest, what? What?

Man you can check my lifestyle And see that I'm quite wild Seven twenty-eight night child Universal and versatile You study my style Trying to live spiritual And y'all looking now I can see right now Y'all will never understand me I call my best friend my family until they cross me Alcohol and weed cost me So I limit it Running niggas over like Emmitt did without a squad Drag you about a hundred yards Many bumps and scars Pull out in the hottest cars with my entourage Smoke more L's than Debarge With connects worldwide like Macintosh I practice living large Niggas out of town don't understand these kids (say what?) Niggas comin' to get me can't find where I live I got two or three cribs stack the mill in the mill Y'all get none of this dough shit y'all fiends stay ill

Money stretch like a rubber band So wrap the grands up Catz got beef with me Go call your menz up Coming up unexpected F\*\*king your plans up Bustin' rounds lay it down It's not a game Money stretch like a rubber band So wrap the grands up Catz got beef with me Go call your menz up Coming up unexpected F\*\*king your plans up Bustin' rounds lay it down Now throw your hands up

Name rings up in Hollywood But I'mma true nigga, I'mma stay Hollyhood I never change, might be a little busy though A little nigga from a big ass city yo I love the dough Give me hits, give me more chips I stay legit so the feds can't tell me shit I came in with nothing to lose Now I put my heart into making you move I'm far flung And the charts say I'm number one You number two nigga Check on the Billboard Who under who nigga? Far from an amateur, a money maker Leave your chick alone with me I bet I'll take her The game's taught me one thing

Don't let her break you Money make the world go 'round And the girls go down And even paralyzed niggas gonna feel me now For you nerds that study my words, ya heard

Money stretch like a rubber band So wrap the grands up

Catz got beef with me Go call your menz up Coming up unexpected F\*\*king your plans up Bustin' rounds lay it down (None of us f\*\*k around) Money stretch like a rubber band So wrap the grands up Catz got beef with me Go call your menz up Coming up unexpected F\*\*king your plans up Bustin' rounds lay it down Now throw your hands up

You steady being on the corner right Niggas ain't seen me in a while You probably thought I died You devils love to see a nigga down and teary eyed I call you idiot cause you don't know me really yet I'm from the ghetto and getting dough is all I know I'm on the low I'm a mystery to 5-0 Cause they don't know Damn my check is caught in studio Business is lovely, see me in the videos Bitches wanna f\*\*k me Worldwide nigga ride I'mma about to go to where some people call the other side And live my life in paradise, keep my family tight But I can't keep the way I'm going If the dough ain't right My last days I can't live my life inside a cage I'm getting money and you hataz don't do nothing for me Either you with me or against me Nigga let it show I get the dough non-stop when the track's hot And you know What? Now what? I ain't even gonna rhyme no more Y'all get the picture

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