

Plies, In Love With Money

(feat. T.I.)

Ay homie, Man My Grandma Told Me Dog,
Plies Sit Down Somewhere Bwoi Money Ain't Everythang.
I Told Her Shit How you Kno you Ain't Neva Had Nun

[Chorus:]

I'm Allergic To Broke,
I'm Addicted To Stuntin',
I'm Infatuated Wit Hoes
Nd I'm N Luv Wit Money,
Im in Love Wit Money(Money),
Im in Love Wit Money(Money),
Im in Love Wit Money(Money),
Im in Love Wit Money(Money).

[Verse 1:] Plies

Call Me What U Want Bet U Can't Call Me Broke.
You Pussy Ass Niggas Yall Who I Hustle For.
U In Dese Street N U Ain't Getn Money U A Joke!
I Got Fuck Up Money Nigga Money To Blow!
U Throw Yours In Da Air I Throw Mines On Da Flo'.
U Talk About Money I Kno How To Get It Though.
I'ma Get Money N I'ma Die Two Thangs For Sho'.
U Either Sell Dope Or Rob U Kno How It Go.
I Grind For 20 Hours Nigga N Sleep 4.
I Got Da 26's I Want DA 8's Though.
I Got Five WHips I Want Five Mo'.
I'm N Luv Wit Money Muthafuck A Hoe!

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 2: T.I.]

Everythang From Dis Dro I Blow,
Da 24's I Sit. Up Under Dis New Whip I Can't Get It From A Bitch.
U Kno Da First Gone Cum N Da Bills Be Due. One Day Da Hurs
Gone Cum N Til Dey Do Im Gone Get, Meals On Top Of Meals.
Damn How A Hata Feel.
Dey Talkin About It,
Im Tryna Get It Forreal.
Hey Dey Pretendin About It But I Can Get It Forreal.
I Done Slung Every Drug U Can Deal
(Yeah) Plenty Times I Could've Been Killed,
But Not Only Did I Live U Should
See How Niggas Live.
Gotta Water Flood Property,
Dey Both Back At Her Crib,
Movie Wit Denzel N Da Nigga Actin Forreal.
I Used To Not Have It To Spend But
Now I Got It To Give.
96 Impala N Challengin Niggas To Steal.
My Neck Gone Swell,
Everythang On Chill.
Ima Ball Til I Fall Keyword UNTIL. Yeah.

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 3: Plies]
If U Can Count It N Ya Hands U Ain't Got Enough.
I Want A Money Machine To Count Mines Brah.
I'm Tired Of Da Shoe Box I Wanna See Money Trucks.
U Everythang Wit Money Witout It Ya Fuck!
Talk To A Broke Nigga I Bet His Lyf Rough,
Talk To A Rich Nigga I Bet He Cheer Ya Up.
I Don't Need No Homeboys
I Need My Pockets Stuffed.
Cuz Im Runnin Out Of Time Nigga Im N A Rush.
Cuz Its A Fucked Up Feeling To Ya Pockets Touch.
U Gettin A Quarter Now, U Shoot For A Bird.
U Got Ya First Stack Now Hustle For A Third.
Cuz Money Make Da World Go Round If U Ain't Heard.
If I EVa Go To Prison Money Gone Be Da Reason.
And If Im Lyin God, Stop me From Breathin.
Im Tryin To Live Good,
Homie Im Tired Of Strugglin'
N To Be Honest Wit Ya Dog Im Tired Of Hustlin'.
[Chorus: x2]
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