

Webbie, Y'all Ain't Makin' No Money

[Verse 1:]

Woke up from a long night of sex this mornin
Brushed my teeth, got fresh this mornin
Hear my girl talk a lil mess this mornin
Hit the hood got a bag of that this mornin
Know I'm livin' good all them dog hoes on me
Good dope sells all over my phone
Know I'm finna keep it gangsta all over this song
Got my hands all over this chrome
Nigga act hard all day long mayne f**k that
Mayne I'll put it on my chain you won't bust a gat
Mayne let me take you to the backyard
Different color lacks boy
Half a mil' cash in ya hand ya'll don't understand
Bricks in my pants say lil dude this grown man shit
Why is you sayin shit, who is you playin with
I got a big house, who is you stayin with
Till ya can spend this type of shit on ya wrist

[Chorus:]

Ya'll ain't makin no money, ya'll ain't makin no money
Ya'll ain't really doin nothin, ya'll ain't thuggin, ya'll stuntin
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Ya'll ain't really doin nothin, ya'll ain't thuggin, ya'll stuntin
Ya'll ain't makin no money, ya'll ain't makin no money
Ya'll ain't really doin nothin, ya'll just f**kin around

[Verse 2:]

You saved up yo chips, to buy you a whip
Music with the big rims, boy you a trip
If you knew what I was worth boy I bet you would flip
And the majority of these bitches I done already ripped
These hoes rippin off a pimp (what!)
Tell that bitch stock earrings hit me for a block to the wrist watch
Got a couple niggas up in jail, they ain't gettin out
Webbie young savage trill fam we ain't sittin out
Had my wife beater and my bracelets and my pants on
Bitch I still had 85 grand on
Think I ain't demonic gettin on then ya damn wrong
Play with me, I wouldn't even take a chance on it
Bitch put ya pants on, get ya ass gone
9 times outta 10 you ain't stayin long
Devil ass niggas I've been tryin not to stand on em
Mayne I'm hot, mayne ya'll need to turn tha fan on

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

We hit tha spot and get to blowin it, pourin it
We gettin money like we growin it
A lot of hunnid 50 dolla bottles got us pourin it
Drankin till I'm throwin it, I'll see ya'll in the morning
See me put the tag in the window, just soarin it
My hips say I warn ya, my whip say I'm doin it
All I'm sayin, man don't complain, I'll ruin it
I'll clean a hunnid grand out tha trunk and put you in it
Bitch niggas hate, niggas cake, niggas fake, a minute late
Album waitin, real estate, nigga ate like a buffet
And I just got tha new J's, these go good with my new shades
Stopped by the shop, got a new fade, gotta thank god for [?]
Straight to the hood to see some new cake
Aye that crown will mess with my shake
No matter where you go I'm a stay in yo place
If you ain't gettin no money better stay in your place
Grim don't stop then we goin all day
So iced out, it been snowin all day

Trill ent and we goin all day
Ya'll niggas broke and it's all in ya'll face
[Chorus]