

Yung Bleu, Coast To Coast

Oh, she get the money from coast to coast
We do whatever that floats your boat
(Al Geno on the track)

We get this money from coast to coast
We do whatever that floats your boat
She got her jeans from Fashion Nova
She fuck me good, she crashin' over
I got a spot with unlimited cash
I got a thot with unlimited ass
Load up for the opps, I'm clickin' it fast
See you at the top, go get in your bag

VMG, bitch, and we never gon' fall out
I'm never lackin', we strapped in the mall now
Chopper so big like the leg on a tall guy
I fuck with bosses, don't fuck with no small fry
I heard you rattin', you talkin' to laws now
Nigga don't lie, we saw paper
Shoot at the top of your head with a laser
Straight out the streets and this what I'm made for
You got a body a nigga can love
I'm too excited, I'm feelin' in love
Drop that ass, I'm pickin' it up
I usually never put one in your club
Ooh, you got a body a nigga can love (You got that body, yeah, you got that body)
Ooh, and we get this money, yeah, we get this

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I drop a bag on you
I show them young niggas how to add it up and then spazzed on 'em
Like a car without no wheels, I better not crash on it
My bitch wanted it so I bought it, I put some ass on her
We don't date or hunt, don't play with us, put a tag on it
Can't press pause on the play
I'm on the frontline with the backend
Turning Oodles cups to a steak
They ain't even recognize my accent
I'm from Texas, we don't play
I rep VMG all day
I need a 100K in the safe
She got tattoos on her waist
That bitch fine, plus she a road runner
And she just showed me her bank account
And that bitch look like a phone number
I ain't on vacation but I been with her this whole summer
Oops, I mean this whole winter, feel like do or die 'cause I been poor

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Wherever I'm headed, she down to ride
Lil' baby so gangster, she hold the fire
Fuck you in the car, get rid of your pride
Ride on that dick on the passenger side
She straight out the hood, she know it
That money keep comin', I blow it
You got it, she comin' for yours
Enough ain't enough when it's more, ayy
That money be fallin' all over your forehead
Never be worried 'cause we got some more bread
Fuckin' these bitches today, turn to bowleg
Niggas be black and white, they be some goalies
I know you can't believe, baby
You my lil' angel, please, baby
You never changed on me, baby
You took pain for me, baby, just the pain
Prepared for whatever, money in this shit
I wore my heart on my sleeve
It's all about money, lil' baby gon' suck on me, she put her heart on the leave
I give her that never been given (Given)
And she done updated to sinnin'
And we just took losses together
So we done updated to winnin'

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