

Trey Songz, Married to The Money (feat. Chisanity)

R.I.P. to the Speaker Knockers
All they wanna do is count commas
You know that I'm married to the guapa
You couldn't see the money with binoculars

It feels like my lady is the money
I wish I could have a baby with the money
I can't leave the house without her on me
You know that I'm married to the money /5x

I had a fake chain, I was 16
I gave them ass some Timbs, but them shits clean
I remember stealing candy from Andrew's
Getting whip-its from my aunty's, some damn food
I'm the mutherfu* and my homies skipped school
Even in her hooptie, I'm still cool
I'm from the 3rd man the crip called comma
Ain't seen my other crib and everyone in 4 months
I spend this money rappin' that boy like so what?
Cash shoes with the cash dudes, go nuts
Ain't nothin' gonna come between you and I
You the only one I need in my life

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[Chisanity:]
I don't know what these niggas talkin' 'bout
These niggas must be tired, they run their mouth
I got some hitters by the phone
Just in case we don't get along
And all I rock is designer
Bet your bitch that I'mma ride her
Girl that handsome boy
Play that pussy, girl play it for a tight up
They ain't want me when I had a Monte Carlo
Now they on my page askin' me to follow
I'm a nigga trigga' all up in Chicago
We gon' get to the money that's the motto

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