

Young Thug, Money On The Dresser

Bitch asked me for fame and I said, "No"
This bitch asked me for fame and I said, "No"
I bought a rose gold Rollie for the show
Twenty car keys, eeny-miny-moe

Ayy, money on the dresser, drive a compressor (Yeah)
Twenty-four heifers, put 'em on a Tesla (Yeah)
Cream soda vanilla, hot box whipper (Skrrt)
Foreign car drifter, I'm so realer (Ah)
Superstar life, ain't goin' back to Spinrilla (Ah)
Two thousand, now we have the hoes on macarena (Ah)
I'ma take a piss on the roof, I'm iller (Ah)
Hunnid thousand dollars to the bitch in the middle (Ah)

Big tall amazon, I call her Matilda (Yeah)
Money comin' all different ways, my diamonds Skittles (Woo, woo, woo)
Hong Kong, she's a bad little-
Ain't give no fuck, I turned her mouth to a babysitter (Let's go)
Versace, I put a model in some Reeboks (Some Reeboks)
Lil' shawty, I'll turn your Maybach to a T top (Turn your Maybach to a T top)
Baguettes, two karat pointers, I got big rocks (I got big rocks)
I'm the only big dawg (Hey, yeah, let's go, let's go)
Givenchy girl, I bend the curb (Okay, okay)
This nigga tellin', what's the word? (Okay, okay)
Rolls Royce'll help me when I swerve (Okay, okay)
From Molly to Perolli, yeah (Okay, okay)
Bitty bitch, she wonder, want head the first (Okay, okay)
Blue da Vinci, Crip blue on my bitch pearls (Okay, okay)
I don't need no Jolly Ranchers for my syrup (Okay, okay)
Money callin' me and I can't hang up

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