

# Money to Blow

## Birdman & Lil Wayne

Richer than the richest  
More money, bitches  
Yeah, coming to you live from the city of Houst-Atlanta-Vegas  
So what do you do, young lady? One hundred I am on a 24-hour champagne diet  
Spillin' while I'm sippin', I encourage you to try it  
I'm probably just saying that 'cause I don't have to buy it  
The club owner supply it, boy I'm on that fly shit I am what everybody in my past don't want me  
to be  
Guess what? I made it, I'm the mutha fuckin' man, I just want you to see  
Come take a look, get a load of this, nigga, quit frontin' on me  
Don't come around and try and gas me up, I like runnin' on EI, I, I, I'm on my Disney shit,  
Goofy flow  
On records, I'm Captain, and my new car is Roofio  
Damn, where my roof just go, I'm somebody that you should know  
Get to shakin' somethin' 'cause that's what Drumma produced it for  
Yes I make mistakes that I don't ever make excuses for  
Like leavin' girls that love me and constantly seducing hoes  
I'm losing my thoughts, I say damn where my roof just go?  
Top slipped off like Janet at the Super Bowl  
I got em They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em  
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow  
I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall  
All over your skin I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh  
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh  
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh  
(Cash money millionaire, yo, yo)  
Got money to blow Richer than the richest  
We certified gettin' it CM, YM, Cash Money business  
Higher than the ceiling, fly like a bird  
Hit the Gucci store and later get served  
We smoked out with no roof on it  
Them people passin', so we smash 'em  
Ballin' out, we keep the cash on deck  
Lamborghinis and the Bentleys on the V Set Louie lens iced up with the black diamonds  
Car of the year, Ferrari, the new Spider  
No lie, I'm higher than I ever been  
Born rich, born uptown, born to win Fully loaded, automatic 6 Benz  
Candy paint, foreign lights with my bitch in  
Born hustlin', too big, nigga, to size me up  
Can't stop me, more money, burn 'em up They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em  
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow  
I'm gettin' it in

Letting these bills fall all over your skin I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh  
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh  
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, oh When I get paid every 24 hours, money and the power  
Come to VIP and get a champagne shower  
I don't have to worry because everything ours  
And I got a big bouquet of Mary Jane's flowers That kush, I promise that's my doobie  
We don't smoke that Reggie Bush  
And I'm with two women, make you take a second look  
We poppin' like champagne bottles, but we never shook  
And we goin' be alright if we put Drake on every hook They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em  
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow  
I'm gettin' it in  
Letting these bills fall all over your skin I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh  
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh  
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, oh  
Got money to blow  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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