

Money Longer

Lil Uzi Vert

Yah, it do not matter
Turned to a savage, pocket got fatter, she call me daddy
Smokin' that gas, gone off that Xanny, she on the powder
Nowadays I am on, my haters got sadder
Money got longer, speaker got louder, car got faster
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Nowadays I am on, my haters got sadder
Money got longer, speaker got louder, car got faster
Money so old that it's spoiled
Yah, my lil' bitch so spoiled
Yah, I rub her down in oil
Yah, I got money, now you know it, yah
Diamonds on my teeth
Yeah, your shit look like foil
Yeah, Chris Brown said these hoes ain't loyal
None of these hoes got no morals
All my niggas G'ed up
Yeah, my glasses be Dita
Never thought it would be days I could kick my feet up
Never though that she would need me that much if I leave her
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All of this is faction, no time for actin', all
this money lastin'
Like go out to eat, get that blackened salmon
When I'm with my girl we're Pharrell and Vashtie, wait, huh
That mean we are not lastin'
In that pussy, you know I like it rough, then I'm just blastin'
Tell that lil' bitch that I'm really from Mars, uh, yeah, bitch do not start
Yeah, pull up, my car automatic, yeah dealt with a star
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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