

Blood On the Money

Future

They gave lil China 25 for them thangs, nigga
They walk up on you, give it to your friends, nigga
They walk up on you, give it to you, see your friends, nigga
Young Metro, Young Metro, Young Metro
We've been at the laundromat all day
We've been washin' money... all day
I heard the police lookin' for me cause I got the hood hot
We've been at the laundromat all day
We've been washin' money... all day
Heard the police lookin' for me cause I got that blood money
It got blood on that money and I
still count it
They got blood on the money and I still count it
I can't help the way I'm raised up
That Easter Pink, I tried to give it up, I can't give it up
28 grams, I serve it on the porch
I just seent 'em merch, they ran off in my house
The homicide unit come into the house
My cousin murked a nigga and he just got out
I hang with all the killers and the robbers
I pour me up some drank, say "Fuck my problems"
My hood, they treat me like I'm El Chapo
I keep that dog food like I'm Rilo
I had the warrant in Clayco and beat the case
Man I'm fresh as hell, bitch, Easter day
All my ghetto tactics I'm above average
I've been so in tune, man I've been so ambitious
Grab another Fanta, let me fill it up
If they ain't make the channel, you ain't built like us
The Federales fuckin' with my nigga Ty
It's Black Amigo Gang 'til a nigga die
I feel I'm walkin' through Hell
I swear to God I'll never tell
They try to give a nigga the chair
I tell my mama, "Wish me well"
They got blood on the money and I still count it
They got blood on the money and I still count it
They got girl on the money and I still count it
They got boy on the money, watch my nigga count it
I know the devil is real, I know the devil is
real
I take a dose of them pills and I get real low in the field
I'll fly to LA today, and I live so high in the Hills
I share the mansion with goonies, I shared the bitch with a goonie

I took the mack I'm a [?] niggas ain't slippin', we got 'em
I took the pack out to Paris, me and that money got married
Me and the molly got married
Devoted in everything, my niggas mean everything
We're 5 deep inside a Chevy
Yeah we tryna get it
Ask me do I know how to whip it
Fuck the witness It got blood on the money and I still count it
They got blood on the money and I still count it
I can't help the way I'm raised up
That Easter Pink, I tried to give it up, I can't give it up She put me off and it was ugly
I made a million dollars, say she love me
The way she did me, it destroyed me
I kept it real with lil' shorty
I've been goin' bar for bar, these niggas know what's poppin' with me
I can go from car to car, these bitches quarter million at least
Two thousand for the shoes, I keep some shit on my feet
I'm prolly in the mood to fuck your bitch on the beach
I dropped out of school and I get money like Meech
Send a junkie, send a driver just to get somethin' to eat
You see how things change?
I came from cocaine It got blood on the money and I still count it
They got blood on the money and I still count it
I can't help the way I'm raised up
That Easter Pink, I tried to give it up, I can't give it up I hang with all the killers and the robbers
I pour me up a drink, say "Fuck my problems"
The federales fuckin' with my nigga Ty
It's Black Amigo Gang 'til a nigga die
I heard the police lookin' for me cause I got the hood hot
Heard the police lookin' for me cause I got the hood
They got girls on the money and I still count it
They got boy on the money, watch my nigga count it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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