

# Unknown

## Money Man

[Chorus]

Heard them lil threats you sent  
They don't mean shit  
I'm in the trap on some green shit  
Got my Unc on the stove  
With a mean wrist  
Got a bitch in my bed on some freak shit  
Come and take your lil pack on some free shit  
Had to pray for a check on my knees shit  
All this jewelry on i can freeze shit  
Ain't no i in team  
We on some we shit  
Did this shit on my own i don't need help  
Got the strap on my lap like a seat belt  
Secret service cars i know how Meek felt  
Had a lot of friends that ain't mean me well  
Selling gas just so i can feed my kids  
Work so hard i just did me like 3 shifts  
Got 4 cars nigga i don't need no Lyft  
Got two FN and they on both hips  
Got two sticks with me but i got four clips  
When i fuck her i fuck her so focused  
Shawty love me cause i don't take no shit  
She gone do what i say, i'm controlling  
Baby girl make sure that them legs open  
I be conscience i ain't trying to see no pen  
Yeah  
All this jugging i just bought a new Benz  
Yeah  
Said you was down but you lied to me  
Say you want smoke but you hiding from me  
I be spending it cause no you can't die with money

[Verse]

When you crossed me it almost brought me to tears  
Had to man up and go face all my fears  
And my chick from a whole 'nother hemisphere  
In a foreign and you know that i'm switching gears  
In the studio i'm my own engineer  
Need a addy for P's you can send em here  
Feel the walls closing in i can tell its near  
All this loud in the house i can barely hear  
In designer 12 locked me up, profiling

I be fresh as hell i don't need no stylist  
Got like 80k spread in all four pockets  
Got some CPN CC's in my wallet  
When she see them racks she be like  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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