

I'm Bout Money

Baby D

I'm Bout Money, Bitch I'm Bout Money
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Bitch I'm, Bitch I'm Bout Money
I'm On A Chase For That Paper I'm bout money it's M.O.B
Benz, Grants, that's all I see
Brown paper bag, pass that to me
Grab that duffel bag out the backseat
Die for the cheddar I carry that llama
Stack it in the winter so I shine for the summer
Yeah, what you really know bout that?
I come like [?] bring a little back
You wanna build a stack?
Nigga what's that?
At least stack 10 so I can get a good pack
I get gwop, understand that
I'm way in the front, y'all way in the back
Gimme my keys you not valet
My Mazaratti, your Chevrolet
Haters can't stop me I'm on my shit
I love gwop baby that's my bitch
And
I always give back to the hood nigga
When I roll through they say Baby D's a good nigga
Feelin good nigga
Lookin good nigga
Put your knot in the air if you're a money go-getta
Raw-I'm [?] on hatas
Black [?] black chain I'm [?]
Fall?
Hell naw not me playa
Call
Me if you bout that paper
If you bout money
We bout money
Throw it in the air
Make it rain 100s
I get gwop
Monday thru Sunday
Never sleep on me
Never seen me comin
Check my resume ya boy top notch
Take it from the rainbow straight to the pot

Think I'm broke?
Nope I'm not
Pants on my ankles, that's that gwop
Then Oomp sat down with Koch
Made them a promise we'll never ever flop
Came from the bottom straight to the top
Nigga
Ain't been the same since Pac
Look around this muthaf**ka a lotta niggas shocked
While he out he take my spot
DOWN
A lotta niggas left but I stayed down
Make you bow down nigga gimme that crown
Never met a nigga like me
A-Town fresh guchi from my head to my feet
10 toes, stuntin on my bunyan [?]
I wonder how long you can keep them on-ya
Funny
I see a nigga laughin but ain't shit funny
Straight to the bank I'm countin my money
A-Town's secret weapon yup I'm comin
Big Oomp Records gotta keep that bumpin

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