

Money Convo

21 Savage

Peon ass niggas
Levis and Adidas ass niggas
High point having ass niggas
I got a Glock and it don't jam, I blast niggas
You a lovey dovey buy a ring nigga
I'm the type to pass her to the team, nigga
You went and bought that bitch Céline, nigga?
Now she fuckin' me, I know you wanna kill her
And I sold dope on my 10 toes
We ain't fallin' out over freak hoes
21 Savage still in savage mode
I thought I told you I'm a savage on these hoes
Maybach with the curtains up
I'm with Nudy, he gon' burn you up
Fake gangbangin', nigga turned into a snitch
Went against that 21, I left him in a ditch
Pull up
We like gas, we like gas, gas, gas
Hol' up
We like cash, we like cash, cash, cash
Hol' up
Wanna fuck me, I'm like yas, yas, yas
Hol' up
VVS' drippin', dance, dance, dance
Money conversations, money conversations, money convo
Money conversations, money conversations, money convo
Money conversations, money conversations, money convo
Bitch I came straight from the
bottom, nigga and I'm still humble
Auto start my whip before I dip, I let that bitch rumble
AK-47s, M16s, they gon' sting, bumble
Got your main bitch with me bent over eatin' meat, gumbo
Money talk, yeah, nigga, cash talk, yeah, nigga
Ridin' 'round with that yappa tryna duck the feds, nigga
Oh you drinkin' green? Nope, only drink that red, nigga
Only fuck the bad hoes, buy my cars with cash, ho
Niggas know I blast off, pull up with the mask off
Air it out like aerosol, I robbed Peter and Paul
Bought a 488, finna act an asshole
I've been gettin' so much money, they think I sold my damn soul
You a fake gangsta, you ain't ever shot nobody
I don't wanna hear them stories 'bout them fake bodies
Young Savage send a hit like John Gotti

Nigga get whacked, thinkin' they hard 'cause they on molly
I'm the Saint Laurent Don, love to cash out
You a dick jumpin' faggot, you a mascot
You beat your bitch 'cause she walk 'round with her ass out
They wanna rob me 'cause I walk 'round with that bag out
Drinkin' syrup, lil' bitch, I'm finna pass out
Never slippin', Glock 40 with a red dot
Seven figure nigga, money all I talk about
You ain't talkin' 'bout no money, what ya talkin' 'bout? Money conversations, money
conversations, money convo
Money conversations, money conversations, money convo
Money conversations, money conversations, money convo
Money conversations, money conversations, money convo Bitch I came straight from the
bottom, nigga and I'm still humble
Auto start my whip before I dip, I let that bitch rumble
AK-47s, M16s, they gon' sting, bumble
Got your main bitch with me bent over eatin' meat, gumbo Metro Boomin want some more,
nigga

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>