

# Rent Money

## Future

Super

They go crazy

Yeah

They comin' in and out, in and out, in and out  
Trap spot boomin' Got the money comin' in, it ain't no issues  
I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you  
Got the Mac 11 cocked, it got the kick too  
Servin' niggas like Doughbeezy in my house shoes  
Ya baby mama fuck me better when the rent's due  
I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you  
She sucked my dick, she came home, I bet she kissed you  
Treat me like I'm Al Capone, nigga, fuck you  
John Gotti, Illuminati, nigga, fuck you  
I put a middle finger up, because, fuck you  
This money got me geekin' up, nigga, fuck you  
Red bottoms with the fur like Frank Luc  
I bought some VVS and she caught the chain flu  
I fucked this R&B bitch, I should thank you  
Yah, I was sippin' my codeine from the beginnin'  
She jocked my whole team, she seen who's winnin'  
We light Liv up on a Sunday, come see us livin'  
This for my dogs on the one way in penitentiaries  
Send a direct hit, you gotta pay attention  
I just lit my wrist up, I need some more attention  
She didn't wanna play fair, I put her on suspension  
I put a key on Greyhound now I'm in a new dimension  
Offered her 25, keep tryin' to take some of my percentage  
I was petrified you know my right wrist authentic  
I get glorified, that Richard Mille cost 250  
I'm a big dog, it ain't no sense in holdin' back  
On my Usain Bolt shit, I ran up me a sack  
Fuckin' with them strippers all in G5  
And as soon as the club closed we board the G5  
I got scammers and junkies lined up on each side  
I got five percent tint on each side  
I tried to make it outta school on the east side  
I'm on my Nicky Barnes shit, so it's fuck school  
I'm blowin' money real fast like Big Meech crew  
I like my hundreds stacked up, I like 'em neat too  
They come in stuck together when they in the wrap still  
I fucked a rapper bitch, I was on a drug deal  
I fucked a rapper bitch, I was on a drug deal

Got the money comin' in, it ain't no issues  
 I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you  
 Got the Mac 11 cocked, it got the kick too  
 Servin' niggas like Doughbeezy in my house shoes  
 Ya baby mama fuck me better when the rent's due  
 I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you  
 She sucked my dick, she came home, I bet she kissed you I fucks R&B bitches, should thank you  
 Them bricks coming in like the John Doe crew  
 They put a number on your head, they tryna stank you  
 I'm 'bout to take 'em out the game, nigga fuck you  
 They got me goin' insane, now it's fuck you  
 I let my brother fuck your bitch, he got the dog food  
 I damn near get half a ticket for a walk through  
 I fuck dem Super Bowl bitches down in Houston  
 I got this westside freakin' like boostin'  
 I built my empire up like Lucious  
 Ayy gimme pounds, gimme bricks, I'm a nuisance  
 I make the blogs with ya bitch cause I'm ruthless  
 I make the blogs with ya bitch cause I'm ruthless  
 Yah, I get cash money like I'm Mack Maine  
 I just put a rapper bitch on game  
 I be smokin' rapper weed with my gang  
 I just slam dunked ya bitch hall of fame Got the money comin' in, it ain't no issues  
 I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you  
 Got the Mac 11 cocked, it got the kick too  
 Servin' niggas like Doughbeezy in my house shoes  
 Ya baby mama fuck me better when the rent's due  
 I just a fucked a rapper bitch, I should diss you  
 She sucked my dick, she came home, I bet she kissed you  
 I fucked this R & B bitch, I should thank you, yeah Nigga, with yo loud ass, bruh  
 Yo, what's going on E  
 The Big Frank Dog  
 I know you be trippin', bruh  
 I just got this lil, god damn, hoe with me, bruh  
 Let me get a gram right quick; smoke that hoe out, right quick  
 A gram? Man, if you don't get yo ass up outta here, nigga?  
 Get that nigga ass up outta here, man  
 Nigga talkin' about he want a gram  
 What, you wanna Grammy?  
 Boy, you trippin'; you trippin', bruh  
 Let me leave with a bag, then, I'm good for it  
 You a got damn fool; I can't do nothin' with no god damn \$10  
 Get yo ass on outta here, man  
 Try to come up here for no damn gram, nigga  
 That's candy money nigga  
 A gram!?!

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

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