

# About the Money (feat. Young Thug)

## T.I.

Yea man TIP in this motherfucker with me nigga  
To the max with it (racks)  
I count six shots Bustin' out the bando  
A nigga jewelry real metal like a can opener  
I went from rags to riches to a feature with Tip  
I went from Smart Car to a bitch with some smart lips  
And the F&N make my hip limp  
I'm goin' fishin' with these little bitty shrimp dimps  
And my bank roll got a big dip  
She gon' bring it on a big ship  
Quite trill, no Quik Trip  
I got drugs in the alley, know Tip there  
She just wanna have a good day  
Smoke way more weed than a guy in L.A  
I want them birds 'til next May  
Never let em fly away  
What!? Aye buddy, aye buddy  
Listen what my nigga Tip say  
If it ain't about the money  
Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up  
If it ain't about the money  
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time  
If it ain't about the money  
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit  
If it ain't about the money  
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it  
Turn it! I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh  
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh  
I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye  
Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye  
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey  
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, hey  
Ay, what you think we in the neighborhood for?  
Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough  
I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho  
Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones"  
Put your money down, I could buck a hard 4  
You playin' with it, I'ma send 'em through your car door  
My watch flooded, shit sick, got Parvo  
I'm doin' it for black and yellow, free Hardo  
The head honcho, nigga no Tonto, nigga  
I'm quick to put some bricks in a Bronco, nigga

Niggas talk shit, well I don't respond to no nigga  
 No murder, no dough, no convoIf it ain't about the money  
 Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up  
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 When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, heyAye, what you think we in the  
 neighborhood for?  
 Standin in the trap, slangin good blow  
 Maybach used to slang that crack  
 Buy a stolen car while he bang that AK  
 If you ever took a loss better bring that back  
 Catcha' witcha' betcha' heat will blow your brains bout that  
 Know you better be, on your best behavior when addressing me  
 Because, bye-gones, we don't let em be  
 Niggas disrespect me, I'm a catch a felony  
 For real, if you listen I can get you paid  
 But not interested in shit you sayIf it ain't about the money  
 Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up  
 If it ain't about the money  
 Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time  
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 Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones" nigga  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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