ATM

Money Man

[Hook]

If Cardi B tried to drug me in a hotel room i would've shot that Bitch right in her face I know how to trap so i ain't gotta take All these bags in the room gotta clear out some space All these hoes on my dick they begging to fuck All this clientele callin my phone for some loud This shit gone when you get here so buy this shit now Its A drought the ticket it cannot come down Lil bitch from Oakland in love with my sound After this song imma go dick her down I made more a juug than I made from a verse I made more from a play than I made from a show I made more from the swipes than I made from a stream Count a 50 for lunch everyday thats routine I had swiping so much I had stop selling green I had woke up and walked up in Target with 2 different plastics I hit for a TV a MacBook and several gadgets Yeah I pulled to Publix and empty they ATM Pulled up at Kroger and empty they ATM Pulled up at BOA and empty they ATM

> [Verse] Pulled up to SunTrust and started a new account Just for a business and merch imma burn it out You niggas probably don't know what I'm talkin bout I'm finna fill up a PayPal with large amounts Finessin at Barneys I'm coppin designers My bitch she was faithful I bought her designers She got plugs who do hair so she flew out to China

She make her own wigs and that shit look professional I rather get bags then go buy me a section

She gone kill for my dick she got fatal obsessions

Her plastic went bad and that shit was depressing

These niggas hate that I'm getting them racks So its a no brainer I'm keeping a weapon

I just heard that Nipsey got shot while I'm making this song

I just pray that that nigga get better

You gotta be smart when you servin da trap

You gotta play chess you cannot play checkers

Make sure you go get you a sticks cause these niggas be dirty You know that these niggas be **jealous**

> Loubatins on my feet they just dropped yeah the runners I'm probably gone drop my new tape in da summer

I feel like Bin Laden I feel like Osama My wrist got them carrots I feel like I'm Robin [Hook]

If Cardi B tried to drug me in a hotel room i would've shot that Bitch right in her face I know how to trap so i ain't gotta take

All these bags in the room gotta clear out some space

All these hoes on my dick they begging to fuck

All this clientele callin my phone for some loud

This shit gone when you get here so buy this shit now

Its A drought the ticket it cannot come down

Lil bitch from Oakland in love with my sound

After this song imma go dick her down

I made more a juug than I made from a verse

I made more from a play than I made from a show

I made more from the swipes than I made from a stream

Count a 50 for lunch everyday thats routine

I had swiping so much I had stop selling green

I had woke up and walked up in Target with 2 different plastics

I hit for a TV a MacBook and several gadgets

Yeah I pulled to Publix and empty they ATM

Pulled up at Kroger and empty they ATM

Pulled up at BOA and empty they ATM

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

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