

**Webb Wilder****"Ya'll Ain't Makin' No Money"**

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(Verse 1)

Woke up from a long night of sex this mornin  
Brushed my teeth, got fresh this mornin  
Hear my girl talk a lil mess this mornin  
Hit the hood got a bag of that this mornin  
Know I'm livin' good all them dog hoes on me  
Good dope sells all over my phone  
Know I'm finna keep it gangsta all over this song  
Got my hands all over this chrome  
Nigga act hard all day long mayne f\*\*k that  
Mayne I'll put it on my chain you wont bust a gat  
Mayne let me take you to the backyard  
Different color lacks boy  
Half a mil' cash in ya hand ya'll don't understand  
Bricks in my pants say lil dude this grown man shit  
Why is you sayin shit, who is you playin wit  
I got a big house, who is you stayin wit  
Till you can spend this type of shit on ya wrist

(Chorus)

Ya'll aint makin no money, ya'll aint makin no money  
Ya'll aint really doin nothin, ya'll aint thuggin, ya'll  
stuntin  
Ya'll aint makin no money, ya'll aint makin no money  
Ya'll aint really doin nothin, ya'll aint thuggin, ya'll  
stuntin  
Ya'll aint makin no money, ya'll aint makin no money  
Ya'll aint really doin nothin, ya'll aint thuggin, ya'll  
stuntin

Ya'll aint makin no money, ya'll aint makin no money  
Ya'll aint really doin nothin, ya'll just f\*\*kin around

(Verse 2)

You saved up yo chips, to buy you a whip  
Music with the big rims, boy you a trip  
If you knew what I was worth boy I bet you would flip  
And the majority of these bitches I done already ripped

These hoes rippin off a pimp (what! )  
Tell that bitch stock earings hit me for a block to the  
wrist watch  
Got a couple niggas up in jail, they aint gettin out  
Webbie young savage trill fam we aint sittin out  
Had my wife beater and my bracelets and my pants on  
Bitch I still had 85 grand on  
Think I aint demonic gettin on then ya damn wrong  
Play with me, I wouldn't even take a chance on it  
Bitch put ya pants on, get ya ass gone  
9 times outta 10 you aint stayin long  
Devil ass niggas I've been tryin not to stand on em  
Mayne I'm hot, mayne ya'll need to turn tha fan on

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

We hit tha spot and get to blowin it, pourin it  
We gettin money like we growin it  
A lot of hunnid 50 dolla bottles got us pourin it  
Drankin till I'm throwin it, I'll see ya'll in the morning  
See me put the tag in the window, just soarin it  
My hips say I warn ya, my whip say I'm doin it  
All I'm sayin, man don't complain, I'll ruin it  
I'll clean a hunnid grand out tha trunk and put you in it  
Bitch niggas hate, niggas cake, niggas fake, a minute  
late  
Album great, real estate, nigga ate like a buffet  
And I just got tha new J's, these go good with my new  
shades  
Stopped by the shop, got a new fade, gotta thank god  
for seeing a new day  
Straight to the hood to see some new cake  
Aye that crown will mess with my shake  
No matter where you go ima stay in yo place  
If you aint gettin no money better stay in your place  
Grim don't stop then we goin all day  
So iced out, it been snowin all day  
Trill ent and we goin all day  
Ya'll niggas broke and it's all in ya'll face

(Chorus)

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