

## Ya Boy "Make My Money Double"

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The ladies love the way I touch dough, so  
I'm on the block trying bump more  
I can't help the way I stunt though  
I'm trying to make my money double  
I'm in the street with the white  
I got the work and the price  
State to state, taking flights  
All day and all night

Yo, bricks of the white  
Pounds of the purp  
And for the right price, come around to the turf  
We don't keep tucked outside with the work  
I strap it on a bitch make her fly with the work  
Ya boy want 17-5 for the work  
23 in the south take a ride with the work  
Fuck what you heard, I'm a grind till it hurt  
Knock on wood, I get caught won't say a word  
We call it a brick, they call it a bird  
We call it a corner, they call it a curb  
I got a hotline, you can call for the herb  
Mathematics with a addicts, you can call me a nerd  
I don't get money nigga, that is absurd  
I passed it like magic, then ball like Byrd  
You can find me in the hood from the first to the third  
Goin hard for them clear diamond stones and infirms

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That's only 10 bricks  
Coulda swore I saw more  
I chop em all up, you can call soft \*\*\*  
I got white galore  
So, my money comin more

Bank America know, my accounts are offshore  
Why have a girlfriend when I can have yours  
The boy so fly, got butterfly doors  
Lord knows the hoes love Bentley exhaust  
So I got mine, all black, fresh from the store  
Fresh out the door, pimping like Fyldmore  
Slim tell her sprint till her feet get sore  
And if it's raining bitch you walk between the rain drops  
Then get a nigga dough till you see the rain stop  
Keep quiet nigga, you ain't gotta name drop  
The tech, different snitches, they all the same cops  
We call a half, different mother, same pops  
Different cover but it still the same cars

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And cracks in the walls got packs in the drawers  
My bitch enter the door, the gat and the bra  
Half these niggas that got a gat in their drawers  
Behind closed doors with the captain and sarge  
I'm might be on the block with the sack in my balls  
UPS if the package is large  
Send it to Mississippi, surpassing the law  
Then the money appears the next day like voila  
I'm tryin to double up  
Nigga I tell you what  
My creme makes the fiends jump like double dutch  
The black lambo float like a rubber duck  
Precise game, every bitch want some of us  
But I'm all about the cash, all about the paper  
The money see me now so the hoes see me later  
If flippin's a crime, I down for the caper  
That's why I got the ride's inside alligator

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