

## Young Lay

### "All About My \$Fetti"

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f/ Mac Mall, Ray Luv

The definition of a playa hata:

A busta

A bitch with a dick

A violator of the Sixth Bar of the Mack Game

"Man, you know that nigga Khayree fuckin Mac Mall on his money, man

You know that nigga Lay ain't gon' get paid

Heard Ray Luv in jail and shit"

Little old bitch-ass muthafuckas

Mac Mall

Young Lay

Ray Luv

I'ma need y'all to come in, man

I need the whole Young Black Brotha Records line-up to come in

And spit some game to these lil' old bitches with dicks

Playa-hatin busta-ass nuthin-ass niggas

Now you nuthin-ass niggas check game

Hey playa, don't it be a point in your life

Where you just wanna smoke a muthafucka, man?

(Fuck yeah!)

Man you get to trippin on some of that wild shit

Hoes and flauntin shit

A nigga tryina kick back, man, you know

Be real about his fetti though

They all in a nigga mix

What's up, Mac Mall, Ray Luv

What's up, playas?

Hey man, that be them inner way-ass niggas, Lay

Cuz it's like this, man:

When my album came out, man

Next thing you know it's a million muthafuckas in my  
face

Askin me so many questions

Shit...

Young Ray Luv, what's up man?

(Jealous-ass muthafuckas...)

Yo, we tryina come real about the fetti though

(Hell yeah)

That's right

Check this out

You know we all about that money, man

Got no time to be trippin on that stupid shit

Little old biaatch

Ah, it's goin down

(That's right)

But anyway

Who finna serve em some of that old pimp shit, man?

(I think Ray Luv)

Your nigga Young Ray Luv in the house

(I think i'm finna come on first)

Tell em muthafuckas

[ Ray Luv ]

One mo' time for the streets of Killa Cali

Grew up on the dank and shootin dice up in the alley

Back when niggas had names like Rock Tee, Chin and Butta

O.G. game from the muthafuckin gutter

I guess it was cool when a nigga had no riches

Cuz niggas didn't p.h. and run they mouths like bitches

Much love for the hood, what up, nigga, where's my homies?

Show love for these niggas, but they ain't got no love for me

Jealous as fuck when I got love from the Crest niggas

But all I get is mean mugs from you West niggas

Now that I think these muthafuckas is so funny

'll peel a nigga's cap for a trick-ass nobody

(You better check your heart and your brain, man

I think you niggas need to get up on some game, man)

Picked up on your ho, I'm gettin jocked by your steady

All I want the money though, I'm all about my fetti

Nigga

Money money money's all I know

I gots no time to waste with you trickin punk-hoes

Money money money's all I see

You need to get some game and quit fuckin with me

Moneeey

(I'm all about my fetti)

Money

[ Mac Mall ]

Now half of these niggas is falsified

The rest is full of mess, so they tend to hide

A lotta them is cowards who be actin hard

Some is tired-ass tricks who will never get far

Some is straight dopefiends tryina grind they lley

But they still pushin pebbles to this muthafuckin day

Some start funk over hoes and blame it on somethin  
else

Them niggas need to check theyself

But the sucker that I hate the most

Is the busta full of envy, mad cuz he broke

Every night he be stressin, thinkin that his hoe wanna  
get me

I wouldn't fuck her with yo dick, she ain't got nothin to  
give me

Cuz your nigga is broke, so hoe, I know you're starvin

So you won't have to worry about Mac Mall harmin

Your boyfriend and girlfriend relationship

I got my money and my cuddies, who needs a bitch?

Mac Mall will never get played

I'ma stay Ses ways

And you know I'm all about that money

That's all I know, nigga

Fuck them hoes and them niggas

That's all I see in the Triple C

Stop fuckin with me

I'm all about my fetti

I'm all about my fetti

Yeah, my nigga Young Lay

Come serve these fools

[ Young Lay ]

Gettin blimped with a tramp up on ? confusin what's  
right

To hide the doubt, so I grab my money and my lle',  
high

Why do these youngsters by so nervous,

niggas creepin thru these turfs

Plus these po-po's tryin to serve us ill

But I kick back and just act with my fuckin clan

And kick that gangsta rap and spit about my gangsta  
macks

On rap tracks and spit for those that copy free

And givin they dap and tellin me it ain't a day without  
drink and weed

G's get stacked, now who's a mack, yeah, the nigga  
shook ya

Ki's of crack get cut down, but but not by the cook up

But yo, they crookers, watchin me all the time

But I keep lookin and keep a nine by my spine

Or to my side, cuz when I ride you'll never know

But if it's over some dough, Young Lay is quick to let it go

And let him know, nigga, that this is loc side

Home of the mack, playa pros, squares run and hide

Cuz tonight we gonna do it just like this

But if your hoe is choosin, nigga, the mic's in my fist

Some of this mixed with a whole lotta that

Old fuelin with new, it made my fetti fat

Money money money's all I know

I gots no time to waste with you trickin punk-hoes

Money money money's all I see

You need to get some game and quit fuckin with me

Moneeey

(I'm all about my fetti)

Money

Ah yeah

Youknowsayin?

There it is right there

And there you have it, muthafuckas

Straight muthafuckin game

From three pimpin-ass young playin-ass muthafuckas

Ray Luv

Mac Mall

And Young pimpin-ass Lay

Youknowmsayin?

They just touched it on that 6th bar of them 32  
muthafuckin bars

You muthafuckin busta-ass niggas with complexes

Broke punk-ass muthafuckas that always got your  
muthafuckin nose

Into somebody else shit

Now what you need to be doin

Is gettin your own muthafuckin game tight

You understand me?

And eh - youknowmsayin

Put some fetti in your own muthafuckin pockets

'stead of runnin round here talkin bout what the fuck is  
we doin

Youknowmsayin?

Cjz we straight dwellin on the green

Ain't got no time for that in-between

Youknowmsayin?

So all you busta-ass niggas

Fuck y'all, we all about the fetti, man

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