

Y&T**"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 Fylmore
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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