

Willie the Kid f/ Bun B, Gucci Mane, LA the Darkman, Trey Songz, Yung Joc "Love For Money"

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[Trey Songz] Wah ah ohh oh, ohh oh Wah ah ohh oh,
ohh oh I got the love for money I gotta have it The lust
for living lavish Gotta get that green paper stackin'
Love For Money I gotta have it Love For Money I got the
love for money [Willie the Kid] Chillin wit two women Me
& Mr. Thanksgiving I be somewhere fly Thanksgiving
goin' swimmin' While you was wearin' snorkels I was
out snorkelin Of course, I'm shittin' on these ni99as like
porcelain It's more than love wit this money I'm
infatuated Captivated by the diamonds encapsulated
Shootin' range in the basement Olympic size pool, a
pool table adjacent I love me some money! [Gucci
Mane] I stash money, fast money Come on, I'm pumpin
them onions Buckin and crossin the country So So,
don't cross me you monkey Sleepin' on fifties and
twenties Rollin' up onions and hundreds Pullin' in
Porsche's and Phanny's Fancies be throwin' they
panties Drama and Cannon they family Gucci and
Drama they panic Ughh, they sick, they vomit Put some
more commas in front it Drama got Gucci, he stunted
Gucci and Drama, we jammin' We got so much money
Bout our money, so money Mo' money dummy [Chorus
2x] [LA the Darkman] See Money! Money got a big
house Money got a bad girl Money make you famous
Money rule the whole world Money set trends Money is
in the Benz Money got associates actin' like friends
Money Money he old Money Money he bold Money got
sexy ladies dancin' on the pole Money got em' on the
stroll Money platinum and gold Money make em' shake
it like Beyonce Knowles [Yung Joc] Only God knows,
The things I do for money That's a young fly bad bitch,
a tenderoni Check out them dimensions Twenties,
fifties and hundreds Don't she make me look good
When you see us out stuntin' Ni**as catch a whiff Find
out that's your b*tch Catch a pusha in your whip Then
they go and push them clips She got me goin' crazy I'm
coo coo for boo-koo bucks Plus I can't lie boo, its only
you I love! [Chorus 2x] [Bun B] I'm bout my issue I'm
bout my dough I'm on my hustle (man) You already

know! I'm hittin' stains I'm hittin' liqs I'm packin' pounds
And baggin' bricks You got them nicks I got a lab You
talking whole's But sellin' halves Where's your connect
How much he got That's all he holdin'? Man I'll buy him
out... [Chorus 2x]

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