

Birdman

"Money To Blow"

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Richer than the richest
More money, bitches
Yeah, coming to you live from the city of Houst-Atlanta-
Vegas
So what do you do, young lady? One hundred

I am on a 24-hour champagne diet
Spillin' while I'm sippin', I encourage you to try it
I'm probably just saying that 'cause I don't have to buy
it
The club owner supply it, boy I'm on that fly shit

I am what everybody in my past don't want me to be
Guess what? I made it, I'm the mutha fuckin' man, I just
want you to see
Come take a look, get a load of this, nigga, quit frontin'
on me
Don't come around and try and gas me up, I like runnin'
on E

I, I, I, I'm on my Disney shit, Goofy flow
On records, I'm Captain Hook, and my new car is Roofio
Damn, where my roof just go, I'm somebody that you
should know
Get to shakin' somethin' 'cause that's what Drumma
produced it for

Yes I make mistakes that I don't ever make excuses for
Like leavin' girls that love me and constantly seducing
hoes
I'm losing my thoughts, I say damn where my roof just
go?
Top slipped off like Janet at the Super Bowl
I got em

They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall
All over your skin

I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh,

oh
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh
(Cash money millionaire, yo, yo)
Got money to blow

Richer than the richest
We certified gettin' it CM, YM, Cash Money business
Higher than the ceiling, fly like a bird
Hit the Gucci store and later get served

We smoked out with no roof on it
Them people passin', so we smash 'em
Ballin' out, we keep the cash on deck
Lamborghinis and the Bentleys on the V Set

Louie lens iced up with the black diamonds
Car of the year, Ferrari, the new Spider
No lie, I'm higher than I ever been
Born rich, born uptown, born to win

Fully loaded, automatic 6 Benz
Candy paint, foreign lights with my bitch in
Born hustlin', too big, nigga, to size me up
Can't stop me, more money, burn 'em up

They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in
Letting these bills fall all over your skin

I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh,
oh
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, oh

When I get paid every 24 hours, money and the power
Come to VIP and get a champagne shower
I don't have to worry because everything ours
And I got a big bouquet of Mary Jane's flowers

That kush, I promise that's my doobie
We don't smoke that Reggie Bush
And I'm with two women, make you take a second look
We poppin' like champagne bottles, but we never shook
And we goin' be alright if we put Drake on every hook

They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in
Letting these bills fall all over your skin

I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh,
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Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, oh
Got money to blow

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