

Demetri Yates "Extra Money"

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(Verse 1)

Ah... Nationwide advisory,
Meaning get out my face cuz I gotta breathe,
Yeah I know, it's a lot of cheeze,
But not for you, betta luck winning da lottery,
I'm selfish homie, so I just stop and tease,
Datz braggin doe, oh partin me,
But wen you had mo thangs you neva thought of me,
And don't argue about it, cuz wen I hit you, you are to bleed,
I use to roll around, in da cotton seats,
Now it's leather wit my name, no joccin please.
So enough about my money, lets move on,
Like we ready to listen to a new song,
Still involving money, you just coupons,
Naw I'm playin, lets move on'
As we listen to da song.

(Hook)

Ya boy nice everytime he on da microphone,
And shining on da camera, yes da ice iz thrownd,
I lite up da room, you think da lights b on,
You aint nothin wen u rap, dey sware da mic iz
blowned. 2x

(Verse 2)

Wat money does, take ya gurl out every week,
She saw me coming to her as I carry heavy jeans,
She saw da green in my pockets, thought it can't be
seen,
But my cash overflowed, now I gotta buy her fancy
things,
No I don't, so I kick her to da curb,
Don't worry u can have her back cuz dat wat u deserve,
A gold digger, for u can find out dat u worthless,

Wanna b me or u, see wat works best,
And I'm sorry dat I gave u da bad news,
Dat nobody is better and dats rad dude,
Hope u know by now dat I'm tottaly,
Da best thang out now, wat u showin me,
U aint showin nothin' fake aint nothing to b proud of,

I am wat tha crowd love,
So shut up.
As we listen to da song.

(Hook)

Ya boy nice everytime he on da microphone,
And shining on da camera, yes da ice iz thrownd,
I lite up da room, u think da lights b on,
U aint nothin wen u rap, dey sware da mic iz blownd.
[2x]

(Verse 3)

Life... how I wanna set this,
I'm da one coming out wit da best hits,
Know I'm V.I.P, u couldn't make da guestlist
Cuz wen I spit, all u smell iz fresh mist,
And u know I'm gonna test this,
Fool,,, he aint a factor, so wats my next trick.
To move everybody out da way and just stand alone,
Takeova, everybody dead and gone.
Just me, money & mo money,
Stacks as tall as shac,
And I don't blow money,
I just fold money,
And put it in da safe,
Yall on dat paper chase,
But it's too late.
Now as I watch hate,
I just gone and press play. Uh huh,
As we listen to da song.

(Hook 2x)

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