

Devotion

"All About Money"

Visit "[All About Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[talking:Juvenile]

Aww shit!, this one of them Juvenile

In-Ya-Ass productions hot, hot

shit on the press nigga

[Verse 1:Juvenile]

I know I'm hard to adapt to when I grab you

don't make me mad I will slap you if I have to

I ain't looking for marriage don't wanna be embarressed

all I want is a bag, full of green cabbage

they know its happenin you can tell how I dress

throwbacks everyday like somethin brown on the chest

if I got enemies them cats be thuggin not sayin nothing

me and my niggas'll pull it and buck it

and when my song play in the club I'm grabbin on ass

hope my ole lady don't find out cause I'm doing her

bad

hey baby slide me ya number I might be on lean

later on if you just chillin I'm a make that swing

I bring shit to the table when I come of course

could be the reason while most these bitches done

divorced

he never had time and wasn't treatin her right

he runnin with the click so she with me tonight

[Chorus repeat 2x]

Do you think its all about money

is that the only reason that you want me

just put your name and ya number on a napkin

and later we can find out whats happenin

[Verse 2:Skip]

Where that chick, need super head

I need super head, I'm a super

I need super duper head

you bout to listen to what who said?

ya partna, be calm, be cool I got ya

just write ya number on a napkin

we can get it crackin what I aint yo type?

whats really happenin

like its not been official

don't miss the riddle money is definatly not the issue
we can ball out like crawfish
lay up all day and watch[???)
tell your friends you gonna call them
you tired been at work all day and you going in
and we can do it like G
roll me some weed, drop the top we gon' cruise on the
scene
so whassup you fuckin with me?
its nothing to me, and some sex its something to see

[Chorus repeat 2x]

[Verse 3:Lil' Flip]

I don't go to clubs unless they got a party there
plus I got X's and O's in my cardier
nigga I'm the shit I'm filthy rich
my car like a jheri curl cause it come wit a kit
I can front you a hit or drop you a brick
and if you saw where I lived you'd probably shit
enough about me well lets talk about my click
and rule one is never get into it over a bitch
but that's how it go its all about makin mo dough
sellin mo records, and blowin mo dro'
throwback jerseys and iced out chains
my piece so rocked up niggas think I'm on caine
but I only sip drank and I use to flip birds
now I'm 21, 22 rippin curbs
and if you got some hoes nigga bring e'm in
cause Flip and Juvie fuck e'm all like Wilt Chamberliegn

[Chorus till end]

Visit [Devotion](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.