

Drake

"Money"

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[Drake - Chorus]

I take time to make
that money
some break dimes get cake that
flip 8 times get 8 stacks,
you cannot get jacked for free
and my proceeds and cash right,
there's no need to stash right,
same 4 g's from last night,
you cannot take that from me,

[Verse 1]

Hey , I'm moving on up excuse em moi,
pardon its me,
there's a new chapter to life that I'm starting to see,
and Im gon make em spend money to the hardest
degree,
but on the low I probably mimic every artist I see,
I need a house, a wifey, a nice watch, and a lot of cake,
I can't lie, there's certain figures I gotta make,
and for my family this a shot I gotta take,
cos where I live there is nobody as hot as Drake,
which basically means Im faking this team,
resorting a new car briefcases with cream

trying to find a space in the jeans
for placing the green and watch get the attention the
bracelet is clean,
I'm staying in music, wifey kinda need to be a band
lover,
I keep it flowing old school like your grandmother,
I'm a tanned brother that use rubber bands to keep his
money intact,
if you don't like it you should ban rubber,

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

These days I can't really break twenty's,
hunni, make money money,

every month the government will take money from me,
May 750 look how quickly I spent that,
don't call me broke cos I strictly resent that,
last month P had to flip me the rent because the tax
bracket I'm in is 50% flat,
all because of ebay giving me leeway basically through
the paypal I need a raise now,
seems everytime a n-gga stopping to eat,
I end up always trying to shop and compete,
they know that a n-gga buys if they got it in his size
and he cops it in more colours than popsicle pete,
till I bow to the top with receipts,
stressed the stores and I don't understand less is
more,
wanna get em all to the point where they owe me,
and they gon see that Drakes on his J-O-B.

[Chorus]

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