

Drama

"Love For Money"

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Ay, ay, ay
Ooh, woo, ohh, ohh, ohh
Ooh, woo, ohh, ohh, ohh
Ooh, woo, ohh, ohh, ohh
Ooh, woo, ohh, ohh, ohh

I got the love for money
I gotta have it, the lust for living lavish
Gotta get that green paper stacking
(Love for money)

I, I, I, I gotta have it
I, I, I, I got the love for money

I, I gotta have it, the lust for living lavish
Gotta get that green paper stacking
(Love for money)

I, I, I, I gotta have it
I, I, I, I got the love for money

Chillin' with two women, me and mister thanksgiving
I'll be some where fly, Thanksgiving goin' swimming
While you was wearing snorkels, I was out snorkeling
Of course I'm shit on these niggas like porcelain

It's more than love with this money I'm infatuated
Captivated by the diamonds and capsulated
Shooting range in the basement, Olympic size pool
With pool table adjacent, I love me some money

I stash money fast money
Comin' on bumpin' them onions
Bunking and crossing the country
So, so don't cross me you monkey

Sleeping on 50s and 20
Rollin' up onions and hundreds, pulling in porches
And phantoms, fancies be throwing their panties
Drama and cannon demand it
Gucci and Drama they panic
Ugh, they sick they vomit

Put some more commas in front of it
Drama got Gucci he stuntin'
Gucci and Drama we done it
We got so much money, 'bout our money
Some money mo' money, dummy

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Gotta get that green paper stacking
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I, I, I, I gotta have it
I, I, I, I got the love for money

Uh, money gotta 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 acting like friends

Money, money he owe money money he blow
Money got sexy ladies dancing on da pole
Money got dem on a stroll, money platinum and gold
Money make 'em shake it like Beyonce Knowles

Only God knows the things I do for money
That's a young fly man
Check out them dimensions, 20s, 50s and 100s
Don't you make me look good when you see us out
stuntin'?

Catch a whif, find out that's yo' bitch
Catch her pushin' your wheel, then the go and pushing
clips
She got me going crazy I'm coo coo for boucoup bucks
Plus I can't lie, boo, it's only you I love

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I, I, I, I gotta have it
I, I, I, I got the love for money

I'm 'bout my instrument, I'm 'bout my doe
I'm on my hustle
(Man)
You already know.
I'm getting stacks, I'm hitting lick
I'm packing pounds and bagging bricks

You got them [unverified], I gotta laugh
You talking Oz but selling halves
Where your connect? How much you got?
That's all he holdin'? Man, I buy him out

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