

Hell Rell

"I'm About My Money Bitch feat. J.R. Writer"

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Hell Rell:

Okay, I'm all about my money bitch

Hell Rell, I'm all about my money

Verse 1

Hell Rell:

Yo, blow money in large amounts

Niggaz hate when these cars is out

Lamborghini this, Porsche that

Can he afford that, yeah he bought that

Naw nigga, when I got my deal I ain't act like I was all that

Put up start-up money so my niggaz can eat

Supply the hustlers with more crack

Sent niggaz outta town with pounds of the piff

Told 'em get rich

Stack that change nigga, cent by cent

Then learn that your license plate done homeboy
switched your whip

It's true holmes

Them boys may be tapping your Boost phone, get a
new phone

P-89 Ruger, two-tone

This my house nigga not a group-on

If a nigga run up I'm bussin' the Glock

Other than that, then I'm huggin' the block

I'm feelin' like Killa Cam and Little Weezy bitch

What's good you gon' suck it or not

If not then get the fuck out the drop

Look how the diamonds is huggin' the watch

I'm nice with the flow man

But I'm getting paid from the blow man

Shit, I'm stuck in the spot

Hook

J.R. Writer:

Better have my money bitch

You better have my money bitch

Better have my money bitch

You better have my money bitch

Better have my money bitch

You know why

Verse 2

J.R. Writer:

Uh, I'm bad, bad to the bone
Back to the lab, back in the zone
Back of the 'Lac wit' a bag full of stones
Caps in the chrome, come scrap with Stallone
That's that Rambo ammo famo
Better leave the scraper alone or it's back to this home
Try to take the hat off his dome
I don't know why they touch J.R.
Like the vet ain't hard or I'd F they broad
Like I don't come through in the SKR
With the SK pa and the ese squad
That'll bag you, drag you up a couple blocks to the spot
where the eses are
Since he wanna front like he next in charge
He'll be in the trunk of a next man's car
Pa, I'm sick as they come
Chips from a crumb, live by the gun
Dip when it blown, go for the deck
Throw up the set, bitch where you from
I'm a Harlem nigga, problems nigga, it'll be 50 to 1
But I rather do your bitch and have her lookin' at me
like she got a damn clip on her tongue

Hook

Hell Rell:

Ruger, okay, I'm all about my money
Where my money (Hell Rell)
I'm all about my money
Where my money bitch
Yeah, I'm all about my money
Where my money

Verse 3

Hell Rell:

Sell some pussy, suck some dick
Walk the track, hug the strip
I don't give a fuck if he slapped yo' momma
Damn right bitch, I want every last dollar
Daddy need 22's for his new Porsche
Daddy need flat screens for his new loft
You got the job, you hired
Be at the office at 9, I'm your new boss
New gun in town, get used to me
You're washed up old man, I'm what you used to be
One bitch for the night but it's usually 2 or 3 that's
screwing me
Plus a shot for the Bronx, 2 for Weeks

That's my hood nigga, that's my block
Ruger Rell nigga, that's what's hot
Look at me wrong, I'ma clap my Glock
Yeah bitch, you know the damn name
Now get your little ass in this damn Range
You want some champagne
I ain't goin' nowhere but got a flight book just incase
my plans change
Dipset nigga, that's the damn gang
Eastside, Soo-Woo campaign
Look at this nigga
Baby-mother car, big brother ring and his man's chain

Hook
Hell Rell:
Ruger, okay, I'm all about my money
Where my money (Hell Rell)
I'm all about my money
Where my money bitch
Yeah, I'm all about my money
Where my money

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