

Hell Rell

"Money Grown On Trees"

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Hook:

Bitches think our money grow on trees
Cuz they see the kinda paper that I blow on V's
Get a Bentley (Let's go) Cop a Porsche (Let's go)
Bring it through the block, show 'em you a boss (Here we go)
Uh-huh, these niggaz think our money got no limits
Chain so bright, shit ain't even got no pendant
I spent 50 (what you spent) I dropped 100 (Let's go)
F**k what I spent, I'm that nigga, you love it

Quarter key in the pot, drop it to the bottom
Can't pay her bills, shit, that's that hooker's problem
I think the hook'll drop 'em, plus I got a mean jab
He said his flow is crack, put that shit in rehab
Nigga you jacked your whole style
Your life kinda cheap, you look like you cost 4 thou
I'm rollin' through, smokin' too, drop Ferrari, ocean blue
Venice Beach, 50 freaks, condo got a ocean view

Yes sir, no sir, speak when spoken to
Stupid nigga gon' kill himself if I told him to
Squeeze 8 in ya face
I hate a pussy but respect a pussy nigga that'll stay in his place
We got chefs, you still eating shrimp and broccoli for dinner
you couldn't ball harder than me if you was a lottery winner
And I ain't stingy with the money nigga. come get cake
Damn, how many diamonds can one wrist take

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