

# Jt Money "War"

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Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh (that right)  
Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh (Yeaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh)  
JT Money, God dammit  
Bout time, spin this bitch  
(Niggaz waitin on yo muh'fuckin ass, let's ride)

(Hook) x4  
Heychayaya, heychayaya, heychayaya (Drop them  
boes on 'em)  
We drop them boes on u hoes nigga

I got em goin crazy  
Tryin to lock down Jay baby  
Them suckas don't wanna pay me  
Them niggaz must think I'm crazy  
They must do business shady  
Or they think that I can't count  
Don't need a big bank account  
Fuck that bullshit I'm out  
Tryin to start my own shit  
Muh'fucka I own shit  
When I'm on some grown shit  
And I stand on my own, bitch  
Get yo hands up outta my pocket  
Y'all greedy muh'fuckas betta stop it  
Y'all niggaz can't play wit my profit  
So you might as well back up off it  
Money man don't fuck around  
Boy I will shut you down  
You don't wanna bust it down  
Now I gotta stop bussin clown  
So please don't fuck with mine  
And I won't have to fuck wit yours  
'cause when I bring them toys  
We knockin down them doors  
And anything else in my way  
Interferin wit my pay  
Y'all niggaz gon' learn today  
Don't fuck around wit Jay  
I don't see awards or them plaques  
Or them stanky car tracks  
Matter fact

Fuck That  
All I want is my stack  
Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiggggghhhhhhtttttt

(Hook) x4

Y'all don' wanna fuck around wit this  
Only bitch-ass niggaz ain't down wit this  
Y'all crowdin that nigga  
Stop houndin this  
For you fuck my first  
Get a pound wit this  
Y'all fake-ass niggaz betta recognize  
I'll work ya niggaz out like exercise  
I'm this shit muh'fucka I flex my mouth  
You gotta short piece I'll wash yo mind  
Nigga I ain't lyin  
Muh'fuckas don't know bout Jay  
And this damn thing hold by Jay  
Fuck around be D-O-A  
Nigga that's fo' sho okay  
You don't know this ganky shit  
Plus I won't ganky trick  
Y'all fuck niggaz think y'all slick  
Lemme tell y'all niggaz ain't shit  
But when them killas come  
That's when all y'all fuck niggaz run  
Still nigga like me boots up to none  
So all y'all fuck boys will get done, huh  
All y'all sucka niggaz betta take heed  
For ya get yo ass smoked like weed

Nigga I don't break I squeeze  
Lemme hear ya tryin to take from me  
Nigga that's gon be ya ass  
Definitely gon be ya last  
Don't fuck around  
Nigga wit my cash  
Unless yo ass want to get blast  
Respect tha game  
Dread the pain  
That I'ma bring  
To ya man  
Playing games wit ya life  
Livin triflin  
I'll take them stripes

(Hook) x4

Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh  
I'm in this game like a legend  
Y'all niggaz peasants

Open ya ass up like presents  
Put my weight on it  
While you still sittin weight on it  
Can't hate on it when Jay on it  
Yo don' know rowdy boys shot clothes  
Hits from way back  
Tryin to top those  
Love to chop hoes  
Quick to drop boes  
On my foes  
To pop though  
When I don't stop though  
Wanna pose  
Can't fuck with Jay  
I'm the ear-shake  
Gotta make big pay  
Don't stop  
How'm I off the top  
But who that drop nigga say I went pop  
Lemme pop real shit in ya ear  
Pop off on all fuck-boys  
So stay in tha clear  
Pop bitch in the mouth  
Talk too much shit  
Pop three lil' gids that don't fuck with  
Pop on a nigga when I see ya hate  
Pop a gat in his mouth  
Send him to Satan  
Pop the question  
Who next to die  
If you it don't wanna to be you don't fuck with mine  
I ain't a rap-ass nigga bitch that spit game  
In tha big thangs  
Don't take some shit man  
All bread suckas soft ass cookies  
Don't ever compare me to no rookies

(Hook) x4

[Talking]  
Drop it on ya ass  
Playin on muh'fuckas game  
From here on out  
Shop clothes  
Talk all that shit  
Rapper-ass nigga  
Yeaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh

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