

## Plies

# "I'm In Love With Money"

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Ay homie, Man My Grandma Told Me Dog,  
Plies Sit Down Sumwhere Bwoi Money Ain't Everythang.  
I Told Her Shit How you Kno you Ain't Neva Had Nun

[Chorus:]

I'm Allergic To Broke,  
I'm Addicted To Stuntin',  
I'm Infatuated Wit Hoes  
Nd I'm N Luv Wit Money,  
Im in Love Wit Money(Money),  
Im in Love Wit Money(Money),  
Im in Love Wit Money(Money),  
Im in Love Wit Money(Money).

[Verse 1:] Plies

Call Me What U Want Bet U Can't Call Me Broke.  
You Pussy Ass Niggas Yall Who I Hustle For.  
U In Dese Street N U Ain't Getn Money U A Joke!  
I Got Fuck Up Money Nigga Money To Blow!  
U Throw Yours In Da Air I Throw Mines On Da Flo'.  
U Talk About Money I Kno How To Get It Though.  
I'ma Get Money N I'ma Die Two Thangs For Sho'.  
U Either Sell Dope Or Rob U Kno How It Go.  
I Grind For 20 Hours Nigga N Sleep 4.  
I Got Da 26's I Want DA 8's Though.  
I Got Five WHips I Want Five Mo'.  
I'm N Luv Wit Money Muthafuck A Hoe!

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 2: T.I.]

Everythang From Dis Dro I Blow,  
Da 24's I Sit. Up Under Dis New Whip I Can't Get It From  
A Bitch.

U Kno Da First Gone Cum N Da Bills Be Due. One Day Da  
Hurs  
Gone Cum N Til Dey Do Im Gone Get, Meals On Top Of  
Meals.  
Damn How A Hata Feel.  
Dey Talkin About It,  
Im Tryna Get It Forreal.  
Hey Dey Pretendin About It But I Can Get It Forreal.  
I Done Slung Every Drug U Can Deal  
(Yeah) Plenty Times I Could've Been Killed,  
But Not Only Did I Live U Should  
See How Niggas Live.  
Gotta Water Flood Property,

Dey Both Back At Her Crib,  
Movie Wit Denzel N Da Nigga Actin Forreal.  
I Used To Not Have It To Spend But  
Now I Got It To Give.  
96 Impala N Challengin Niggas To Steal.  
My Neck Gone Swell,  
Everythang On Chill.  
Ima Ball Til I Fall Keyword UNTIL. Yeah.

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 3: Plies]

If U Can Count It N Ya Hands U Ain't Got Enough.  
I Want A Money Machine To Count Mines Brah.  
I'm Tired Of Da Shoe Box I Wanna See Money Trucks.  
U Everythang Wit Money Witout It Ya Fuck!  
Talk To A Broke Nigga I Bet His Lyf Rough,  
Talk To A Rich Nigga I Bet He Cheer Ya Up.  
I Don't Need No Homeboys  
I Need My Pockets Stuffed.  
Cuz Im Runnin Out Of Time Nigga Im N A Rush.  
Cuz Its A Fucked Up Feeling To Ya Pockets Touch.  
U Gettin A Quarter Now, U Shoot For A Bird.  
U Got Ya First Stack Now Hustle For A Third.  
Cuz Money Make Da World Go Round If U Ain't Heard.  
If I EVa Go To Prison Money Gone Be Da Reason.  
And If Im Lyin God, Stop me From Breathin.  
Im Tryin To Live Good,  
Homie Im Tired Of Strugglin'

N To Be Honest Wit Ya Dog Im Tired Of Hustlin'.

[Chorus: x2]

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