

Plies "Plenty Money"

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I got plenty money, I got plenty money
I got plenty money, I got plenty money
I got plenty money, I got plenty money
I got plenty money, let the streets know

I got plenty money, I got plenty money
I got plenty money, let the streets know
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What's in my pocket, dawg, big face hundreds
Just left the mall, bought everything that I wanted
I kinda mad wit' you haters, I'm real disappointed
'Cause what you didn't tell the people is I got plenty
money

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I like my bitches hood, but all my whips foreign
Just bought another house, the last one was boring
Ten thousand square feet, it feel like you tourin'
These niggas dissin' me, it really ain't important

Take off yo shirt, nigga, I bet yo' ribs showin'
You nigga starvin', my money over flowin'
Jewelry game sick, got all these hoes adorin'
Catch me in the club wit' all the 'gnac pourin'

If I ever go to prison, I'ma have plenty stories
Sleep real good, 'cause I ain't got no worries
Stay fresh everyday, jewelry stay glowin'
I got plenty money and all you niggas knowin'

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Next month, guess what, I'm buyin' rappers
'Cause I'm startin' to feel sorry for you lil' bastards
I'm pretty hot, yo' career a disaster
I control you niggas, somethin' like yo' master

Sixty five grand, that's why I'm the best here
Stay from 'round me if you don't like to smell cheddar
I ain't fuckin' wit that hoe 'cause she a dick hacker
Wanna know who I'm fuckin', my money, I just married
her

She been good to me, I might 5 carat her
Ran me out the store, I bought too many plasmas
Count so much money, breathe like I got asthma
The old sayin' is, the more money, the merrier

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I won't know why I bought the Bentley when I had the
Mazzerati
And what I paid for the goon chain, one forty
Scared to keep money on me 'cause I will blow it
My strip club name is, Mr. Will Throw It

Keep fire on deck and I will show it
Fuck wit' me and get whacked and all you niggas know
it
Scared to dance in the club 'cause my fire loaded
If you won't use it, guess what, then don't tote it

Mo' money, to most niggas, mean mo' hoes
Mo' money, to me, it mean keep goin'
Haters gettin' tired, my money still growin'
Ball all night, catch a flight in the mornin'

