

T PAIN

"My Money Long"

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T-pizzle, NAPPY BOY, T-pizzle, NAPPY BOY
Ladies and Gentlemen, I will now go in and refuse to
come out
I say that I'm not the best but I have a lil somethin lets
go in together, ok
[Verse One]
PIZZLE, I'm pissed off a lil bit
I'm bout to show these niggas how awful it'll get
Somebody call the auto tune office real quick
And tell 'em Teddy Pain done went off in the bitch (went
of in this bitch ?)
I'm just gettin' warmed up
I don't speak yo folk language I'm a foreigner
I'm from Moneyville, Cash Avenue, Dolla Bill street bitch
that's why I gotta attitude
I came to express my inner most
My niggas tryna eat, so I'm the Nappy Boy dinner host
(eat it up nigga)
Get ready for the muthafuckin entree
Niggas thought I reached my peak like Dante
Haha cause aint no mountain high enough
You think you be fly but you see I'm on some flier stuff
Cutlet so tall feel like I need to higher a
Private jet pilot just to drive it down the highway uh

[Chorus]
I know you don't believe it, even though you see it
Wonder how we get this paper long
Act hard if you need it
You better believe it
We still gettin form my first song
My money long (money-my money long)
My money long (money-my money long)
My money long (money-my money long)
I put on

[Verse 2]
I went and got some pills from the dentist man (man)
And ended up in the backseat of a minivan (van)
He said take ten of these (these)
And ten minutes later i was like I CANT SEE ANYTHING
Niggas just wanna fu-un, get drunk and show up to Iraq

wit one gun
Speakin Arabian, bitch I'm bout to bring the heat wave
again
Bust illyrical nuts in ya face again

I'm the R&B game's porn star bitch
Just call me the auto tune Mr. Marcus
I been the shit, you just a fart bitch
So fall off like me on a golf kart bitch
You wanna start shit, I'll be right here
5 years in the game, 6 million dolla crib
If I get it how I leave, wait a minute I'd actually get it
pretty good
You muthafuckas should see where the fuck I live I
GOT..

[Chorus]

I know you don't believe it, even though you see it
Wonder how we get this paper long
Act hard if you need it
You better believe it
We still gettin form my first song
My money long (money-my money long)
My money long (money-my money long)
My money long (money-my money long)
I put on

[Verse 3]

Drop-top Bentley, Drop-head fainter
32 cars, how the fuck could you blame em
Every Chevrolet got more 12's in the anus
My flow game sick like Greg Louganus
Go 'head and call me an asshole
I'm the frog prince, niggas is tadpoles
My pants got social anxiety, the pockets keep thinkin
people callin them fatso (FATSO)
Now think about that one...alright I'm back son
Party full of pretty girls but I want the fat one
Nuvo got em lookin like two Toni Braxton's
All these red cars got me lookin like a straight blood
So they lookin at me funny every time I say cuz (SUP
CUZ)
But they don't got they click and I do, we roll swoll like
them Spartans nigga
AHH-OO !

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