

## The High Kings

### "Arrangement"

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[Gonage]

I got yo bitch layin' naked 'cross the bed, no rosary  
Stackin' up this bread like a banker, just a fee  
She wanna refill, so I get that ho a B  
Niggas on the sideline yellin' "Who the fuck is he?"  
Bitch I'm mac gun, you can call me Cody B  
Wardrobe overseas, passports all over me  
White leather seats lookin' like coca leaf  
Everytime I crank up the woofer sittin' on a key  
I'm Gucci buckled up, house note on my feet  
Linen button-up like I'm walkin' round on the beach  
Blind hoes notice me, am I wearin' Trilla G?  
So they wanna come and talk to me like Jodice  
Smokin' in the morning, and when I go to sleep  
Blowin' presidential man I think they 'bout to vote for  
me  
In event we party like a fret, no time machine  
If money ain't the couple dean mean polish lean

[Hook]

If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit  
In the VIP we champagne-spray shit  
I'm in the club lookin' like a bank statement  
If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement  
Walked in the club, ain't pay shit  
Broke niggas hate, caus' they ain't shit  
I'm gettin' to the cash pockets on payment  
If you talkin' cash, I can make arrangement  
Cody

[Childish Gambino]

Cody Bean Sr., pushin' mean ether  
You don't know Childish, nigga me neither  
Eastside Atlanta, flyest nigga in a Waffle House  
If it ain't money, man, we ain't got shit to talk about  
Kennedy compound, my 20-room house  
So big my ex-girls ain't gotta move out  
If you ain't talkin' cash, don't say shit  
My bank account look like when little kids break shit  
Ooooooo, if I'm breathin' I can handle it  
Watching all my dreams get together like an

ampersand  
Blueprint the new shit, mixtape management  
Show these dummies how to do it, all I want's my ten  
percent  
Porche brand new, passed 'em a cool hundred  
Yeah my girl 5'2", even her growth stunted  
It's the nigga y'all knew back when I flipped meal cards  
Now my meals free when I don't taste the fifth star  
We can make arrangements, old money Cambridge  
Meetin' with the moguls, make 'em richer and they owe  
you  
It's the kid you used to talk about, I'm watchin' people  
get up on it  
A world star and I ain't have to have a nigga moment  
Flow's always cold, keep the whole soul anemic  
Never left that hard shit, a nigga's always constipated  
Got the change for my cousin on froze, no more movin'  
weight  
Flossin' hard, ice king, no more fittin' J  
Love or hate you gotta say the hype is something  
handsome  
As long as all of 'em blogg'in' I'm living Richard  
Branson  
Shit talkers still talk, haters on my billboard  
Used to take the Q home, now I hang with schoolboys  
So I counted, Black Kennedy this shit  
Man I'm so ironic, man this ratchet need a fix  
Droppin' new shit and the haters get the splashback  
Don't be surprised when he ask you where the cash at

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