

Trey Songz "Bag Of Money"

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Trey Songz:

My bitch bad, my bitch cold
Young bitch wit ah old soul
Lesson that she learn cause her momma showed her
Probably should have hit it when her momma throwed it
My old bitch but she look young
Smart bitch but she look dumb
Yo bitch bored but she look fun
My white bitch, my black one
Gold chains my platinum, my skinny girl
Lil bitty waist, wit her pretty face and dat fat one
Slow Songs, f-ck Songs, my soul songs, my club songs
Yuup Songz, whatâ€™s up Songz, yall niggas never
gonna touch Songz
Bet yo baby momma wanna f-ck Songz
You seen dat, she feign dat, Giuseppe Zanotti bag
Addicted to my money and she never go to rehab
Itâ€™s full of hundreds if you look up in the bag (up in
the bag)
Like dat, my bitch bad,bad!!
[Chorus:]
Oh, oh my bitch bad looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I f-ck her good and sheâ€™s always ride it for me
My bitch bad looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I f-ck her good and she always riding it for me (she ride
it for me)
She got me caught up in the moment, she got me
caught up in the moment
She got me caught up in the moment, she got me
caught up in the moment
I only kiss her when she on it
F-ck her good and make her call me in the morning
Oh, oh my bitch bad looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I f-ck her good and sheâ€™s always ride it for me
My bitch bad looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money

I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I f-ck her good and she always riding it for me (she ride
it for me)

Wale:

Temporary forever, levitate wit a nigga
I can tease you till you hate me, bet you hate them
naval kisses
We can do like eight positions, hit it till yo make up
missing
Baby girl my stroke official and you know I paint that
picture

Hoes on my line, most of emâ€™™ nines
Couple of emâ€™™ dimes, but all my hoes is hard to
find

And I ainâ€™™ t always on the prowl
Itâ€™™ s just my soda mixed wit brown, got me quite
open for a while

So let me in or let me out!

And I like my marijuana bright, and I like my window
tinted out

Shout out at them strippers who hustle get yours you
know what dis about

I just might throw a big amount, donâ€™™ t know if im
pose ta take you out

I just know dat im pose to praise you up

Donâ€™™ t mean I ainâ€™™ t pose to take you down (Word
Up!!)

[Chorus:]

Oh, oh my bitch bad looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I f-ck her good and sheâ€™™ s always ride it for me
My bitch bad looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
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That bitch bad looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I f-ck her good and she always riding it for me (she ride

it for me)
Meek Millz:
My bitch bad looking like a bag of money
Every time she f-ck me she say "can I have some
money?"
And I say can I get a 3some she said "boy you
funny!"
But I be like forreal just pick up dat phone call up one of
yo girls
When I'm on that pill and I pop that purr
Girl, I put in that work
Long as she come to me first its fourteen racks that I
put on that purse
Shit, that Birkin bag, make a old dude mad, when I
murk through pass, in a dark blue Jag
Say she like my style but I talk to fast,
And I got that drive and she just might crash
Hold up!
She say she f-cking wit me the long way
She gonna ride this dick I had a long day (a long day)
Nigga look at my bitch, he lookin da wrong way
Somethin mean look exactly just like the song say

[Chorus:]

Oh, oh my bitch bad looking like a bag of money
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I fuck her good and she's always ride it for me
My bitch bad looking like a bag of money (she bad,
bad, bad)
That bitch bad looking like a bag of money (she bad,
bad, bad)
I go and get it and I let her count it for me
I f-ck her good and she always riding it for me (she ride
it for me)
She got me caught up in the moment, she got me
caught up in the moment
She got me caught up in the moment, she got me
caught up in the moment
I only kiss her when she on it
F-ck her good and make her call me in the morning

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