

Tyga

"Money And Liquor"

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[Verse 1:]

It's that young beasty nigga
Brrr-hah stick em
It's still no fitteds, Dupont finish
Courtside tickets?,
Purple like Grimace
Roof pop like titties
Pound sign - sit your ass down, bitch, I'm busy
I'm balling like a bitch - all-blue Ken Griffies
Use the chicken rotisserie, squeeze the? to your lemon
Everything I do new, nigga, cut the red ribbon
Give me space to the left
Leave your face indented
There's too many women, why this niggas out there
starin?
Raw McLaren, boy flier than a parrot
Me and that money got a merit
I was the first to pop her cherry

[Hook: Tyga]

Now it's big living, fast cars, model women
Penthouse, hella-chains - why you trippin?

Money & Liquor
Money & Liquor
Type of nigga

Gold sofas, gold bottles, gold women
Gold grills, gold rings - why you trippin?

Money & Liquor
Money & Liquor
Young Gudda nigga

[Verse 2: Gudda Gudda]

Stay young Gudda nigga
Fuck them other niggas

Stumbling from the liquor
Throwing money at the strippers
Promethazine mixer, Codeine sipper

Ring on my pinky looking like the Big Dipper
Money talks, we speak often
Murking the beat, we gon need a coffin
Got a freak riding shotgun
She rolling hard on the pink dolphin
Young nigga, but the money is old
Big estates, the money don't fold
Jewelry box full of colorful shit, but
Everything on my neck is gold
Get in it, let's finish it
You talk shit, I live this shit
She love a nigga to death, so when I'm
In the pussy, I kill the shit
Money flowing like a river
I buy the bar out, I mix the money with the liquor
Nigga!

[Hook: Tyga]

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