

## W.A.L.E. "Bag Of Money"

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My chick bad, looking like a bag of money  
That chick bad, looking like a bag of money  
I go and get it and I let her count it for me  
I treat her good and she always ride it for me

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She got me caught up in the moment  
She got me caught up in the moment  
I only kiss her when she on it  
Treat her good, make her call me in the morning

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Temporary forever, levitate with a n\*\*\*\*  
I can teach you, till you hate me but you hate them  
naval kisses  
We can do like 8 positions  
Hit it til your make up missing  
Baby girl my stroke official  
And you know I paint that picture  
Hoes on my line, most of 'em 9's  
Couple of 'em dimes but all my hoes is hard to find  
And I ain't always on the prowl its just my soda mixed  
with 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 them strippers who hustle  
Yeah George you know what this about

I just might throw a big amount  
Don't know if I'm posed to take you out  
I just know I'm posed to praise you up  
Don't mean I ain't posed to take you down  
Word up

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My chick bad looking like a bag of money  
Ehrry time she f\*\*\* me she say "can I have  
some money?"  
And I say "can I get a threesome?"  
She say "boy, you funny"  
But I be like foreal, just pick up that phone  
Call on one of your girls  
When I'm on that pill and I pop that perc  
Girl I put in that work  
Long as she come to me first  
Its 14 racks what I put on that purse  
Shit that Birkin bag, make the old dude mad  
When I murk through passed in a dark blue jag  
Say she like my style but I talk too fast  
And I got that drive and she just might crash  
Hold up

She say she f\*\*\*\*\* with me the long way  
She gon' ride this d\*\*\* I had a long day  
N\*\*\*\* look at my chick you looking the wrong way  
Something mean, look exactly just like the song say

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