

Nicki French

"Mind On My Money"

Visit "[Mind On My Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Brinx:]

Now you hold it's yur excellence
See I t.c oh forward slash president
East side resident oh so evident
Brinx billy ride cousin black on black phantom 26's on
the side of em
Ninas on the side of em
Goonies on the side of em
Anybody can get it boy be careful on the side of them
These niggas are burial guns no fearial
Money hungry honey with me if you holla she gonna
carry you
Flyer than a aireal vechical gerital
Sittin on my feet when I'm stuntin on them people
I tell no fabels everyhting chillen
Fax machines office max see me for that paper
You workin for short bread ain't my money long
youngin
Bxtch I'm on trappin more digits than a phone number
different time zones
On em kill them niggas lycially
Left side of my closet look invaded by italy
Right side paris left side flaggin paper is is my main
chick me and money
Married
And that's all a nigga knoes bitch that's why them
brand new niggas is all up
On my old shxt

[Speaking: Nicki Minaj]

That's what I did I came up out the truck
You what I'm sayin
I chuck my dueces like
That's all I do like
Young money nicki minaj it's the ninja harajuku barbie
and all of that
Nah I'm sayin all that
Me gettin money you writin disses we gettin money
Yeaaaaa boiiiiii
Hit me my limozine
All in yur magazine

And when I come they betta lean like a?

They say nicki nice
I'm about my money mama
And tell michelle I got my eye on barack obama

Tryin to get that modana you kno hannah montanna
And you can find me sittin indian style with the dolly
lama

Konichiwa I get my yin and say sayonara
I'm medatating and I'm in conhootz with a higher power

Mind on money money on mind mind mind on my
money mind
(Nam MyÅ[hÅ Rengei»¿ KyÅ)
Mind on money ay mind on my money babe

How does this money taste wine in yo moneys face
You see the signs and the teachings

Well if you didn't knoe well this is grindin season
Now and go get yur gangs signs throw it up

All my niggas on them bikes throw it up
We don't care what you say
We ain't gonna win no way

My niggas bring the heat like a summer day
So mind on my mutha fckn money mind on my mutha
fckn money oooooo

[Speakin: Busta Rhymes]
Ayo I speak forgien lanuages and shxt
But the lanuage is speak is that monney lanuage

Hahahah flipmode bxtch
Brinx I like how we do the brinx truck job on these
niggas homey

Time after time again I like niggas and remind niggas
how
I hold out on mutha fckas

Niggas out here frontin about they bread you can't
trust it niggas
My money so stupid call me warren busta buss nigga

Glad it ain't a toss and everything about me butters
I've been counting money so long I see dollar signs
and different colors

My money is smear and smutherd yur money you hear
me brotha been
About that bread like I was broke or still in the gutta

And in case you ain't knoe there will be no repalcement
and them bags
Of arab money I got stashed in the basement face it

When ever I shine I glisten and when ever I talk you
listen ain't no money
Gettin made in these street
Without my premission I keeps it drug infested my
money is well invested
It's to the point my?
Is well respected you need to check my method I
promise you I be the
Wrong nigga that's comes to my money
That you ever want to mess with grind like missionary
labor holding
Indigutary paper you already knoe my team is filled
with?
Ears we made you

I don't give a fck about yur stipulation
Type of bread appropriate for every situation

You can tell by the jewlery sittin on my collar from the
bread to the crib
I knoe all about the dollar

Visit [Nicki French](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.