

2 Chainz

"Pour It Up"

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Say really, let's send this shit to the street one time,
you know
Throw the hundreds like loose chain
(Still got my money!)
Got your broad and your move saying
(That really on me)

Seats whiter than cocaine
(That forty on me!)
Got me and G, she brought broads, man
(She like my homie)
On king top, my gold chain
My partner women, hit the dope men
Straight guess nigga, that VP
On that E40, that old G
The bitch nigga be acting up
The hoe nigga be acting fun
That grind with ya, that shine with ya
Be born.. I'll fetch your trial
My Rolls Royce with my diver in
Getting fucked up cause I ain't got to try.
'em bottles came
' and we're about to die
Got one room, got three bitches
And their damn underwear'
Two black photos of' old time
Those shoot back and niggas shooting me
You know it!

Hook:
Oh, oh, oh
All I see is signs,
All I see is dollar signs!
Oh, oh, oh
Money on my mind,
Money, money on my mind!
Throw it, throw it up
Watch it fall up of from the sky
Throw it up, throw it up,
Watch it fall out!
Throw it up, throw it up,

That's how we ball out!
Throw it up, throw it up,
Watch it all fall out!
Throw it up, throw it up
That's how we ball out!
Oh, it's the biggest nigga in the game!
(That's how we ball out!)
Sexy bitches world wide, what's up?
(That's how we ball out!)
Fuck with me, yeah!
(That's how we ball out!)

My foreign cars, domestic beefs
Peter Lueger's, the better seats
Dollar after dollar, bottle after bottle
Late for you haters, even though my plane chartered!
Suede Balley shoes, true rude boy,
Ferrari 400 horses and we do it for cool points!
Baby, do the math! I'm copping Chanel bags
Talking Belle Harbour cigars by Hermes
Know we ran the streets, eating cold bully beef
Now we at the Grammys, Tom Ford to my feet, ah!
Boss on that Avi, Rihanna screensaver
Whenever you see fat boy, know it mean paper!

Juice Jay pouring up cold drink
Benz all white, no chlorine
Bad chick with me got ass and titties
Freaky bitch gonna fuck the whole team
Zip-lock bag full of OG,
I go in like a door key!
Your girlfriend down in both knees
She catch more balls than a'
Purple all in my sprite,
I'm hot as Denzel on flight.
Screw money to make no money
You niggas shaking like dice.
I'm in the bed with your wife
We're popping pills, we're going hard
When she was with you, she was a church girl
When she's with me, she a porn star!
Smoking on doobies like cigarettes
Which one of this strippers give head the best?
Pussy so good that I think I'm in love
What am I saying? There must be the drugs!
Pour it up, pop that ass, I make it rain, homie!
I'll make it flood, Shawty, you might need a raincoat!

Strip clubs and dollar bills
(I got my money!)
Patron shots, can I get a refill?

(Still got my money!)
Strippers going up and down that pole
(I still got my money!)
Four a clock and we ain't going home
(Still got my money!)
Money make the world go round
(Still got my money!)
Bands make your girl go down
(Still got my money!)
I got more where that came from
(Still got my money!)
The look in your eyes, I know you want some
(Still got my money!)

Pour it up, pour it up
That's how we ball out!
That's how we ball out!
That's how we ball out!
That's how we ball out!

They get it, baby! Turn on!
I catch a case and I go to jail
(Still got more money!)
I came home and went back on hell
(Still got more money!)
I'm multiplying everything I spend
(I still got more money!)
These trap niggas I represent
(I still got more money)

This hustle game that we popping, popping
Got big bank rolls in our pockets
Hopping out a foreign vehicle
Throwing 40 Gs, ain't no issue, bitch!
I'm thorough as it get, official, bitch!
Better watch your pussy popping
I might wanna come and get you, bitch
Now everywhere you may see me
Surrounded by bad bitches like Ri-Ri
Got them booty shots, look like Nicki
Face and toes pretty, I'm picky.
See these trap niggas, they on to me
And these rap niggass up under me
Ain't none for me to get a hundred keys
And then stimulate the economy, like:

True power all up!
Watch it all fall down!
Shoot that niggas fall up
Watch a nigga crawl up!
I go all out, in a verve on hard talk

Keep talking about your bottom all out
Nigga at your bottom mean call out!
' I'm everything your man not
I gotta get in there, on repeat
Smoking Ki-ki with Ri-Ri
Throw it in your like 3D,
Shall let me get a sneak peak?
And you got that thing shaved,
Damn, baby you're a neat freak!
She ask me where my sign
I said an ass with two lines!
That don't make sense, all I got is dimes! (true)
All I do is me, no jerk off
You ain't had to work out to get to work out, no!
I'm so fresh blow like a dent to the soap off
Go change my shirt off
I sip on nigga till I dodge off

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