

M3**"Money On The Table"**

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That money on the table, that money on the table.
That money on the table, that money on the table.
That money, that money, that money on the table.
That money, that money, that money on the table.
That money, that money, that money on the table.
(And we go)
That money on the table, (count it up) that money on
the table.
That money, that money.

Let em show you how I do it,
What I'm getting to the money I ain't laughing I ain't
smiling
'Cause they ain't nothing funny,
Man I'm all about them dollars, late night and I'm
problem,
I'm the fresh thing of road... ,
Got my shoes on and I'm styling,
Yes I'm fly without a pali, hit the road, don't check the
mollies,
There's a chico that I follow, ain't gone hot as a model,
Let me show you how I ball, yeah I'ma let it all loud,
Man I ain't even on, f*ck around and shut them all
down,
Chill baby, there's enough to go around, and we can
smoke but keep it low
Mama to low around, two ladies, three hustles, four
cars, all muscle,
All raise put it back and all engine, check in, I'm
collecting, man put that.

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We regulating, we mounting up,
We bout to ride nigga and you down or what?

And we blowing sower, while we're counting up
F*ckin with that powder you'll be down to up,
Street money, that come and goes
A couple grams, and hundred O's
Ain't no money in the street I do a hundred shows,
See the connect when I get back and pop a hundred
more,
High, if you ain't try it don't knock it money, nah,
In the pounds is for pocket money,
Yeah, deep block is the label rubber band all the
stacks,
Then put em on the table, what?

That money, that money, that money on the table.
(And we go)
That money, that money, that money on the table.
(Count it up)
That money, that money, that money on the table.
(And put that)
That money, that money, that money on the table.
(And put that)
That money on the table, that money on the table.
That money, that money, that money on the table
That money, that money.

Now I ain't save em but I made up,
That you all about that paper,
We get up, it's going down, just like a elevator,
As far say she got it, basket rubbins with the flavor,
And right before you smash, she want that can't see
her later,
Shawty live, blowin on that piff, laughin at you haters,
Favor for, favor pay me, what you pay about that paper,
So if you ain't gonna spend it, that homie what you're
making for,
I know you in the game, I can tell 'cause you plan
But ask me if I'm listening, I hear you but I'm saying no
You're just tryin to stunt, count it up, what you're
waiting for,
I step up in he dough, I'm sipping on that moe,
When that light shine is to show, tell em get it off the
flow
And put that...

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That money, that money.
And put that, huh huh, and put that

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