

Oun-P

"On My Way To The \$"

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[Hook] x 2

I feel like it's coming, I feel like it's coming
I feel like it's coming, I feel like it's coming
On my way to the money, on my way to the money
On my way to the money, on my way to the money

Yeah, what did I do to deserve this trouble
Why these industry niggas don't be respecting my
hustle
Dj never play my shit, but I ain't stressing
Nigga soon all, make them respect it when I use my
muscle
And I ain't tryina be the next jay, really 50
I'm just tryina be me, have my city on with me
Yeah I know all these ladies looking pretty
Ass with me, way I'm really nigga ugly,
Everything you know pretty
Niggas walk around with hammers that
I rack don't even got, I rap to see the top
I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired
To seeing all of my niggas drop
Niggas ask me when I'm getting on? I don't know
Niggas ask me when we gonn get a song? I don't know
Well you better put money in my pockets to feed my
kids
Until then, I don't know

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Yeah, when I get it, I'ma ball out, play the mall out
Take my niggas all out, make them drink till they fall
out
Usually I poll looking for the deadest dead
Tonight I think that I'ma pour it all out
Strip clubs, throw a little more ones
Take a trip so my kids can have a little more fun
Stash some so they safe can have a little more funs

Get smarter, with the yadgis looking more dumb
Then I gotta get the fam out the pj's
Life over there ain't easy
Then I gotta take my girl on a 5th ave shopping spree
You know I do it whenever she say
Then I'ma sit down and take my checkbook out
Look out for everybody that looked out
Make sure the goons seek
Cause they be the ones that be watching my back
When I be drunk at the cookouts
Camed out with it, so I spend it
If we cool and you ask, I'll lend it
But if we not and I say no, you ain't my bro
So why the hell would your ass feel offended?
Don't hop on the wagon now, made me sick to the point
I start spazzing out
That's what y'all want me to do, but I'm past that route
I'ma live life and show you what this cash about
And when I make it, I know niggas gonna try to take it
Try to play in, I'ma be the last man you tryina waiting
Try hating, try faking, hate to say
But your front door gonna end up being a nigga
destination
Should the kid move out of town? I don't know
Should I stay in the boogie down? I don't know
I'ma be in the area somewhere, not too far but right
now

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