

Grimm f/ Baby Bash/Baby Beesh, Lucky Luciano

"Money"

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[Verse 1: Grimm] I gots to get My money, my scrilla,
my scratch, my cash flow I'm straight to the front Fuck
the back door Player with the blunt, stuck in mack mode
Lady on my lump, what's up with that hoe She wacko
Don't fuck with my stack, though If it do, catch a few in
the back bone Get ya key to the crew from the capo
Mack mode to jack mode, blastin' ya cast, though Put
my guns in my fun Pullin' all the stunts Movin' all the
tons, we the ones Went from crumbs in the slums
Living in a dung' Now I'm doin' lunch like a trump Once
Was a man so, broke Had no hope, and that's no, joke
Crunk Since my hands hold dope The can so cold, the
man don't know Don't stand so close to me Now I got
the FEDs all over me, someone said that You can hear
them tell police, that I hold the things And I'm foldin'
these and I mold the C's Chorus: [Kia] You making me
All the money I can burn [Bash] Gotta get that money,
honey Gotta get that ferri, baby [Kia] You making me All
the money I can burn [Bash] Gotta get that money,
honey Gotta get that ferri, baby [Verse 2: Baby Bash] I
want the bomb and the blow money To show money
Your money Take ya granny and ya hoe's money No
dummy When it come to the pimp juice That Baby
Bash, mayne, all about my issue Ain't no love Ain't no
heart Times stops when I gotta pull these nigga's whole
cards Cause the game fucked up, mayne Think about it
Look at all these faggots, talkin' 'bout "Been 'bout it,
mayne" (Faggots) Shut that shit down, and have My
bread Fore the nigga go nuts, and have, your head I
keep stashes Up under my mattress Straight sapped
out, man, dawg, I got to have this On one Ruler tip for
my chippers Lord Of The Rings, I'm a king of the
zippers On one Held both for sale Others got yale But I
got clientele Repeat Chorus [Verse 3: Lucky Luciano]
Now if you come down swangin' some big on chrome I
told my woman, she better get my dough Ain't a lazy
little hoe, she a hell of a broad That bird ain't scurred
to take a federal charge Using fraud credit cards to
loan a tailor store She the one that be moving all of my
weight up north When I met her, I told her what I was all
about That girl got on the grind, I'm a baller, now I'm in

love with my money, and I don't think it's gon' change
Got my trunk on pop, while I'm swangin' on blades You
know I say, "I'm out the H-Town" Where we swang, ride
and we say, "Drank that" Blazin' on the pie with my
bitch on the track Where the money at, let me get that
stack I'm a pimp to the bone, I'm a bonafide player
Lucky Luciano foldin' up big paper Repeat Chorus

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