

The Foundations

"Money Over Bitches"

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Verse 1

--==San Quinn==--

I'm sky ballin', a young California pimp
Loungin' in a stretch Bentley sittin low on the tents
Iced down, draped an dipped hittin bomb weed (bomb
weed)
Servin' on stega shrimp, sippin' Dom P (Dom P)
Lavishly coordinated
Savagely corporated
On casino, Mr. Gambino's Mobb affiliated
The world is mine, that's what I read on a blimp
Playin cops I'm a robber with blue prints to the mint
Didn't leave no evidence, went back to, my residence
Snatch the Benjamin's, an all the other dead presidents
My hoochies like to toss me the coochie
Floss me in Gucci
But groupies would never cost me no Loochie
What I look like?
Givin' a hoe all my doe, like she wrote all my flows
Bitch I'm all-pro
You be the same hoe, on the stroll makin' me mo
dinero
So tip-toe through the rain, sleet an snow

(Hook) 2x

I gotta get my Money Over Bitches
They want the money, I want my riches

Verse 2

--==Messy Marv==--

Quinnton mania, hoes I'm tamin' ya
Never praisin ya, never payin ya
Nothin' mo than attention
Havin' paper is an addiction
Your not bringin additions
Then subtract yo self from my jurisdictions
This is how I see it
My crew we be the cleanest
Pushin' Benzes and Beamers
These hoes ain't pleased to meet us
Pass us Master Cards an Visas

Illegal searches
We smokin' roaches with no crutches
Bitches we cope, from bein' broke and do it like a
hustla a
Ain't no friends we all cousins
Baby networkin'
Money ain't nothin'
You got it all? You need to quit perpin'
A quarter million wouldn't satisfy me
I be a Master like P
And I act like Luni
Only God can do me
Burn a crutch with doobie, approach smoothly
Only ladies with paper amuse me, an broke hoes
choose me
But lose bein' in a pursuit of tryin to talk
For the conversation of fuck you and shit bitch it's goin
to cost

(Hook) 2x

Verse 3

--==San Quinn==--

I got 2 for 1, from Ya-yo to in-do
Paper now, hoes later, the tradition in Fil-mo
Dime-els, bricks of Ya-yo, coke dealers, crack sales
Niggas that tell on Big Willies
Young killas, bitches that jock, look at 'em stare
Got 'em choosin, got hoes droolin' on a playa
My gold teeth glare, shinnin' like cheese goin "Bling"
Knock Out Playa, K-O-P in the street
I fuck with big timers, ridin' sideways with young thugs
Don't manipulate, of Fil-mo hood nudge
Shake hood slugs, make hood drugs
Never could, never would a nigga hoe trust
Money Over Bitches
Trust a bitch I never would
Hoe I'm too major
Havin' paper like Tiger Woods
Famous in the Mo
Rob from the rich and slang Ya-yo to the poor
Flippin', manipulate a dumb hoe
For way mo'
I tell 'em BIA-TCH!!
I love ballin', how could I be tired of bein' rich?
Been off the hook so long, got disconnected
unexpected
And you niggaz is wrong for payin' hoes an hoe
protectin'.

(Hook till end)

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