

# Too Much - Freddie Gibbs Feat. MoneyBagg Yo lyrics

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## “Too Much”

[Freddie Gibbs:]

Yeah, yeah-yeah

Kane Train, you know what I'm sayin'?

Yeah, yeah-yeah

Too much for a triple [?], real quick, you know what I'm sayin'?

Yeah, too much

Yeah, yeah

Rocks in a nigga wrist, too much (Yeah)

Forgiatos on a Bent', too much (Yeah)

42, my nigga sip, too much (Yeah)

I done hit another nigga bitch, too much (Yeah)

Nigga got way too many enemies, they gotta be chewed up

Nigga with the monkey diamonds they never could fool us

Backstage at these shows, these hoes gon' choose up

ATL to the Chi', these hoes get flewed up

Michael Jackson, Michael Tyson, know a nigga gotta beat it

**Hit the pussy undisputed and the head was undefeated  
Once I hit another city, then the number get deleted  
Hit the pussy undisputed and this pimpin' undefeated**

**Got a quarter ounce of rock up in my pocket  
Skrrt, skrrt, 'bout to make it work, work with the paper, nigga**

**Rocks in a nigga wrist, too much  
Forgiatos on a Bent', too much  
42, my nigga sip, too much  
I done hit another nigga bitch, too much  
All this money that I got, I could never get too much  
All these hoes that I got, I could never get boo'd up  
Girl, these cars on the lot, I be switchin' the shoes up  
All this money that I got, I could never get too much  
Rocks in a nigga wrist, too much  
Forgiatos on a Bent', too much  
42, my nigga sip, too much  
I done hit another nigga bitch, too much  
All this money that I got, I could never get too much  
All these hoes that I got, I could never get boo'd up  
Girl, these cars on the lot, I be switchin' the shoes up  
All this money that I got, I could never get too much**

**[Moneybagg Yo:]**

**I get two hundred a verse, and two hundred for a show  
I need four hundred a if I'm breakin' down the boat  
Why you doin' all the typin' when we been tryna up the score?**

**Niggas gangsta on the brims, Cinderella on the hoe (we)  
How much did the Phantom cost bag? Too much (Haha)  
Driver give me dirt when I'm half too clutch  
With another nigga bitch, wasn't switchin' two cups  
All black, red inside, shit, too plush (Go)  
Trappin' in designer, blue Balenci' with Adidas  
Mama knew I was a hustler in her stomach as a fetus  
I don't back and forth  
Molly callin' me a cheater 'cause I fell in love with Keisha  
First I take a sip of potion then I trace it with exotic  
Can you point out all the haters? I can't see 'em through these  
Let my newer bitch pop it 'cause her ex nigga watchin'  
When you havin' plenty bread, all the pigeons come flockin' (Brr)**

**You feel me?**

**Truth be told, I'ma always show the real me  
It's chilly, bust down with the matchin' Richard Mille  
Flyer than a eagle when I'm touchin' down in Philly  
Nickname the coupe Lil Wayne, no ceilings (Drop)  
Ain't no layin' up, I'm just drillin' and I'm  
Ooh, ooh, got a Rolls, skrrt-skrrt out the door with these**

**[Freddie Gibbs:]**

**Rocks in a nigga wrist, too much  
Forgiatos on a Bent', too much  
42, my nigga sip, too much  
I done hit another nigga bitch, too much  
All this money that I got, I could never get too much  
All these hoes that I got, I could never get boo'd up**

**Girl, these cards, I be switchin' the shoes up  
All this money that I got, I could never get too much  
Rocks in a nigga wrist, too much  
Forgiatos on a Bent', too much  
42, my nigga sip, too much  
I done hit another nigga bitch, too much  
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Girl, these cards, I be switchin' the shoes up  
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