Pussy & Millions-Drake & 21 Savage Featuring Travis Scott Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from **Showthelyrics.com** check out for more lyrics

"Pussy & Millions"

I been out, late night creepin', should I slide on bitches? Posted up with the militia Niggas ain't switchin', mind on missions Mind on pussy and millions, mind on pussy and millions I'm tryna call a sex symbol to eat my kids up They say more money, more problems (Will) Bring on the problems (Will) Bring on the problems (Will) Bring on the motherfuckin' problems They say more money, more problems Bring on the problems Bring on the problems Bring on the motherfuckin' problems, avy Braided up in Matsuhisa Hit 'em then I get amnesia Life ain't gettin' any easier Flocka, Flockasita

I know that I'm not in love, she don't love me either
It's just hard to find the love, this shit keep on gettin' deeper
Who said it's cheaper to keep her?
I'd rather release her
Body ain't give her the wave like a feature
You know the procedure

Niggas is praying to God so we stay with the sweeper I'm reppin' 4L with my twinny, so treacherous introduce y'all to the leader

Come to me with all the smoke
I like the money, for sure
But I love the hustle the most

She pretty, she show off her toes

And my Pateks, they came with a pole

Know this money bring envy and jealousy

I'm like, "Fuck it, I want me some more"

Hit it from the back, she bent up

Playin' with the money, get spent up

Chains on my neck, no Kente

You the type of girl I pay rent for

Suck it in the car, that's what the tint for

Bought me a plane, not a Sprinter

Quarter-million dollars on her dental

She say I'm a stepper, but gentle

I been out, late night creepin', should I slide on bitches?

Posted up with the militia

Niggas ain't switchin', mind on missions

Mind on pussy and millions, mind on pussy and millions

I'm tryna call a sex symbol to eat my kids up

They say more money, more problems (Will)

Bring on the problems (Will)

Bring on the problems (Will)

Bring on the motherfuckin' problems

They say more money, more problems

Bring on the problems

Bring on the problems

Bring on the motherfuckin'

Only signin' the gang

We the new Lucian Grainge

Bring on the rings (yeah)

Her MJ thing, I'm talkin' a Brady thing

I'm off of the juice, never could cycle the mix

Rockin' the braids, not the twists
Full puff, he can't comb
Not actin' like Christians in here
But Christian Dior in they homes, the bigger we get
Gotta thank God for this, I got a lot that I give
I be handin' out gifts like the Christmas on twenty-fifth
Out in the twenties inside of the twenty and
Said I would buy the jet 'fore I could 'fford this shit
Now I got the jet, building the landing strip
In the back of the crib, I record the hits
In the front of the crib they valet the whips
(How many whips I need? Let's go)

Breakin', breakin' the records, more money, more problems

They come with the status

Runnin' through customs when you run the atlas
I got accustomed, accustomed the fastest
I'm talkin' 'bout fabrics, I'm talkin' 'bout mattress
I never sleep, though I sleep with a baddie
I'm movin' deep 'cause that's just how it's happenin'
If you come out, just be ready for action (La Flame)
Just needed some time

I settled my time, now they see the signs
You didn't leave me solo, right here, all alone
You held it down for me, right on my own
Young nigga get it, just try to get home
I got a rolodex all on my phone and it's still wrong
I been out, late night creepin', should I slide on bitches?
Posted outside with militia

Niggas ain't switchin', mind on mission

Mind on pussy and billions, mind on pussy and billions

You know I got a sex symbol, that eat my kids, uh

They say more money, more problems

Bring on the problems

Bring on the problems

Bring on the motherfuckin' problems

They say more money, more problems

Bring on the problems

Bring on the problems

Bring on the motherfuckin'

