

On Wat U On - Moneybagg Yo Lyrics

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"On Wat U On"

Tay Keith

Run that back, Turbo

Now I pull up in a foreign, foreign

Javar said, "pick up that bag", right?

If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?

If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?

Got some racks and keep a loaded gun

Gunna Gunna, I'm a young Don

Too many losses, yeah a nigga won

She take that molly, drink that Sean Don

Fly that private jet to Hong Kong

I'm rocking BAPE and they like King Kong's

Stack them racks up every day of the month

If you ain't getting money, leave me 'lone, 'lone

Make it rain, make it storm, storm

Half a brick for the charm, charm

Flooded AP on my arm, arm
If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?
Half a million just to ride foreign
If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?
Revenue touching my palms
I hit up Moneybagg, we gotta go up
I made a mansion, move my my niggas they stuff
I balanced down and now I'm flying above
I might hit Magic and go throw me a dub
Pour some mud up, now I'm filled up with suds
Locked with them and finally got me a buzz
Golden child, niggas don't wanna touch
You might can drip, but you don't drip it like us
Designer down when I walk in the club
So many blue hunnids, they thought I was cuz
I'm balling, bitch
Fuck [?]
Blunt stuffed, looking just like a nub
Don't try to come around when you
Get squeaked, can't fuck with no leech
Me and Gunna on the way to yo city, two first class seats
If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?
Got some racks and keep a loaded gun

Gunna Gunna, I'm a young Don
Too many losses, yeah a nigga won
She take that molly, drink that Sean Don
Fly that private jet to Hong Kong
I'm rocking BAPE and they like King Kong's
Stack them racks up every day of the month
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Make it rain, make it storm, storm
Half a brick for the charm, charm
Flooded AP on my arm, arm
If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?
Half a million just to ride foreign
If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?
Revenue touching my palms
I know some hittas that's ready to eat,
Right now as I speak (right now, right now)
I'm dripping, I'm leaking,
I'm flashing my teeth, right now as I speak (I'm iced out by Johnny)
I used to trap off the back porch (backyard)
Now I got stamps on my passport (global)
I used to walk in the front door (then what?)
Finesse 'em and run out the back door (gone)
We the bosses, you can't boss over us

Get put in coffin, no more losses for us
Too many foreigners, nothing but options for us
The Spyder white with the pecan guts
I'ma ride, I'm the one you can trust
Homicide niggas stay in the cut
I came a long way from serving that dust
Too many shows, a young nigga booked up
If you ain't getting money, what you on, on?
Got some racks and keep a loaded gun
Gunna Gunna, I'm a young Don
Too many losses, yeah a nigga won
She take that molly, drink that Sean Don
Fly that private jet to Hong Kong
I'm rocking BAPE and they like King Kong's
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Revenue touching my palms

Damn, Denaro

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