

Drums - Money Man Lyrics

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"Drums"

We got drums if you wanna come start shit
Leave a bitch nigga family in torment
We be trappin' out houses and apartments
I can't save no ho, no, I'm not Clark Kent
Got a lot of of this green like I'm Arden
Servin' nigga while clutchin' the car beam
I remember them days I was starving
I'm a wolf, I be biting not barking, let's go
Heard they telling, that shit is disheartening
I'm at home counting money not partying
In my free time, I'm filling up magazines
I'm not braggin' but my bitches is real pretty
Got a switch on this glizzy, it's real dirty
Shawty looking so motherfuckin' breathtaking
In the SB on me a breathtaker
Playing chess in these streets, I be checkmatin'
Had to get from the lobby, escaping

Hoppin' out with that AR, I'm demonstrating
Man, these rappers burnt out, where they resignation?

Andrew Young, I be having that Bentley
I'm not Asian but I keep the chop sticks

All my firearm having no optics
Used to sell to niggas inside a Crown Vic
On some pack my own shit, I be chiefin'
Got a blackout, ain't talking bout Eclipse

Ain't crossin' my dawg for no bitch
Niggas ain't got no morals, it don't make sense
Better get you some money and confidence
Better get you some motherfuckin' common sense

Shawty bad as hell, I gave her compliments
Only fuck with the strong, it's the Lions Den

If you fuck with the circle, you tied in
You come to the trap, better sign in
Nigga come try to rob, we gon' off him
Niggas love when I glow like I'm droppin' gems

Got a fetish for ice, so I rock gems

Fuck that lyrical shit, I'm not Rakim

Every day we go shootin' we dangerous men
All these Glocks, they should give me a sponsorship

If I see it and like it, I'm coppin' it

Damn, I Love the way that she be droppin' it

And I love the way that little pussy feel

I'ma put her to sleep just like Benadryl

Got a registered Glock, that's a legal kill

Plus I'm havin' them buttons for dirty kills

Had the flas back on that vaccum seal

Feelin' like Steph I'm havin' bills

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I remember them days I was starving

All this Rolex they should give me sponsorship

Put the team on my back like Giannis did

I be mixin' that lean with all kind of shit

I was high on the work in my mama crib (mom, mom)

Lil' mama told me she proud of me

Now we fuck in some Prada kicks

You might never get trust from me

Fuck it, just give me your honesty

Girl, don't pull out your wallet

We sliding down College, we flew to Rodeo, I'm fuckin' up thousands

Investing in housing and bought me some watches

My chain was a dollar it rest on my collar

I told the lean man, "Don't you ever call my phone

And never try to mention Treech again"

Told my bitch that I'll never sip again

Fell off, now a nigga rich again

I done found myself with the top missing

Broadie pushin' food but ain't got a kitchen

I done fucked the baddest hoes in my mentions

I might pen in Malibu, I'm on the sixes

I pull up to parties and valet the parking

Still ridin' with killers, they think I'm retarded

Bag back 'fore they paint you like an artist

Top dawg, headed to the top charts, yeah

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