

Money to Blow - Birdman Lyrics

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"Money to Blow"

Richer than the richest

More money, bitches

Yeah, coming to you live from the city of Houst-Atlanta-Vegas

So what do you do, young lady? One hundred

I am on a 24-hour champagne diet

Spillin' while I'm sippin', I encourage you to try it

I'm probably just saying that 'cause I don't have to buy it

The club owner supply it, boy I'm on that fly shit

I am what everybody in my past don't want me to be

Guess what? I made it, I'm the mutha fuckin' man, I just want you to see

Come take a look, get a load of this, nigga, quit frontin' on me

Don't come around and try and gas me up, I like runnin' on E

I, I, I, I'm on my Disney shit, Goofy flow

On records, I'm Captain, and my new car is Roofio

Damn, where my roof just go, I'm somebody that you should know

Get to shakin' somethin' 'cause that's what Drumma produced it for

Yes I make mistakes that I don't ever make excuses for

Like leavin' girls that love me and constantly seducing hoes

I'm losing my thoughts, I say damn where my roof just go?

Top slipped off like Janet at the Super Bowl

I got em

They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em

Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow

I'm gettin' it in, letting these bills fall

All over your skin

I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh

Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh

Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh

(Cash money millionaire, yo, yo)

Got money to blow

Richer than the richest

We certified gettin' it CM, YM, Cash Money business

Higher than the ceiling, fly like a bird

Hit the Gucci store and later get served

We smoked out with no roof on it

Them people passin', so we smash 'em

Ballin' out, we keep the cash on deck

Lamborghinis and the Bentleys on the V Set

Louie lens iced up with the black diamonds
Car of the year, Ferrari, the new Spider
No lie, I'm higher than I ever been
Born rich, born uptown, born to win
Fully loaded, automatic 6 Benz
Candy paint, foreign lights with my bitch in
Born hustlin', too big, nigga, to size me up
Can't stop me, more money, burn 'em up
They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em
Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow
I'm gettin' it in
Letting these bills fall all over your skin
I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh
Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, oh
When I get paid every 24 hours, money and the power
Come to VIP and get a champagne shower
I don't have to worry because everything ours
And I got a big bouquet of Mary Jane's flowers
That kush, I promise that's my doobie
We don't smoke that Reggie Bush
And I'm with two women, make you take a second look
We poppin' like champagne bottles, but we never shook

And we goin' be alright if we put Drake on every hook

They can't help it, and I can't blame 'em

Since I got famous, but bitch, I got money to blow

I'm gettin' it in

Letting these bills fall all over your skin

I got money to blow oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh

Oh oh, oh, oh I got, uh uh, I got money to blow oh oh, oh

Oh oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh, oh

Got money to blow

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
