## **About the Money (feat. Young Thug)**

## T.I.

Yea man TIP in this motherfucker with me nigga To the max with it (racks) I count six shotsBustin' out the bando A nigga jewelry real metal like a can opener I went from rags to riches to a feature with Tip I went from Smart Car to a bitch with some smart lips And the F&N make my hip limp I'm goin' fishin' with these little bitty shrimp dimps And my bank roll got a big dip She gon' bring it on a big ship Quite trill, no Quik Trip I got drugs in the alley, know Tip there She just wanna have a good day Smoke way more weed than a guy in L.A I want them birds 'til next May Never let em fly away What!? Aye buddy, aye buddy Listen what my nigga Tip say If it ain't about the money Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up If it ain't about the money Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time If it ain't about the money Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit If it ain't about the money Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it Turn it!I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, hey Ay, what you think we in the neighborhood for? Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones" Put your money down, I could buck a hard 4 You playin' with it, I'ma send 'em through your car door My watch flooded, shit sick, got Parvo I'm doin' it for black and yellow, free Hardo The head honcho, nigga no Tonto, nigga I'm quick to put some bricks in a Bronco, nigga

Niggas talk shit, well I don't respond to no nigga No murder, no dough, no convoIf it ain't about the money Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up If it ain't about the money

Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time If it ain't about the money

Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit If it ain't about the money

Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it Turn it!I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh

I ride in a gator, my shoes are Giuseppe, ooh

I'm S.L.I.M.E. like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend, aye

Pants out the Gucci store, they stuffed with lettuce, aye

She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey

When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, heyAye, what you think we in the neighborhood for?

Standin in the trap, slangin good blow Maybach used to slang that crack

Buy a stolen car while he bang that AK

If you ever took a loss better bring that back

Catcha' witcha' betcha' heat will blow your brains bout that

Know you better be, on your best behavior when addressing me

Because, bye-gones, we don't let em be

Niggas disrespect me, I'm a catch a felony

For real, if you listen I can get you paid

But not interested in shit you sayIf it ain't about the money

Don't be blowin' me up, nigga I ain't gettin' up

If it ain't about the money

Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time If it ain't about the money

Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit If it ain't about the money

Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch nigga miss me with it

Turn it!I pack an 11, I pack an 11, ooh

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She try make the extras, I told on these bitches, hey

When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches, heyAy, what you think we in the neighborhood for?

Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
I'll be damned if a nigga wife a hood ho
Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones" nigga
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