

# Smell Like Money

2 Chainz

Here I go, here I go this that C5  
Bitch I'm back, with that crack like panty lines  
Asinine, I get blow like dandelions  
Fuck more hoes than advertised  
They say Tune you're dead wrong  
I say wrong, had to die  
Pussy nigga don't keep it real no more  
Drug dealers changed but the high stay the same  
Prices go up but the high stay the same  
Gotta watch for undercovers like crying in the rain  
Chillin' in the crib with the lock on the door  
Layin' on the couch with the Glock on the floor  
Within arm reach, security, alarm breach  
I just cut off the lights so I don't shoot my hoe  
I eat so much shrimp, I smoke so much hemp  
The world too small it feel like 4 walls  
You see I got holes punched in  
My chances are cold cut thin, but I still took 'em and nigga we made it  
T roll that killer, weed up in the swisher, and make it as fat as a pig in a  
blanket  
My BFF is Benjamin Franklin, they cry for help we get 'em a hanky  
Ain't nothing sweet but the shit that we drinkin', the bitches we bangin', t  
he cinnamon danish  
The pen is suspending, shit is restraining  
It is a shame but niggas is shameless  
Niggas is assholes, or enemas, finna get anal  
Injury, time out, I just blew my mind out  
But still I'm maintaining  
Real gangsta shit it get dangerous  
You talking money and guns, 2 languages  
I throw niggas from off of the plane I'm in  
Oh my god, it's raining men  
Said the weatherman to the anchorman  
I send hella cash to the bank I'm with  
What you do it for if it ain't for this  
I watch my step so much, I'm starting to feel like my ankles' wrist  
Cold hearted, starting to feel like I'm in Anchorage when I think of this  
And rude awakenings get taken in like fragrances

Bitch I smell like money, dope and cologne  
I say bitch I smell like money, that's that dope and cologne  
And if he ain't getting money, don't love him, leave his broke ass alone  
I say if he ain't getting money, leave his stank ass alone  
'Cause bitch I smell like money, I smell like money  
When you this rich they call it wealthy  
Shit they gotta call it somethin'  
Lord I done got too rich for stuntin' (damn)  
But not for thuggin.'  
That's right bitch I smell like money, money  
You smell me coming

2 Chainz

Totin' double barrels in a horse and carriage  
Ain't scared of nothing except God and marriage  
Through the concrete grew a rose petal  
If trapping was a sport, I'd have a gold medal  
I steal her like Jerome Bettis

Call me Trill Cosby, I might spike my own beverage  
Parallel park in front of Neiman Marcus  
He ain't never fly nigga, like an ostrich  
They say ain't nothing for free, but please free my partnas  
Might have a swag contest and give out free Versaces  
Yea, lobster rolls for an appetizer  
Bad red bitch give me a lap-etizer  
I'm in my Rolls Royce because it's black and wiser  
And don't get in the way, my nig this rapid fire  
Brrr stick 'em, I'm a victim of being a victim  
Codeines, Xanax and liquor  
Prescriptions and couple pistols  
Got clean molly with the crystals  
Middle finger to the judicials  
Fork and a pot is my utensils  
Had a threesome with 2 sisters  
I get head and you kiss her  
I don't never call and you miss her  
I got every gun except a missile  
I paid attention to the minister  
My silhouette is sinister  
Only child with trust issues  
You couldn't walk a mile in my hoop shoes  
Me and Tune 2 loose screws  
2 parts in my box cut, my pop wouldn't even pop up  
Last night I prayed to God and asked for him to make a drop truck  
Polo T and ice watch, moccasins without socks  
And I smell like money, I can count a hundred thousand with the lights off

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