

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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