

Money Problems / Benz Truck

Bryson Tiller

Hey
Goddamn, goddamn
Hey (God)
Hey
Oh, yeah, yeah, haha, true

Money, money, power I need checks in every week
Four Season, nigga, I need breakfast in my suite
Niggas don't make money when they disrespecting me
You would think they got a check, the way they checking for me, no

Every time you see me, I'm in go mode
Niggas ain't 'bout to charge up, blowing smoke (smoke)
When I drop a few niggas is goin' ghost
You gassed up thinkin' we go toe-to-toe
Ayy, I'm bout to go Kanye West on niggas
You know care less if I upset some niggas
Hey, supposedly I've been in debt with niggas
Fuck 'em, I ain't writing out no check for niggas
My lawyer check them niggas, said don't sweat them niggas
Order lobster for breakfast and dinner
He talkin' wild, I said objection, nigga
You a lame, get up out my section, nigga
Hey, he throwin' shade, I don't play fetch with niggas
Yeah, big money, still I rarely flex on niggas
Don't need attention, just respect from niggas
Oh no, all I really need is, need is

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No way, that's okay, that's okay
Oh, I come a long way
Yeah and it's been a while since I clocked in
Came out on top and shawty tell me I'm poppin'
Might miss a concoction, yeah, pour me a drink up
When these niggas start wildin', yeah, you the one that I think of
And God, he the only one thing keepin' you niggas from gettin' sprayed up
For my daughter, I'm gangster, for a dollar, you a traitor (traitor, traitor
, traitor)
You got money problems, I'm sorry (hey)
Ain't no money problems ever stop me (never)
I just treat a prayer like a hobby
And then I prosper to godspeed and it got me

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Ayy, yeah, I heard
They talkin' crazy on the block still
I ain't on the block no more, I'm in the hills
Just checked the temperature, I'm hot still
Ridin' 65, I'm on them hot wheels
The flow way when I'm sauced up
I got my money right last year, I bossed up
Them diamonds, they look fake, they must ain't cost much
Fake friends, they gon' say we lost touch
Strangers, they gon' say I switched up
Broke niggas look at me like easy lick, yeah
Bad bitches want my kids, yeah
Light skin, I call 'em my honey dip, yeah
Niggas waitin' on me to slip up
On my black, I just flex that's how I feel, yeah
Lambo with the doors up, just for a feel up
Pull up to the crib, jump inside the Benz truck

Ayy, jump inside the Benz truck
I might sell the Lambo, buy a Benz truck
Or a SLS, gotta pick one
Get my bitch one
And she at the crib, yeah, doin' sit ups
And she tryna get fit for a young nigga
She a down ass bitch, that's why I fuck with her
I'm just tryna get rich, double up figures

Get 'em, get 'em, get 'em
She a down ass bitch, that's why I fuck with her
She a down ass bitch
Down, down, down, down, down