

# Countin' Money

Bun B

[Intro]

Fuck a rubber band a nigga need a buncha birds (X4)

[Over intro - Gucci Mane (Yo Gotti)]

Yo, it's Gucci, brrrr, R.I.P. Pimp C mane, brrrr

(This that straight my, straight my)

[Chorus]

Money all day, count money all day

Count money all day, count money all, money all

Count money all day, count money all day, count money all

Money all, money all, money all day

[Bun B - Verse 1]

Say mane, no matta where I go, no matter what I do

If chillin' wit' myself, or ballin' wit' my crew

The skies is lookin' cloudy or Bahama water blue

I got that money on my mind, so tell me what it do

And if you be like me, then you already knew it

We goin' for the money then we goin' right through it

Take it to the table baby, chop it up and screw it

'Cause it ain't nothin' to it where come from, but to do it

We get it in our hands, and then it go right through the fingas

We standin' on the system in a fresh set of swangas

We pop a couple tags, put some fresh up on the hangas

That everyday struggle and can't nair nigga change us

Believe that I was famous 'fore I ever did a song

Believe I had a poppin' 'fore a label put me on

It's 2010 and I ain't seein' nothin' wrong

But niggas countin' money all day fuckin' long

[Chorus]

[Yo Gotti - Verse 2]

Money totin', pistol carrying young nigga thugged out

Very first song I ever dropped was in a drug house

Razor blades, sandwich bags, Louis shoes, stoopid swag

Rubber bands, duffle bags, small bills, trash bags

Apple chain on my neck, you know that cost stoopid cash

Maserati for the wash, that's that foolish cash

Penitentiary chances, '6's on a muscle car

Bun helped me keep it real and watch it take me far

My money don't fold, this money here

I ain't make it for no hoes, I ain't get this off of shows

Count money all day, count money all night

Trust no one wit' my paper, so I count my paper twice

I been on wit' out my paper, so I sleep wit' it at night

Now I wake up wit' to my paper so I start my day off right

They call me Cocaine Gotti, and it's money over bitches

Mr. Everything White, he be always in the kitchen

[Chorus]

[Gucci Mane - Verse 3]

It's me Gucci

I'm the shit bitch you smell me

Ain't no need to check ya sneakers

Three bricks, plus a split wit' me, then bitch you got a hit

Big money on my leisure, pop bottles wit' top models  
Wit' my goons in Puerto Rico, yo' girlfriend I'ma freak her  
Believe me I'm a giant, leave it to the lemurs(?)  
I only see my paper plus my cojan on the Sanyo  
The hottest rapper that you know, people look like Cujo (Gucci)  
I get a thousand million ties and sold your guys for uno  
So tune into East Atlanta, please don't change the channel ma  
Roll the windows down back up  
In my Phantom show my automa  
Hangin' out my partner, naw  
Don't you want this autograph?  
Thinkin' that you angry 'cause my neck look like the Mardi Gras

[Chorus]