

## 5000 Ones

DJ Drama

I got 5000 ones, lookin' for the baddest bitch in the club  
I'm lookin' for her, I'm lookin' for her  
I got 5000 ones when I see her pimp, I'm throwin' it up  
I'm lookin' for her, I'm lookin' for her

See me when I walk in, ain't nothin' to it  
Brought ten stacks to the back, then threw it  
Make it rain, ain't a thang  
When it come to money I got it, man

You the next best thang, I'm the hottest, mayne  
You talk that shit, I'm 'bout it, mayne  
We way over here, up out your range  
Don't try to be G, that's not your thang

You try me G, that Glock gon' bang  
K I N G, that's not gon' change  
I'm rich, bitch, I don't care about no fame  
'Cause if all else fails, I got cocaine

Still see me all on TV wit it  
Still in da hood what ya need he get it  
Dough low 44, see me wit it  
If a nigga runnin' up best believe he get it

See us in da club, nigga, we be trippin'  
Niggas rap 'bout that shit we livin'  
7 or 8 stacks on 2 or 3 bitches  
Sucka niggas over there hatin', we chillin'

I ran out of ones, so go back get more  
Say shawty, bend it over back, real slow  
Jack dat ass up, grab that pole  
Show me you 'bout that action, hoe

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Stacks so fat rubber bands can't hold  
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Stacks so fat rubber bands can't hold it, no  
They can't hold it, no, they can't hold it, no

Eenie, meenie, miny, moe  
I'm lookin' for the direction this money 'bout to go  
I'm 'bout ta blow, we pop bottles  
Me and the whole clique certified shot callas

Blow top dollas  
Got this bitch jumpin' off the chain like Rottweilers  
5000 ones, throw 'em then stop  
See I'm lookin' for the baddest bitch  
Splurge for a second when I'm done you can have this bitch

5000, 10,000, 20

Ones in my hand, that's good money  
Ones in my fan, we get money  
She pop that thang, she get that

That money's fallin' like rain  
I'm VIP that's champagne  
I'm K I D do my thang  
And yes, indeed, I got change

Or shall I say I got paper  
Stacked money tall as skyscrapers  
Hater's you fly I fly paper  
She pop that thang she get that

She make it hot like wasabi  
Look at that body on mommy  
She probably stand right beside me  
And I tsunami lil' mommy

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They call me Young, my money long  
I make it rain, now loose your thong  
Now loose your bottoms, now loose your tops  
You saw what I just spent, I could've bought a watch

I could've bought a car, maybe a couple bricks  
I send my hood bitch the fifths on a shoppin' trip  
5000 ones, ya you know young wit it  
So high up in the air, she need a flight to go get it

Still Mr. Magic City, you know no replacements  
This is what I do I got a pole in my basement  
If I can make it to Onyx, I bring Onyx to the condo  
Call lil' bro bring me 20 grand pronto

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It's the Twista and can't nobody hold him  
The money the stacks that we makin' you can't fold 'em  
Get love in the strip club  
Gotta nigga feeling so freaky they askin' is you roamin'

Yeah, makin' it rain is automatic when  
She's askin' if you trickin' you got it  
Pimpin' is a habit from Twista magic city  
And the muthafuckin' betta bet not bitch about it

Steady stackin' paper that's the reason we be throwin' it up  
Dollas at the coke, they slang d  
Really lil' mamma all over Dj Drama  
And T.I. Joc and Nelly when we in da club

I'ma pop a couple of bottles and I'ma start that good shit up  
Got 5000 ones and I'm about to throw it up  
Sip on some that Patron  
I'ma 'bout put a hundred on one of them thongs

Gotta cup a lil' somethin' 'cause I pay the bill  
Still money ain't shit, I make major deal  
Better ring the alarm, here come the paper  
Twista comin' in the club when I get I pop a lot  
When she come up wit a fatty I gladly tip her  
Jazze, tell 'em what I got

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