I got the love for money I gotta have it, the lust for living lavish Gotta get that green paper stacking (Love for money) I, I, I gotta have it I, I, I got the love for money I, I gotta have it, the lust for living lavish Gotta get that green paper stacking (Love for money) I, I, I gotta have it I, I, I got the love for money Chillin' with two women, me and mister thanksgiving I'll be some where fly, Thanksgiving goin' swimming While you was wearing snorkels, I was out snorkeling Of course I'm shit on these niggas like porcelain It's more than love with this money I'm infatuated Captivated by the diamonds and capsulated Shooting range in the basement, Olympic size pool With pool table adjacent, I love me some money I stash money fast money Comin' on bumpin' them onions Bunking and crossing the country So, so don't cross me you monkey Sleeping on 50s and 20 Rollin' up onions and hundreds, pulling in porches And phantoms, fancies be throwing their panties Drama and cannon demand it Gucci and Drama they panic Ugh, they sick they vomit Put some more commas in front of it Drama got Gucci he stuntin' Gucci and Drama we done it We got so much money, 'bout our money Some money mo' money, dummy I got the love for money I gotta have it, the lust for living lavish Gotta get that green paper stacking (Love for money) I, I, I gotta have it I, I, I got the love for money I, I gotta have it, the lust for living lavish Gotta get that green paper stacking (Love for money) I, I, I gotta have it I, I, I got the love for money Uh, money gotta big house, money got a bad girl Money make you famous, money rule the whole world Money set trends, money is in the Benz Money got associates acting like friends

Money make you famous, money rule the whole world
Money set trends, money is in the Benz
Money got associates acting like friends
Money, money he owe money money he blow
Money got sexy ladies dancing on da pole
Money got dem on a stroll, money platinum and gold
Money make 'em shake it like Beyonce Knowles
Only God knows the things I do for money

That's a young fly man
Check out them dimensions, 20s, 50s and 100s
Don't you make me look good when you see us out stuntin'?
Catch a whif, find out that's yo' bitch
Catch her pushin' your wheel, then the go and pushing clips
She got me going crazy I'm coo coo for boucoup bucks
Plus I can't lie, boo, it's only you I love

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(Love for money)
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I'm 'bout my instrument, I'm 'bout my doe
I'm on my hustle (man)
You already know
I'm getting stacks, I'm hitting lick
I'm packing pounds and bagging bricks
You got them [?] I gotta laugh
You talking Oz but selling halves
Where your connect? How much you got?
That's all he holdin'? Man, I buy him out

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