Charge the whole 30, I

Hide the money and ran outta room, yeah I tried to hide the money and ran outta room I tried to hide the money and ran outta room I tried to hide the money and ran outta room DJ Khaled! Money on your head, you might get hit up today You can't be wonderin' why they always stayin' dead broke In the kitchen cookin' chickens like a redbone My grandma seen me buy my first Polo sweater, ayy Got my hand flooded, I Buy the whole projects, I Got my hood stuntin', this whatever, I Charge the whole 30, I Got my niggas workin', I Got my bitches down for whatever I tried to hide the money and ran outta room Whatever! I tried to hide the money and ran outta room Whatever! (Geek!) Pay up like I've been runnin' it up forever I ran that shit up through the roof Young nigga, ran that shit up for his mother Buy her everything and I got proof Up, designer fit, ain't nothing to buy it And I done whipped every tire With the brake pad, "Mello Yello" Catch up Bring me up like your pop-pop Whatever you need to I skeet then skeet off in a new coupe Keep up! That V-12 'bout to heat up Grab your seatbelt, your seatbelt The color of my boxers, yeah I'm Tommy'd up Got the Tommy tucked, ayy I toss that shit up like a spray Watch it spill on the clothes I soak that shit up When they told me, "Don't matter, boss won" I suspended these bitches And I subpoenaed these niggas See who was real I supported my bank account And I wouldn't tell you the account 'Less I need to put some of this money on your head Money on your head, you might get hit up today You can't be wonderin' why they always stayin' dead broke In the kitchen cookin' chickens like a redbone My grandma seen me buy my first Polo sweater, ayy Got my hand flooded, I Buy the whole projects, I Got my hood stuntin', this whatever, I

Got my niggas workin', I
Got my bitches down for whatever
I tried to hide the money and ran outta room
Whatever!
I tried to hide the money and ran outta room
Whatever!

Maybach Music DIamonds all on my fingers Misses still miscellaneous Left the ski-mask in the 'Rari Residencies out in Vegas Smoking like Calvin Broadus Blueberry with the big homie "Idols Become Rivals" Down to die for my survival Fell in love with the money She at the spot every Sunday Loyalty's what I lust How I measure my woman Minimize my mistakes Love every tat on my face DJ Khaled, my blood Got several M's in my safe

Money on your head, you might get hit up today
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2 Chainz

Watch me break down bales Residue on scales Yeah, I had the girls sick Man-I-Cure like nails Competition might fail Repetition might sell Dirty kitchen, dirty dishes Dirty bitches, oh well Foreign whip rider Lobster on my rider You can get the platter I put my money up, uh You gon' need a ladder Work know acrobatics Work know calisthenics My dick be acting stingy My check be acting boujee My car got all the groupies I bought a new Rolex Now my old Rolex tryna sue me Fashion on exotic Pistol on regardless

Bitches look like Barbie Ricky Bobby on my trolly

Tryna set a bando on fire
I'm just tryna get you so higher
Money coming in, we get flyer
You must be tryna wife her like Tiger

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