

Money Don't Stop

Dom Kennedy

Uh, I got a hundred on me...
Thousand. Yeah!

I got big plans man that money need to switch hands
Stroke these girls good and shit, I got big hands
Set it out, you stressed out? We can let it out
Take ya shoes off right quick, real leather couch
Tear it out, yeah you know I'm finna wear it out
Light a nag champa, just to air it out
She call me Dominic, main squeeze like the heimlich
I'm tryna get my money in full, it's no consignments
The smooth talker, fish stick moon walker
Till Johnny Walker, made me a lil offer
That's boss lingo, I ain't fuckin with you dingos
I'm tryna let my chest hair show, playin' Bingo
You small talk, I place bets from the ballpark
Showcase my talents and shit, at the artwalk
I'm showin class at the stripclub throwin bags
Cause when you young you gon blow it fast, yahh

Let's sit back and count this money...
Let's sit back and count this dough...
Cause the money don't stop, ya know?
Ya know? (ya know?)
Ya know? (ya know?)

The [?], barbecue, beer drinker
The clear thinker, "hold on nigga where my reefers!?"
The honey dipper, O.P.M money flipper
The rummy sipper, when I'm drunk, tummy licker. AH!
Cold sushi, in the dark watchin old movies
That Hundred Proof get me so woozy, UH!
The Wi-Fi work in the jacuzzi, UH!
I got a Spanish maid just to soothe me, AH!
See I really live my fantasy life and I don't fuck with the panicky type
Nigga, I'm more the spanish villa canopy type
The front line, you gotta manage him right
Yeah, one day I'm tryna live the family life
I might be on Sean Hannity site
Yeah, we all can't live the vanity life
I know you niggas just a fan of me right?... Right

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Champagne champagne!
More Chardonnay... Mark Merlot
South Cent-RAL! ahaha... France, this shit is French uh
Drink ya own shit
323 wassup, Westside get the money bruh
Bring ya own shit drink ya own shit...