

Can't Interfere Wit My Money

Gucci Mane

I done robbed niggas, been robbed nigga
I done shot niggas, been shot at nigga
If you love your niggas you fire for your niggas
Call Waka my nigga, I die for my niggas
Spent seventy-five on this Rollie'
Told her four-five like the police
ho, come show me
Big Gucci O.G. like Tookie
If you told her why just like Pookie
Then I'm a gonna have to kill a junky
Since Nino snitched at the end my nigga he cannot be my role model
Like Big Meech, like John Gotti
I ain't never told on nobody
Got tear drops, but nobody
Blew your brains out your head to make you think about it
I'm cancerous, on the dangerous
And I don't need no nigga, I can handle this
I got good aim, I don't panic quick
And I have a nigga funeral candle lit
Like Dunk say, you wanna rob nigga, well me and you probably on the same shit
This ain't a lick, and I don't know you
'For I shake your hand, I put a hole in it

You ain't gonna bring me my bread nigga, can't interfere with my money
I'm a put change on your head nigga, can't interfere with my money
Heard you snitching to the feds nigga, they can't interfere with my money
I ain't got time to be playing with ya', can't interfere with my money
Heard you ain't got no money no more, but it can't interfere with my money
Say that you running up on me nigga, but it can't interfere with my money
Fronted you some and you still ain't paid, but it can't interfere with my money
Like I'm a bitch, I'm gon' let you play, but it can't interfere with my money

See the rap game like the trap game, so you can't interfere with my money
Treat these rap niggas like little kids, when you do wrong you get punished
I'm an M.C. but I'm from the street, these fuck niggas ain't one-hundred
Got on my handgun, so my nine hold 'bout two-hundred
Seen a YouTube, 'bout a nigga saying that he gon' do me then run it
But the only thing he gon' do is start running when I start gunning
'For I talk to you I'm busting nuts, crack your bone marrow
Let your brother be your All my niggas got pistols on 'em, all my guns got extensions on 'em
your favorite rapper turned victim homie
And no witnesses to be snitching on me
Say the nigga died with his pistol on him
Crime scene, taking pictures of him
Had a funeral and a shower for him
When you see the nigga, lay a flower on him

Gangster as I wanna be, mobbing to the third degree
No nigga gon' fuck with me, I keep them shooters 'round me
And I don't really fuck with nigga, why the fuck they trying me?
My hand where that nine be, two shots through your eyelids
These rap niggas getting distorted, that's why I'm glad I'm a trap nigga
Million dollar strap nigga, brains in your lap nigga

O.G. of my city, check my status nigga
Shooting like John nigga
My goons automatic nigga
When it's time to ride out, my niggas don't hide out
Choppers in the hideout, time to break the iron out
We killing for them rubber bands, bombing like Afghanistan
Pull up in a Hummer truck, spit fire out like I'm drummer boy

[Hook]