

# Money Machine

Gucci Mane

Wop, money!  
(Honorable C-Note)

Florescent lamps in my crib, providing life for my seeds  
I'm a get money marine, I sent coke in submarines  
Irrigation machines, hydraulic water machines  
My money counting machine sound like a sewing machine  
Cash machine on the dresser, machine gun with that compressor  
Dope presser machine, I'm re-rocking everything  
Claim I'm laundering money but where the washing machines?  
They know my trap house pump out quarters like a slot machine  
In a futuristic whip look like a time machine  
Old school dropped a lil one fine machine  
Making chips off coke and soda like a vending machine  
Dog food with the quinoa in my blending machine  
Sip so much Codeine and Sprite I need a soda machine  
So I can sit it next to my joint rolling machine  
And it's placed parallel to the Carbon 15  
With the scope, monkey nuts, and the infrared beam  
The machine don't make the man, the man make the machine  
So many try to sabotage, can't stop the regime  
Call me 'Wop the puppet master, I'm just pulling the strings  
Screaming please don't look at the puppet like American Me  
Take a tour with me a-down south, American G  
Tryna flood the dirty south, East Atlanta, and streets  
With this high grade uncut Colombian tea  
Yeah I got it for cheap but you ain't get it from me  
Got this high grade uncut Colombian tea  
Yeah I got it for cheap but you can't get it for free

My money machine, my money machine  
My money machine go beep-beep  
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8 figure niggas man  
When I say boss I mean that, ya heard me?  
I'm so fuck what I sold, my toilet seats solid gold  
You should see my new palace cause that bitch bigger than Lowe's  
I'm a 8 figure nigga, I run the check to the ceiling  
Since Gucci came home bitches back in they feelings  
I'm in Dubai on parole, I Abu Dhabi my hoes  
If she fuck all the rappers, she say hip hop in her soul  
100 grand in all twenties, they said that I couldn't  
50 grand to my bitch just cause her ex was looking  
Red bottom boss, I call the yayo caucasian  
Choppers sleep on the couch ready for home invasions  
These pussies watching my Snap, they know that I'm strapped  
On the road to the riches bitches I'm running my laps

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Wizop, beep, racks