

So Much Money

Juicy J

Thumbin' through so much money, thumbin' through so much money,
thumbin' through so much money, that I need three hands to count it

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I woke up in a Bugatti, and parked it by my Ferrari
Took my Rolex and chopped it and stuffed it in my Buggari
I got your bitch on a Molly, she ride me like a Ducati
If giving head was a college, she would be summa cum laude
She treat my dick like a pistol, I treat her face like a target
I told em "Bandz A Make Her Dance," I turned my head, that shit charted

Black matte Aston Martin, my hood gives Koopsta apartments
Lambo didn't come with no key, I push a button to start it

Say Juicy J must know magic, all these invisible sets
I put kush in my lungs and leather seats in my jet
I got a gold-plated toilet, my nigga, I'm rich as shit
And I would carry a wallet but all my money won't fit
I drop the bag in Miami, and Ferragamo'd my bitch
A couple of bands for her heels, a couple more for her tits
Bitch I got money and shooters don't make me pay for the hit
They wipe your ass off the planet like you ain't never exist

I'm countin' so much money, dollar signs all I see
I might go buy me an island and fly your bitch to my D
I got that old school Chevy with crocodile on my seat
And I still run with them wolves, yeah bitch I'm a beast
I spent the rack 'fore I knew it, and that was just on my feet
This bitch is stupid as fuck but on that Molly she geek
She like "It's Christmas in May", I'm 'bout to roll up a wreath
And I'm so cold on these hoes but I still carry that heat