You know how we rolling, my money stand tall, dollar bills ain' t folding

Down, I'm top floor bound, this is how it goes down This is black card music, this is black card, this is black car

This is black card, money I got

Shit I've been known for balling hard y'all be ballet hooping I'm Chris to bottles, I'm bout the alley These younger niggas respect me I'm like a daddy to them These younger bitches won't sex me you know I dare to do them I am a bad influence, with a black card These waitresses get excited when I'm passing it to them Sitting back in that panamera Porsche I win it I see more pussy in a week then in an abortion clinic Can I live, the crib is like a high-school I'm at the ... with the credit call on the high Round 2, niggas better drink up What you looking at the register for? Let it ring up

You know how we rolling, my money stand tall, dollar bills ain' t folding

Down, I'm top floor bound, this is how it goes down

This is black card music, this is black card, this is black car

This is black card, money I got

We didn't got too hot, yeah wait to who drop All eyes on us I'm feeling like 2Pac, who shot, who Shit, we blowing through the roof top, Back to the front, we want our true spot Don't turn this into a shoot out We only move out, Yeah, Katrina couldn't keep the out

But passed 2012, you a 1997

You niggas need to take the new need to own something Y'all ain't own nothing,

But the jewelry, the cars, videos, the clothes and that old mon

Yeah how much you got, that's why I won't holler You got old bucks, I want amero dollars

You know how we rolling, my money stand tall, dollar bills ain' t folding

Down, I'm top floor bound, this is how it goes down This is black card music, this is black card, this is black car This is black card, money I got.