

My Money Don't Fold

Juvenile

What?!

Flight School in the building homey
Nino, it's on as a bone mayne
Gettin that money mayne
Puttin it in the bank account though, writin checks
If you broke man it's gon' be hard for you understand this
but peep this

I know you see the cars, the jewels and the clothes
Bitch nigga my money don't fold
Bitch nigga my money don't fold
Bitch nigga my money don't fold
I know you see the Lamb' with the butterfly do's
And I keep it to the side on some hoes
Bitch nigga my money don't fold
Bitch nigga my money don't fold

Oh no! My money don't fold... I'm a winner
If money is the root of all evil, I'm a sinner
Listen up soldier boy I bend your antenna
Red dot on the center of your head for my dinner
I don't talk about swag... cause I show it
50 thousand dollar cash every 12 I blow it
Yeah that boy hot, Lambo's in the lot
What'cha know about deep sea fishin on a yacht?
Lil' kids thankin showtime at the center
Retarded baby it's me because I'm shittin like an enema
You garbage, I'm solid
I'm on these hoes like fingernail polish
Fresh out of Flight School I got it on pilot
You in the corner actin stupid lookin childish
You got your shades on loc but you can notice me
You actin like you don't see me but bitch I know...

Every day I'm the man... I pop Louis tags
I probably got your whole life inside this Louis bag
You know the F1, I already wrecked one
Had to upscale, Lamborghini was the next one
Hold your tongue son, I be on that BS
I put that on everything I am U.T. yes
I was in them raids, now a nigga paid
And my bitch sippin more of these champagne heads
Yes, I'm everywhere that they ain't broke
Seen the money then I'm already at the airport
I am a star boy, you look a fan like
You coulda bought two but you ain't have your plan right
I got my Louis' on, cool plus iron white
Sunday might go out there and show 'em I'm the man like
You got your shades on loc but you can notice me
You actin like you don't see me but bitch I know...

I said I just got paaaaaaaid! The money playin ping pong
I'm ballin at the red light, feelin good like King Kong
This here the theme song, hundred fifty steam on
I'm dead wrong, talkin money on the phone
It's baller music, baby buy you some
Boy I'ma get paid no matter how you come

You can't act crazy, I'ma go and get guns
I tell you what, be the quick to show up punks
I hit the highways boy, with CDs and tapes
Might come back with X pills, and cell phones and Bapes
State to state, boy we tryin to be straight
Fuck that, we tryin to bake a wedding cake
They just got the new Jag, God damn that's fun
Well we just got the paper, God damn that's one
Because my money don't fold, spend my money on hoes
We about it hoe so go and get some mo' dough