

## Money Magnet

Kevin Gates

Every bitch I had look like they got booty shots  
Gonna likes to shoot but not the same object that Kool got  
Kool is my photographer, ain't know if you knew or not  
East Atlanta, I'm with Mojo, he's got stupid nines  
And in this section by myself, I'm a fucking gangster  
College bitch say she always wanna fuck a gangster  
Foreign cars, out on alley born Russia blades,  
In that nine, Glock 9 tucked up in my waist  
South side, outside, hustle in the rain  
Won't cut no corners, stood on corners for a quarter a day  
252, get 4 of them, you got 1008  
Public housing, stay from round, smoke out a pound of grapes  
Sold bookoo ounces by the thousands in a race for guap  
Chip off a block, killer come quickly chip off your block

I heard that it was money on the avenue  
Betcha I be stupid racked up by the afternoon  
Shawty, a bad bitch, her booty doing magic  
Rack's a money magnet, watch her do gymnastics  
Say the street lights (pause), just came on  
All my girlfriends wondering why I ain't came home  
I'm a money magnet, I'm a money magnet  
I'm a money magnet, and my pockets got the mumps

Not in a disrespectful manner, but my pants is sagging  
I'm in the game of pharmaceuticals, and I ain't bragging  
I gave a listen to your music and I started laughing  
Wondering who the fuck is you, and when you started trapping  
BWA, Bread Winners Association  
Ain't got a DOC number, we not associated  
Polo logo crazy, only on my underwear  
In my closet for hours, undecided on what I'mma wear  
I walk around with 60 grand in my 508s  
And rings glistening, women giggling, right away  
Don't hang out in booty clubs, I don't like to party  
Cause bitches from the booty club give me private parties

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Betcha I be stupid racked up by the afternoon  
Say the street lights, just came on  
And my pockets got the mumps