

Money Magnet

Kevin Gates

Every bitch I had look like they got booty shots
Gunna 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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Say the street lights, just came on
And my pockets got the mumps