

About the Money

T.I.

Bustin' out the bando
A n-gga jewelry real metal like a can opener
I went from rags to riches to a feature with Tip
I went from Smart Car to a bitch with some smart lips
And the F&N make my hip limp
I'm goin' fishin' with these little bitty shrimp dips
And my bank roll got a big dip
She gon' bring it on a big ship
Quite trill, no Quik Trip
I got drugs in the alley, no tip there
She just wanna have a good day
Smoke way more weed than a guy in L.A
I want them birds 'til next May
Never let em fly away
What!? I heard, aye
Listen what my n-gga Tip say

If it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, n-gga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch n-gga miss me with it

I pack an 11, I pack an 11
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Guisepppe
I'm slime like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend
Pants out the grocery store, they stuck with lettuce
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches

Ay what you think we in the neighborhood for?
Standin' at the corner store with a pocket full of dough
I'll be damned if a n-gga wife a hood ho
Learned that from UGK back in "Pocket Full of Stones"
Put your money down, I could buck a hard 4
You playin' with it, I'ma send 'em through your car door
My watch flooded, shit sick, got Parvo
I'm doin' it for black and yellow, free Hardo
The head honcho, n-gga no Tonto, n-gga
I'm quick to put some bricks in a Bronco, n-gga
N-ggas talk shit, well I don't respond to no n-gga
No murder, no dough, no convo

If it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, n-gga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch n-gga miss me with it

I pack an 11, I pack an 11
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Guisepppe

I'm slime like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend
Pants out the grocery store, they stuck with lettuce
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches

Ay what you think we in the neighborhood for?
Standin in the trap, slangin good blow
Maybach used to slang that crack
Buy a stolen car while he bang that AK
If you ever took a loss better bring that back
Catcha' witcha' betcha' heat will blow your brains bout that
Know you better be, on your best behavior when addressing me
Byegones, we don't let em be
N-ggas disrespect me, i'm a catch a felony
If you listen I can get you paid
But not interested in shit you say

If it ain't about the money
Don't be blowin' me up, n-gga I ain't gettin' up
If it ain't about the money
Ain't no use in you ringin' my line, stop wastin' my time
If it ain't about the money
Nah I can't even hear what you say, I ain't finna do shit
If it ain't about the money
Bitch, you can miss me with it, bitch n-gga miss me with it

I pack an 11, I pack an 11
I ride in a gator, my shoes are Guiseeppe
I'm slime like the reverend, I shoot at the reverend
Pants out the grocery store, they stuck with lettuce
She try make the extras, I told on these bitches
When it's bout time to pay I'ma bail on these bitches