

All About

Young Dolph

It's all about skrilla
It's all about cash
It's all about paper
It's all about weight

I just spent your budget on my right wrist
In a drop top smoking kush with my white bitch
I just turned your main bitch to my side bitch
How you get that new Rarri and it ain't out yet
(I don't know, damn)
It's all about money, it's all about cake
I'm getting too much, I keep a toothache
It's all about paper, and I'm super straight
Ain't getting no money then you in the way
It's all about money, it's all about cake
I'm getting too much, I keep a toothache
It's all about paper and I'm super straight

Riding in some foreign through Atlanta
Balmain jeans and Saint Laurent bandana
Why I sag so hard bitch mind your manners
Excuse me I'm high as hell, bitch mind your business
Was fucked up, now I'm doing tremendous
We talkin' about money, you know I got plenty
All of my bitches, they look like a vixen
All of my niggas trigger finger itchin'
I can't help it that I'm paid as fuck and all of these niggas bitches love me
I can't help I paid these bitches no mind, and they still wanna fuck me
Pull up, count the bread, and I'm gone
I'm getting money, I'm never at home
My little bitch, she bad to the bone
Got dirty in my styrofoam
Fresh as fuck like I'm going to the prom
Presidential, Obama on my arm
She get in my passenger seat, she gone
It's over, I won

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It's all about dealing, it's all about weight
It ain't 'bout these bitches, it's 'bout getting paid
It ain't about friends, it's all about cake
First they love you, then they hate
Out here in these streets ain't nobody straight
That fake shit I can't relate

I keep heat like MIA
And good weed just like LA
My lil thick bitch call her bae
Boy I got more weight than you weigh
I got what I got cause I prayed
Guess what else I did, I prayed
Just got off the phone with God
And he said there's more on the way
Real nigga 24/7, not every other day
I'm killing this shit
I'm killing this shit, counting millions and shit
Luxury living and shit
Counting and chilling and shit
Handling business and shit
Racks in the ceiling and shit
Why I got all this ice on me, because my traphouse lit

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