

Where the Money

Young Dolph

Mama said God'll give you anything you pray for
When I was small I prayed to God for a bankroll
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When I was small I prayed to God for a bankroll
All I ever wanted was a bankroll
(What you want?) a bankroll
Murk your ass, shoot the lawyer, 100K, case closed
All I ever wanted was some moolah
Come to my block, they selling dope and hoes prostituting
You ain't never ran no trap, who you think you fooling?
My young niggas, they ruthless
They just like me, keep toolies
Got it out the trizzap, your bitch she on my dizzick
We on that smoke a nigga, fuck his bitch, get money shizzit
I can't rap it if I didn't live it
Pussy nigga tryna get me off my pivot
What you shootin' at? A hundred million

Lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it down
I just want the money, that what we came for
Lay it down, lay it down, you hoes lay it down
We just want the money, that what we came for
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I just want the money, that what we came for

Ride 'round with that Draco on my waist, straight to the money
I got 99 problems so I ride 'round with that hundred
Yeah I graduated, what make you think I'm a dummy?
I turned nothing into something, my prepaid be jumping
Cook a Porsche up out that bowl, pockets getting swole
I got snow but it ain't cold, got a check up out the stove
Used to share the same shoes, had to take out the whole sole
Now it's Maison Margiela's, these designer 'round my toes
Lay it down, give it up, my shooters stink you up
Don't corroborate, no hesitation, we shoot you up
We coming for that money, just give up that paper
Serve his ass ten, double back and take it later

When I move, don't make a sound
Put your face up on the ground
Came for your cash nigga, put it in the bag nigga
I ain't come to do no talkin', load it up or I'm offin'
Yellow tape, white chalk 'em
Put your bitch ass in a coffin
Got your money, I'm gone
Back on the block, servin' pounds
Trap money, I got strong
Yeah you know I'm on
All I ever wanted was a bankroll
Mama always told me don't trust these hoes
In God I trust, for this money I'm a bust
Lay a nigga down, stick 'em up
Bullet hit your ass, lift 'em up
That's how I was brought up
In the hood, in the cut
No food on our plate
No money you need us

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I just want the money, keep the pistol by my stomach
Her bankroll didn't stay fresh, I guess I'm paying homage
Now I'm not talkin' hair but I sell 'em by the bundle
They say that money talk, well it sound like yours mumble
You know what I came for
I'm beefing with my car, man I went and got the brains blowed
I just left the jeweler, man I went and got my chain froze
Tryna leave the streets alone but damn Bino can't though
Repping while I'm rapping, now she ride me like a Texan
Never took her out to eat, she ate me up like Zaxby's
Get across the water, I got business in Miami
Trap awards up in my hood, come get yourself a Grammy
I keep it fresh like Mannie

From Cal State to Ave, I been getting money
I got some niggas out the south and the east jumping
From Westwood to the mound, might not pumping
Got big bags of the dope balled up like nuggets
I get it by the truckload, boxed up like Huggies
Hooked up with Paper Route, we 'bout to make it ugly
Shouts out to Daddy-O, it's a cold summer
We gon' make these bitches sweat, I put that on my mama
We just want this money bitch, that's what we came for
That's why I put these Forgiato's on these foreign cars
In the club, pocket full of cash, no credit card
In the morning I'm dogging your bitch, late night I'm with the mob

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I just want the money, that what we came for

You know what we came for nigga
Real nigga shit
If I want it I get it
If I want it I spend it
It's Dolph!
J-Money, what's poppin'?
Bino, what up?
Yo, what's poppin'?
Fizzler, what's crackin'?
Ay, ay! Real nigga shit
Paper Route Empire
Uh huh!