

Ab-Soul, Hunnid Stax

[Intro: Ab-Soul]

(Money is the anthem...)

People treat you real nice when you got fifty dollar drawers on

(Get money, fuck bitches)

I'm tryin' man

(Fuck bitches, get money, get money)

[Verse 1: Ab-Soul]

Who gettin' that dough? Who gettin' that cake?

Who gettin' that bread? Put a ticket on your head if you can't relate

Who gettin' that fetti? Who gettin' that chesse?

You know I gotta eat, you know I gotta eat

Who gettin' that paper? Who gettin' that guap?

Who smokin' that top shelf? Who gettin' top off top?

Ain't nothing more important than the mula

Who gettin' them commas, makin' mamas do kama sutra

Best act like you know, I'm gettin' them checks, I'm spendin' them checks

THC through TSA on my back, don't get checked

Who gettin' them Benjamins? Spendin' them with executives

Business man, understand, I'm on fuckin' tour, you on the 10-6, I'm reelin' in

Currency, won't pass the weed but I'll pass the bitch

My stock risin', you cock ridin', I'm splittin' clits where the money clip

Who gettin' that money, money? Real mothafuckin' money, money

That's all I do dawg, got cashed out

Got fucked up, then I passed out

[Hook: Mac Miller]

Woke up early, kissed this bad bitch

Rolled me up a blunt, then I took a piss

Can't remember what I did last night

I'm just tryin' to spend a hunnid stax everyday of my life

Money is the anthem

Black girls in the bedroom, white girls in the bathroom

Fuck what I did last night

I'm just tryin' to spend a hunnid stax everyday of my life

[Verse 2: Schoolboy Q]

Who gettin' that dough? Who gettin' that bread?

Get money I pledge, what you mean you broke bitch, open them legs

Now let a nigga be, I think I'm gonna skeet

You know I love cheese, you know I love cheese

I'm high as a scraper, I'm smokin' that guap

Who leave guns on the top shelf? Who keep Glock on Glock?

Ain't nothing more important than a Hoover

Who hoppin' out cars, unloadin' that pop, pop, yawk, yawk, move ya'

Fi-Fig- Figueroa, gotta a .45 right here up in my coat

You can have my ho but don't hit my dope

I'm burnin' up like a parliament

I'm 216, I'm suspendin' rent

You a bad bitch, come fuck me

Yeah you heard it right, I said fuck me

Put that on Crip, even ignorance is bliss

I love foreign tits and her clitoris

Beat the pussy down like my nemesis

Make the pussy drip like I slit her wrist, but

Who gettin' that money, money? Real mothafuckin' money, money

That's all I do dawg, got cashed out

Bought a new bitch and a new house like

[Hook: Mac Miller]

[Outro]

So before we go out, what's your address?

[Outro 2: Puff Daddy]

What? It ain't no more to it! Soulo eatin' now! Tell 'em Puff said so