

Alfamega, Uh Huh

I got a pocket full of money, a cigarillo full of dro
Gas tank full, little mama wanna roll wit it
What you tell her?
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Ain't a nare 'nother puttin' on like me
I can buy the bar out seven days out the week
We gettin' money
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
I'm gettin' money, I'm doin' my thang
Check out my car, check out my chain
Me and you, we are not he same, at all
You be fakin' wit it, I let my nuts hang
The Alfa flow, plus a nitty beat
Equals mo money baby, and mo freaks to freak
They cut the check, that's why I'm stuntin' on em
And they know in they hearts, that they don't want it, at all
Cause I got new Nena's, and new choppas
Then send these old niggas to some new doctors
I dropped a hundred at the mall but I ain't done yet
I'm a real hood nigga, what the fuck did you expect?
I got a pocket full of money, a cigarillo full of dro
Gas tank full, little mama wanna roll wit it
What you tell her?
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Ain't a nare 'nother puttin' on like me
I can buy the bar out seven days out the week
We gettin' money
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Wet paint, 10 Stacks, chrome feet
Digital dash, ya'll and bucket seats
Steering wheel costs about a G
Plexi-glass on the windows cuzz the trunk beat
Boom, boom, boom, boom
Passenger is a cold freak
Shh, but keep that on the hush between you and me
Don't tell nobody, uh uh, uh huh, she don't get down
I got a Marriott suite, I'm bout to go down

I was in and out, I couldn't spend the night
She got her man at home, I just get her right
Uh uh, uh huh, that's how the game goes
Like Snoop Dogg said man, you can't trust these hoes
I got a pocket full of money, a cigarillo full of dro
Gas tank full, little mama wanna roll wit it
What you tell her?
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Ain't a nare 'nother puttin' on like me
I can buy the bar out seven days out the week
We gettin' money
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
We still gettin' money, it's still going down
We still poppin' bottles, we still blowin' pounds
And yeah, the chain's platinum, but I'm still hood
And still posted on the block, I wish a nigga would
Ride by and give my chain a hard look
Tryin' to take mines, fuck around and get your life took
Now all the real goons, throw your sets up
They don't let us in now, now they all messed up

They know it goes down, when we come through
Life race head baby, make it do what it do
Cuzz this a new swag, wit a new swang
You think them niggas showed they ass
Then watch me do my damn thing
I got a pocket full of money, a cigarillo full of dro
Gas tank full, little mama wanna roll wit it
What you tell her?
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Ain't a nare another puttin' on like me
I can buy the bar out seven days out the week
We gettin' money
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Yes sirr