Lil Wayne, Money On My Mind

Yeah

(Chorus 2X with variations)
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money money on my mind
So money is all I think of

Steppin out the motherfuckin car they in awe I'm lookin like a star bitch when you see me make a wish Holla at ya motherfuckin boy J.R. Birdman my pa bitch ball bred born rich Dear Mr. Toilet I'm the shit Got these other haters pissed cause my toilet paper thick I know but trip and that forty make a chip Out a potato head wimp and like ranch I dip And the hustle was all muscle just strength When it comes to that weight I don't struggle I just lift I got my hand on the game yeah I make a grip Hundred grand in my fist same on my wrist Get key money from a quarter blame it on my wrist I whip coke like hoes nigga I'm a pimp Lil nigga bout to rape the market If we talkin bout money baby now we talkin

(Chorus)

(Hook: during chorus)
Fuck bitches (3X)
Get money (3X)
Get money fuck bitches
Fuck bitches get money
Fuck bitches get money

Yeah

Nigga get it in a slump if you know how In the heart of the summer we need a snow plow What you know bout that baby its yo time Coke transactions on the phone we call it blowjob Too fast for the feds too cocky for the cops Had to ditch my old bitch gettin sloppy wit the pots Hoppin off the boat meetin papi at the docks He tell me I'm gainin weight I tell him I'm gettin paid Money over bitches I'm yellin it to the grave Developed at a young age go after what pays These Gabana sunshades block the sunrays I drop a car note in the mall on the first day I gotta get it even if its in the worst way That cake like it's it's my birthday New Orleans my birthplace ya heard me Where moneys more important than the person Nigga

(Chorus + Hook during chorus)

Twistin up a blunt thinkin bout my next dollar I'm diggin in the game tryna get some money out her I'm so vain its a problem It ain't a stain on these Pradas I'm just bein modest Got me a goddess sure how to divide it

She still down and she don't get none of the profit We around the city let the tints hide me Thats a cold muhfucker whoever inside it Forever symbolizing the grind it don't walk to you I make it run like horses do Giddy up baby if you got it then hit 'em up baby I know its crazy but I can't get enough baby I love it I fuckin love it I'm a self made millionaire fuck the public Ridin to myself cause I don't fuck with nothin Pistol on my lap on the way to the money

(Chorus + Hook during chorus)