

# Megan Thee Stallion, Money Good

[Intro]

Money good, I ain't gotta worry 'bout shit  
Money good (Ahh)  
Ayy, ayy

[Chorus]

Money good  
Throw up where I'm from, let 'em know I'm still hood  
I ain't had to get nobody hit but I could  
Before I post a pic, should I flex? Yeah, I should  
I ain't gotta worry 'bout shit, money good  
Ride with some hitters and they wish a bitch would  
I don't wanna argue 'bout it, baby, I'm good  
If she got a band let her in, yeah, she good  
I ain't gotta worry 'bout shit, money good

[Verse 1]

Man, I hate a ol' lame dick-riding ass bitch  
Never let a sack chaser hang in my clique  
Fuck getting clout, bitch, I'm tryna get rich  
Better hide your wallet when I fall in the mix  
Can't deny I'm a star, you can tell by my walk  
I ain't even gotta fuck him, he just love how I talk  
I'm embracing the fake, I'm accepting the hate  
If I wasn't number one, they wouldn't come for my place

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Man, I know some broke ass niggas who be hatin'  
Pop a rubber band put that money in they face  
I be out here grindin' like a nigga who ain't ate  
You ain't bringing nothing to the table but your plate  
Bitch, I'm out here ballin' like a motherfuckin' fade  
I can't gossip with you when there's money to be made  
I'm tryna get my pockets 99 Ricki Lake  
When you bein' real you ain't worry 'bout who fake

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

Hair long, nail long, money long, too  
Get a bag, spend it, make it back time two  
I could never let nobody tell me what to do  
If a nigga get to trippin' then I'ma throw that boy the deuce  
Pull up in a Rolls Royce finna rock a show  
Clique full of bad friends, we at Pappadeaux  
Rent due, finna let your baby daddy know  
He in love with me but he know to play his role

[Chorus]

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