

Money In My Pocket

Meyhem Lauren

[Verse 1]

My flesh got the original tint
My neck speaks Cuban Peep Jesus and squint
Y'all get fly, but I'm a different refresh
You buy off the rack
I dress my dick to the left
You never got suited, never got fitted
So the shit I'm talkin bout
You never gon' get it
We fuck the same bitches, that's basics
Split they tongue like a pair of Asics
Catapult cocaine and curb cases
Keep a four five on and roll seis (sixes)
I'm winning comfort is a trophy
See me when you see me, then you'll probably see me OT, uh
Shirtless with shades on, whippin' something foreign
I keep my wrist wrapped like I'm sparring
Rocking a pair of NB's
New chick flipping like 10 P's

[Chorus]

Get money, get money
Keep stuntin', keep stuntin'
Bag bitches, bag bitches
Go crush 'em
Get money, get money
Keep stuntin', keep stuntin'
Bag bitches, bag bitches
Go crush 'em
Bottles on my table, bitches on my lap
Money in my pocket, that's a motherfucking fact
Bottles on my table, bitches on my lap
Money in my pocket, that's a motherfucking fact

[Verse 2]

Lunch at Don Pepe's, life in rap essays
Top grain leather, we tryna enjoy decades
Toast to my future, stayin' close to my past
Hustlin' the present cause a nigga need cash
Y'all niggas need a fresh advisor

I stay swervin' like I couldn't pass a breathalyzer
Used to take it easy, now I'm takin' over
Never been a cobra, hoppin' out the Rover
If not I got the ruger, hoppin' out the Uber
Beef is for the street, don't be a thug on the computer
Eat good, drink good, live better, get cheddar
Disease stricken wool I usually rock a sick sweater
Sneakers in my closet, bitches in my jack
Money in my pocket, that's a motherfucking fact
Peace to Mr. Wonderful
If niggas looking for that work, we got a bundle full

[Chorus]

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