

# Block (feat. Trippie Redd & StaySolidRocky)

## Internet Money

Lyrics from Leak

[Intro: Trippie Redd]

Internet Money, bitch

Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah, ooh

Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Big 14, know what the fuck goin' on

Lil', uh, bitch

Ayy, ?yeah? (Hahahaha, Nick, you're ?stupid)

[Chorus: Trippie Redd]

They don't understand who I am? (Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah)

I had to WWE slam (Slam)

Down on these fuck niggas, yeah, yeah (Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah)

I said they had the murder rate high, yeah (Bah)

I said they had the murder rate high, yeah (Yeah-ah-ah-ah-ah)

Pull up with them Glock, nigga like, yeah (Yeah)

Pull up, send some shots, nigga like, yeah (Yeah)

Gunpowder get popped, nigga, like, yeah (Yeah)

We done had the whole hood hot, nigga, yeah (Woo)

Pull out on the block, nigga, like, yeah (Bitch)

I love the way your body drop, yeah, yeah (Way it drop, yeah)

The way it tumble then it flop, yeah, yeah (Yeah)

[Verse 1: Trippie Redd]

I don't got the time to be playin' games with the opps

Pull up with this chop' and then I knock you out your socks (Bah)

Timeless, and I don't need a motherfuckin' clock

Man, I swear to God, all I need is my Glock and mop, yeah

[Chorus: Trippie Redd]

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>