

Giddy Up (feat. Wiz Khalifa & 24kGoldn)

Internet Money

That's Internet Money, bitch

(Hahaha, Nick, you're stupid)

Know you see me, I be flexing on the TV now

I'm in your city now, baby, let me see you bounce

I'm a player, baby, you could say I get around

It ain't no secret now, thought you had it figured out

She got them big hips, wow

I'm tryna see you throw it back and bust down

We finna get lit now

I wanna see you giddy up and get wild, yeah

I'm tryna see you at your best

Bend it over, you been blessed

New in town, girl, you fresh

I don't trick, don't invest

I don't sleep, I don't rest

Get a check, I want next

New chain, I want next

Hundred mil', I want next

New crib, I want next

Get a pound, I want next

In the clouds, I want next

Hundred mil', I want next

New crib, I want next

Get a pound, I want next

Money pile, real respect

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I got that cheat code, give a nigga big smoke

Shawty, she deep throat, but I'ma give her deep strokes

I get it in from the rim to the free throw

Looking for freak hoes, keep it on the D-low

So when the shows all over, where you comin' back?

Know the hotel close but we fuckin' in the cab

I'm a well-known roadster runnin' to the bag, girl

Funny you should ask, girl, I know why you mad girl

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