

If It Ain't About Money (feat. Trey Songz)

Fat Joe

[Fat Joe - Verse 1]

Wrist on froze, thanks to the stove;
Mattress financial, bank's never closed;
Monday to Sunday, serve all addicts;
Joey Van Gundy, watch me work the Magic;
Aah, and I ain't talkin' NBA;
I ain't even trust the brethren, jealous ones still envy me;
Problem is, these guys ain't even half what they pretend to be;
Cold Don, now look at all the shots that they keep sendin' me;
And your girl the best, she fulfillin' all my fantasies;
She drip, drip, drippin' all up in the Drophead Phantom seats;
Now pop your bottles, blow your cush, fuck what your man say;
'Cause you know we don't give a fuck, we let the pan play...

[Trey Songz - Chorus]

If it ain't about money, why we wastin' time?
(And tell her that) money's all that's on my mind...
You can believe that, I'll be where the cheese at;
Wrist on froze, better get your hoe;
Pocket full of paper, so these haters can't stand me;
Ballin' like the Lakers, keep heat like Miami,
And she killin' in them jeans, "Baby, won't you take 'em off for me?"
She said she a boss, she ain't talkin'

If it ain't about money, why we wastin' time?[Fat Joe - Verse 2]

Neck on froze, thanks to the hoes;
Pussy never plummet, pimp 'til I'm gone;
Powder white work, let's get this shit poppin';
And fuck the police, like them niggaz out in Compton;
Aah, we too fly for our own good;
And you can see the sky shinin' on the chrome hood;
And you can smell that money right off the Lou Vuitton;
Self-made millionaire right from the Bronx;
On my way to Cali, Kobe, he playin' LeBron;
Drop 50 stacks, tell my niggaz "Pay the bar";
Stop trippin', that pussy got a nigga hard;
And the Am-Ex card, blacker than my nigga 'Kon...[Trey Songz - Chorus]

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