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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