

# Cardi B, Money

look, my bitches all bad  
my niggas all real  
I ride on his dick  
and some big tall hills  
big fat checks  
big large bills  
front, I'll flip like 10 cartwheels

cold ass bitch  
I give Ross chills  
10 different looks and my looks all kill  
I kiss him in the mouth  
I feel all grills  
he eat in the car, that's meals on wheels

I was born to flex  
diamonds on my neck  
I like boardin' jets  
I like morning sex  
but nothing in this world  
that I like more than checks (money!)

all I really wanna see is the Money  
I don't really need ye D  
I need the Money  
all a bad bitch need is the Money

I got bands in the coupe  
busing out the roof  
I got bands in the coupe  
touch me, I'll shoot

shake that little ass  
get a little bag and take it to the store  
get a little cash  
shake it real fast and get a little more Money

I got bands in the coupe  
busing out the roof  
I got bands in the coupe  
busing out the roof

I gotta fly  
I need a jet shit  
I need room for my legs  
I got baby  
I need some money  
I need cheese for my egg

all y'all bitches in trouble  
bring brass knuckles to the scuffle  
I heard that Cardi went pop  
yeah, I did go pop  
that's me bustin' they bubble  
I gotta fly  
I need a jet shit  
I need room for my legs  
I got a baby  
I need some money  
I need chees for my egg