

# 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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Throw up where I'm from, let 'em know I'm still hood  
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Before I post a pic, should I flex? Yeah, I should  
I ain't gotta worry 'bout shit, money good