

# Money On the Floor (feat. 8Ball & MJG, 2 Chainz)

## Big K.R.I.T.

Is it me or is it something about a car  
That makes a bad bitch get freaky fuck like porno stars?  
Or maybe it was that chrome that keep a bopper in the zone  
But either way she hit my phone like she can't leave me lone  
And that there just keeps happening, blame it on all this rapping shit  
10 out of 10 she down to fuck, that's just what my average is  
Slab and chassis lavishly, wood cabin, digi-dash in it I'm an advocate  
Chromed out wheels if you hop in here you might jet lag a bit  
I'm passionate about everything that I want, I do what it do and y'all don't  
I put the whole world in my trunk, let it bump  
Check the stars out when I ride, dodgin' potholes with these tires  
Hogging lanes, swang and bang in a 'Stang so let me by  
Cuz I got  
Money on the floor  
Lighters on the dresser  
Drop my top, no one can do it better  
Diamonds and the leather  
Wood and the chrome  
Bopping ass hoes just won't leave me alone  
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She call me big baby, I got my Guccis on  
Black on black, head to toe, smelling like Prada cologne  
Feeling like big pimping, inhale, exhale  
Good green, thick lean, give them bitches x pills  
Cocaine make them get so loose on them tequila shots  
Every time I do it I regret it, the bitch just can't stop  
Now she's dancing on the table, skirt done went up to her navel  
Niggas throwing money at her, shit I can't be mad at her  
You bring the girl to me then I'mma  
bless her, test her  
25 lighters on my dresser, yessir  
My bitch on the block with some money on her mind  
A pistol in her purse and a heart full of grind  
I'm pimp type, MJ, drop my top, light that dro  
Hand on the wood with the pedal on the floor  
Forever get dough and I'm clever on the ho  
Still get vetted man, never be a scary man

My DNA is all Ike Turner, Eddie King  
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25 lighters, 25 cyphers  
Went to jail and shared a cell with a 25-to-lifer  
Stayed at my grandma house with 25 bibles  
Stayed in the trap house with like 25 rifles  
Drop my top and I dip dip dip  
But if I pop my trunk you better duck, don't slip  
Chrome lips on the vehicle look like they blowing kisses  
Reel them hoes in, it look like I'm going fishing  
Okay this how I ride, two bad hoes inside  
One ho say she ready, the other ho said she tired  
I'mma drop this other ho off, me and the other ho we gon ride  
All jokes aside I'm the get money poster child  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>