

# SRT (feat. BIG30 & Pooh Shiesty)

## Moneybagg Yo

Moneybagg Yo - SRT (feat. BIG30 & Pooh Shiesty)[Moneybagg Yo:]

Uh, yeah, yeah, go

Might get talked about, but I don't get touched (Nope)

Keep it in their face, they don't take much (Ho)

I'm the boss, I'll never take a pay cut (Never)

Roll over, giver her dick when I wake up (Uhh)

Crystal, 1K for the shape up (Chopped)

These niggas tryna count my pockets

Back to back with it, I keep on coppin'

2020 buy the red seats, Lil Yachty (Inside)

I put her on freeze, she wait for my call

I'm takin' her down when this pill dissolve (Yep)

Statue of Liberty, standin' there tall (Uh, uh, uh, uh)

I'm chasin' her down, she run up the wall

I'm smokin' boutique, the flavors unique

Four-hundred a juice, a hundred a quarter (Seven)

Shoppin' online, yes they get the orders

Chanel, her stroller, my one year-old daughter

A space ship, thought they seen't it (Work)

Whole time, this a 'ghini

Whole time, I was fuckin', I done tell her I love her but didn't really mean it

Showed them folks my setup, like black in line, Frankenstein

Stick is on me, porcupine

Out of sight, out of mind (Gone)

I cannot apologize (Nope)

Whack 'em and upload, happy vibes (Brrt)

[BIG30:]

Hey lil bitch, I didn't wanna fuck until she knew that I was me

Turned your [?] out your [?] you gon' die by DVV (Brrt)

Pussy play, you gon' get fucked, we sucker free, so ain't shit sweet

Don't put no K behind that, send one to the face, you did see Jesus (Brrt, brrt)

Had to whack his ass regardless, give a fuck about no payment

Think we played, I'll stomp the yard, we steady steppin' on the daily

Twenty-thousand in these pockets, these Amiris, ho done at it

And I just left Toronto, smokin' dope, kickin' shit with T-Daily (Facts)

Do you a favor and let you life, after you went and wrote a statement (Shit crazy)

I was lazy, just cut you off, blocked you on all my pages (Shit crazy)

Cost my young nigga, his freedom, got him scufflin' in them cages (Free)

Say your mamma made you snitch, but you the one that signed them papers (Brrrt)

[Pooh Sheisty:]

Man, fuck that shit, they mad we made it

No hand out, we got up off our last, we had to go and take it

Seen too much, mask up, we apein'  
Oakland bitch suckin' my dick, she said she cheerlead for the Raiders  
Burnt the head off, then I skated, had to snatch off in the shaker  
We run through weed by the acres, take care of the block, pay the neighbors  
Big ass box under this chopper, we ain't come to hook up cable  
Me and Thirty ran through ninety-thousand way before a label  
He can ask me for a body, no hesitatin', I'ma pay him (Brrt)  
I got faith in my high speed chase, behind this SRT  
Thick lil bitch in my back seat, she tryna set some up for me  
Four deep, slimed out, in this Lamb truck with three choppers a piece  
Three-seventy-five, shots was fired, you know we slime for BGE  
Brrrt

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>