

# On Me

## Moneybagg Yo

I just wake up and get my day started like this here  
This how I do this shit fool All this money got these bitches on me, on me, on me  
They like fleas, I can't get 'em off me, off me, off me  
Diamonds on me flash like paparazzi, 'razzi, 'razzi  
Million dollar man, Ted DiBiase, 'ase, 'ase  
In the club posted with my homies, homies, homies  
Check on me just like Michael Conley, Conley, Conley  
If I sneeze they might catch a homi, homi, homi  
Too much drank and weed, I feel like a zombie, zombie, zombie  
My car ain't got no key, you got to push start it  
Pull up in a foreign and valet park it  
I'm somewhere in Memphis at a day party  
Security trippin' at the door, we had to Bogard it  
Boy your swag on fufu like the free market  
I been doin' this sauce shit since Ed Hardy  
He froze up in the action, he a choke artist  
My nigga 'dem don't miss shit, they scope artists  
I need a bitch like Kash Doll, a black barbie  
If this rap shit today, on Black I'm back robbin'  
All these narcotics I'm takin' got my head naughty  
She eatin' the dick while bumpin' me, I got her head nodding  
All this money got these bitches on me, on me, on me  
They like fleas, I can't get 'em off me, off me, off me  
Diamonds on me flash like paparazzi, 'razzi, 'razzi  
Million dollar man, Ted DiBiase, 'ase, 'ase  
In the club posted with my homies, homies, homies  
Check on me just like Michael Conley, Conley, Conley  
If I sneeze they might catch a homi, homi, homi  
Too much drank and weed, I feel like a zombie, zombie, zombie My homies gangster, uh-huh  
I'm talkin' dangerous, uh-huh  
They don't post no fuckin' pictures of no bangers, uh-huh  
They won't go to court and point no fuckin' fingers, uh-huh  
In the trenches with 'em, don't give a fuck 'cause I'm famous, uh-huh  
Drop him where he stand, burn him like a tan  
They gon' do it for me, just on my command  
Shawty thick as fuck, I wanna get in her pants  
She got a man but tonight he ain't in her plans  
Let me show you why the call me MoneyBagg, hundred K large in a Gucci duffle  
I got a real check on me, pockets I stuff 'em, hope I don't bust 'em  
Saint Laurents when I walk  
You ain't got these 'cause these here custom  
Hittin' your bitch from the back on the dresser last night

I fucked around scuffed 'em, damnAll this money got these bitches on me, on me, on me  
They like fleas, I can't get 'em off me, off me, off me  
Diamonds on me flash like paparazzi, 'razzi, 'razzi  
Million dollar man, Ted DiBiase, 'ase, 'ase  
In the club posted with my homies, homies, homies  
Check on me just like Michael Conley, Conley, Conley  
If I sneeze they might catch a homi, homi, homi  
Too much drank and weed, I feel like a zombie, zombie, zombie

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