

# Shut Up (feat. Y.G.)

## Yowda

You ain't talk about money, bitch shut up  
Every nigga 'round me about to come up  
A hunnid grand on my accessories  
I'm a stunna  
40 cal on my waist in case a nigga wanna run up  
Never put the gun up  
Heated like the summer  
And I live for the moment  
So I grind to the sun up  
Babygirl want me to cut her  
No need to wonder girl  
I'll beat it like a drummer  
Dick her down  
No need to tongue her  
Got her offa swag  
And ain't no need to fund her  
Now she givin me the thumb up  
Callin me a plumber  
And her friends wanna fuck me  
Cause she braggin how I done her  
But man I ain't trippin on that  
Right now I'm just focused on rap  
And I ain't talkin beats and microphones  
I'm talkin bout bricks  
But I ain't buildin homes  
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up  
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up  
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up  
Bitch, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up  
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up  
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up  
You ain't talking about money, bitch, shut up  
Bitch shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up  
You ain't talking about mony, bitch, shut up  
I got choppers, poppers, Berettas  
Young nigga cold so my hoes wear sweaters  
Told her is a fixed session  
And she let us  
Oooh, ridin with the heaters  
My niggas got stripes its like I'm ridin with the zebras  
Hood niggas ain't good with the visa  
Dick is so good, make your bitch have a seizure  
Just had to give my lil homie 10

Couldn't see him doin' life in the pen  
'See them but I wouldn't want to be them  
Cause I'll be giving that part to his BM  
You niggas aren't getting paid  
You niggas are going to church and getting saved  
Get bread, get bread, get bread  
and all my niggas with them popping like pillheads  
My roof gone, like my ex-bitch  
She was broke so I moved to the next bitch  
And the next bitch came with another slut  
So now when I get paid, it's a double-up  
You niggas know what's up  
MOB, ain't no I.O.U.s, C.O.Ds  
Fuck the police and a broke bitch  
I can't do bad by myself, I don't need no bitch  
See an old bitch, that 's my new thing  
Lace her up, now she's calling me a boo thang  
We get money together  
That's how we do things  
When she got the bag  
You know the shoes came  
Hermes on my belt, louie on my feet  
Yowda on the rap, mustard on the beat  
'I'll be in the street, you just industry  
Like 50 dollars bills, I'm a G

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