Logy1 - Money

|Intro|
Two, two can minus seven million 20 suns
Money, Money, Money, Done
I need money without guns

|Verse 1|
2 plus 4 equals the time the math changes to red
The days of my life with stories I can't tell sad
Makes me feel like freezing but why am I still like bad
Freedom is not cheap when i shoot you taste to death
I can't say this rap but when I like freestyle rap
Demon niggas tryna make routing in my head
If you hear this melody, use it like a rap
4 plus 4 when making this math like rap

|Chorus|
I, I might make a volume type with money guns
Two, two can minus seven million 20 suns
I, I cold, cold as a mind that wants to run
Big. big companies make them group and make guns

|Pre-Chorus|
Money, Money, Money, Done
I need money without guns
Money, Money, Money, Done
I need money without guns

|Verse 2|
You always say fucked up when I start making progress scenes
With a slight step back, I saw a criminal making jeans
Fuck you guys make real money green and color twins

I know the word is so lit, I'm lit like making a scene

I, I. I count 2 + 4, with every chance I get

40 games with fraud, they all want me dead

Real life if you want to know, looks life like sad

Process with 7 goals the enemy wants to chat

|Chorus|

I, I might make a volume type with money guns

Two, two can minus seven million 20 suns

I, I cold, cold as a mind that wants to run

Big. big companies make them group and make guns

|Pre-Chorus|

Money, Money, Money, Done

I need money without guns

Money, Money, Money, Done

I need money without guns