

Jersey

Future

First I got married to money
Then I fell in love with that dirty
First I got married to money
Then I fell in love with that dirty
Extendo, extendo, extendo
The clip got a whole lot of 30
I got my clique and they represent this
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys
I get love way in Jersey
Crime rate's goin' crazy, crazy
Cause my young niggas so thirsty
Couple commas, made a purchase
Caught the wave, I ain't surfin'
Caught the wave, I ain't surfin'
You do what you want when you poppin'
You do what you want when you poppin'
You do what you want once you coppin'
You do what you want when you got it
You do what you want when you poppin'
You do what you want when you got it
I be on syrup, they know it
Stack up some money then blow it
I do what I want and I spazz
Take the styrofoam, pour the syrup up
It's a dress code but it ain't for us
Do what you want when
you poppin', don't fold up
When I'm feelin' the stress then I pour up
Reppin' the set like a soldier
Hop out the Bentley and roll up
I wasn't splurgin' on purpose
You lame niggas makin' me nervous
I'm keepin' the banger like I'm Birdie
Sip out my cup and it's dirty
First I got married to money
Then I fell in love with that dirty
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The clip got a whole lot of 30
I got my clique and they represent this
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys
Like a nigga wearin' jerseys
Like we love wearin' jerseys

Crime rate's goin' crazy, crazy
Cause my young niggas so thirsty
Couple commas, made a purchase
Caught the wave, I ain't surfin'
Caught the wave, I ain't surfin'
You do what you want when you poppin'
You do what you want when you poppin'
You do what you want once you coppin' You do what you want when you got it
You do what you want when you poppin'
You do what you want when you got it I like the smell of that money when it burn
Bitch you know a nigga poppin', wait your turn
I make some more money, it's got me delirious
When your gang gangs in the chain gang, this shit serious I gotta maintain, that's a period
I rep the same gang on account of my niggas
We fill up two planes on account of these riches
I fuck up some loose change on account of these bitches I be on syrup, they know it
Stack up some money then blow it
I do what I want and I spazz
Take the styrofoam, pour the syrup up
It's a dress code but it ain't for us First I got married to money
Then I fell in love with that dirty
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Caught the wave, I ain't surfin'
Caught the wave, I ain't surfin'
You do what you want when you poppin'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>