

# Mo Money (feat. Juvenile)

## Curren\$y & Young Roddy

Loud money  
Macho money  
Stunt money  
Show money  
Blow money  
Dough money

Your money, no money

I do my thing in the booth, the streets know  
You hear my chains in the booth, I wear my gold  
You pull upfront and your bitch lift up them dough  
She all about that jet life so f\*ck yall  
These bitches know Im stunting anywhere I go  
And when youre coming in if we cant smoke  
F\*ck your rules, Im too cool for that bro  
I buy the building, throw you out the backdoor  
Carlito shouldnt have let Benny back on gold  
Cause everywhere you turn they coming for your dro  
Thats why I keep my circle tight, the jet life is the new cipher  
Bending corners, breaking bitches, making dough

Coming up  
Loud money  
Macho money  
Stunt money  
Show money  
Blow money  
Dough money

Your money no money

Dough money, thats paperweight  
Loose leave my paper straight  
Seeing those and they face to face  
Shining nigga, no paper plates  
Silver back were not silver spoon  
Business man but Im still a goon  
Im rolling, nigga, like wheelbarrows  
Yall joke niggas like Will Farrels  
My money stupid like Leo Darryl  
Yall bank account is getting real narrow  
I fuck the deal, up and run at night  
Vampire on that life  
And I know you hate my guts, bro  
Cause I got everything you want in life  
Waking up and Im counting up

Cause that mula is my morning rite  
And my morning right and my evening good  
When my evening good then my family eating  
My family, get sanity  
That sanity is that man to me  
And that man to me know what he said to me  
Man as me and no damage me  
I dont plan to leave and no baggage either  
Nigga didnt give no bands to me  
Ive got  
Loud money  
Macho money  
Stunt money  
Show money  
Blow money  
Dough money  
Your money no money.  
Young Roddy]

I've got dice money, got coke money, got on the run lay low money  
I'm a pimp fool take your ho money  
Gon' use this shit for my smoke money  
Like d bo I take yo money I'm still spending my old money  
Old boy can't fuck with me this lil nigga gettin blown money  
Got long paper I smash her good she askin me if I'm on somethin  
I make bread fuck with my dope get beat out like you stole somethin  
Them cops keep on harrassin' me try question me I don't know nothin'  
This Juvenile and Young Rod this bells bitch we got loads of money  
aint trade i got a bowl of Mary I kill the block bitch bloody mary  
Jet Life the new Rockafeller my shoe box full of mozzarella  
Got stuntin' money for my snow bunny back then I had no money  
Until I touched a little blow money had to re up to make mo money  
Loud money  
Macho money  
Stunt money  
Show money  
Blow money  
Dough money  
Your money no money.

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