

Mo Money (feat. French Montana & Trae tha Truth)

Mally Mall

Fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Show money like dope money
Fucked around, got mo' money
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Fucked around, got mo' money
Show money like dope money Fucked around, got mo' money
Text free, download money
Got Wonder Bread like NASCAR
You slipped up and got slow money
My block boomin' like 18's, my paper up, it's on caffeine
Them playin' clowns done tapped my phone, they swear I'm movin' that Phentermine
Got too many bags of that rake
Too much guap to just say
Every time I try to break the bank
I fuck around and get paid
I done fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Show money like dope money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Show money like dope money Pulled up hunnid whips, and we mobbin'
Blew a hunnid stacks on the bomb
Tryna flip a whole thang for a quarter
Tryna have my boat plankin' on that water
Bust it open, go and do that dance
Fresh up out that border, flipped it from that corner
Young rich fly nigga, started from the corner
Go and bust it open, love when you do that dance
Fucked around, got mo' money
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Fucked around, got mo' money
Show money like dope money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Fucked around, got mo' money
Show money like dope money Them street niggas no playin' ho

Made a hundred grand in his bando
That shit cool without the band movin'
This brick jungle like Rambo
Stop mine, no game I was dissin' on 'em
On the block and I ain't even tell this nigga no no
Rich nigga still movin' like I never had nothing
But a hustle and a dream and a hell of a discussion
Now I ride around the hood in that new I8
Here to take it to a hater bitch, I do not wait
I'm the king of the streets, bitch I do not break
And if it ain't about the money, look here bitch, I'm straight
Get mine but I'm minding my business nigga
Watchin' me, yo better find you some business nigga
I want it all, how the fuck am I finished nigga?
In the mud, in the field, no scrimmage nigga
Yeah, I got this money, promise you I got this money
This necklace on my is so dummy, 4 in the morning it's sunny
Everything asking might dummy
I did a cater to every fuck nigga you crumbed me
Now they can't fuck with my money
Now when the Truth come around niggas shit lookin' bummyFucked around, got mo' money
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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