

Mansa Musa (feat. Dr. Dre & Cocoa Sarai)

Anderson .Paak

Back on my bullshit
I got some money to blow, I'm lookin' good, bitch
Even though I's the king, I stay hood rich
Mansa Musa, gold jewelry
Ooh, what'chu talkin' 'bout? Shit, go two piece
Every day is Christmas, Santa got his roof missin'
All they do throw shots at the king, it's foolish
It's Mansa Musa, power, move, bitch! Uh, my money, money
Pocket so dummy
That mean my money so sick
I might just cough up a hunnid
Rich gyal in me own time zone, fuck whoever
Shit, you gotta love me
Now if you owe me mine, better run it
A hunnid miles nad runnin', yeah, I'm comin', still gunnin'
Shit that we be on, you could hate it or love it
And if I said it, then I meant it, muh fucker, who want it?
Now I've been on some different shit lately
Like I need to dumb it down for this hip hop scene
Like I only come around for this type shit here
If I have to bust around, it's on the hits, my dear
Now what we gwan do with all these hits over here?
Go up in smoke when I disappear, reappear
Hah, I'm just bein' sincere
Boss shit, how we do it?
Crack music, top tier, nigga
Shut it down, my nigga, chill
We could see right through that bullshit
You pussy, nigga, we could tell
Better believe my product sell
Made a billion off my bullshit and did it, nigga, high as hell
Overachiever, nigga, I excel
If my name is on this muh fucker
Better believe the stock's up
Professional winners around us
Better fly, leave the buildin', levitatin' on you mother fucks
Back on my bullshit
I got some money to blow, I'm lookin' good, bitch
Even though I's the king, I stay hood rich
Mansa Musa, gold jewelry
Ooh, what'chu talkin' 'bout? Shit, go two piece
Every day is Christmas, Santa got his roof missin'

All they do throw shots at the king, it's foolish
It's Mansa Musa, power, move, bitch! Mummy wrap, double back, gimmie that
Real rich niggas never advertise that
Broke niggas always playin' rich, puttin' on an act
Whoa, nigga, when your money grow
Maybe we could chat
But in the meantime, I remain streamlined
Stuck in my ends if ever I'm in the decline
I double my wins, now look how my whole team shine
Hell no, blow out my dough, I'm tryna keep mine
Nigga, fuck that snow up your nose, it's fuckin' ski time
Ho-ho, call up the hoes, it's shoppin' spree time
Don't nobody roll in a Rolls Royce where we from
So I'm goin' stupid as soon as I get a lil' sum
Dumb, they should have never gave you niggas money!
Hey, watch your mouth boy
You don't ball, boy
You don' maxin' out credit cards, boy
I'ma cash cow, you a hog wart
Tell you anything, you would fall for it
Get the piece, you don't really want war
Why the mean mug? That's uncalled for Now I'm back on my bullshit
I got some money to blow, I'm lookin' good, bitch
Even as the king, I stay hood rich
Mansa Musa, gold jewelry
Ooh, what'chu talkin' 'bout? Shit, go two piece
Every day is Christmas, Santa got his roof missin'
All they do throw shots at the king, it's foolish
It's Mansa Musa, power, move, bitch!

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>