

# Mo Money (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

## Hardo

More money you spread around  
Is the more that's comin' back around  
Bitch I got my bands up  
I'm that muthafuckin' nigga  
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)  
Ball (ball), ball (ball)  
On these niggas  
I'm goin' ball (ball)  
Ball (ball) ball (ball)  
On these bitches  
Racked up with that trap money  
All my niggas they got money  
Goin' through it for a real nigga  
Put ya' fingers off in that [?] for me  
Money flowin' like water, I know you thirsty  
Girl if you ballin' then what your purses say  
Nigga you trappin', then whats your work weigh  
I said that I got it, I know you heard me  
Ain't got time to fix no broke nigga  
Oh that's yo' man? You better leave that nigga  
Cause broke niggas get kicked out  
I said broke niggas get kicked out  
These bitches know that  
More money you spread around  
Is the more that's comin' back around  
Bitch I got my bands up  
I'm that muthafuckin' nigga  
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)  
Ball (ball), ball (ball)  
On these niggas  
I'm goin' ball (ball)  
Ball (ball) ball (ball)  
On these bitches These bitches say I act Hollywood  
Well ain't a nigga in Hollywood  
Do you feel me, can you see it now  
Got [?] can I see it now?  
I done fucked, all of the bitches  
In my city that's worth to get hit  
Got ya' bitch, all in my house  
Gettin' nasty wit' all of her friends  
She fuckin', not for a house  
Just want me to pay all of her rent

Goin' up, Monday through Sunday  
I spendin' it like it's no end  
Got tats, all on my arms  
You can tell that a nigga got money, I know  
That all of these bitches goin' fuck  
Cause' a nigga got money, I blow  
All of this cash, cause I know that the shit keep on comin'  
Hardo, the realest to do it  
I keep a hundred, one hundred, I know More money you spread around  
Is the more that's comin' back around  
Bitch I got my bands up  
I'm that muthafuckin' nigga  
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)  
Ball (ball), ball (ball)  
On these niggas  
I'm goin' ball (ball)  
Ball (ball) ball (ball)  
On these bitches Bitch I am a beast, off the leash  
Blood up in my teeth  
Do this in my sleep, so unique  
Yo' main girl a freak  
Give me tongue and cheek, once a week  
Get the top, I peak  
Then get underneath  
She need me like her Summer's Eve  
We go to sleep thinkin' bout money  
Wake up in the mornin', go eat  
Never seen this many hunnids  
Ain't tryna do it, I done it  
Damn, how these niggas talk about ballin'  
When they can't get a shot cause I call em  
I done walked through the club, now fall in  
Told her bring two friends, they can join in  
What's in your wallet? That money my nigga  
She give me head like she won, get in front of me  
She leavin' you to come stunt with me  
Real niggas fuck with me  
I'm in my own lane  
Niggas still clap for me like Soul Train  
I smoke a ounce everyday for the growin' pains  
Don't want the half thang, I want the whole thang  
Mayne More money you spread around  
Is the more that's comin' back around  
(Ya'll already know what it is man, Khalifa)  
Bitch I got my bands up  
(And Trapn Hardo, Trapn Hardo, Khalifa)  
I'm that muthafuckin' nigga  
(You gotta be willin' to go crazy for the bread)  
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)

(Haaa, Pittsburgh)  
Ball (ball), ball (ball)  
(Yall already know what it is, man)  
On these niggas  
I'm goin' ball (ball)  
Ball (ball) (Taylor Gang!) ball (ball)  
(Yeah) On these bitches

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