

B.M.F. (Blowin' Money Fast)

Rick Ross

I think I'm Big Meech (uh) Larry Hoover,
Whippin work, Hallelujah
One nation, under God, real niggaz getting money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, (woo) Larry Hoover, (woo)
Gettin work, Hallelujah
One nation, under God, real niggaz getting money from the fucking start My Rolls Royce triple black
I'm iche hoe,
Ballin' in the club, bottles like I'm meechy hoe
Ros, that's my nickname
Cocaine running in my big veins
Self made, you just affiliated
I built it ground up, you bought it renovated
Talking plenty capers nothings been authenticated
Funny you claiming the same bitch that I'm penetrating
Hold the bottles up, where my comrades? (comrades)
Where the fucking felons, where my dawgs at? (uh)
I got that archie bunker and it's so white I
Just might charge you double I think I'm Big Meech, (uh) Larry Hoover,
Whippin work, Hallelujah
One nation, under God, real niggaz getting money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, (woo) Larry Hoover, (woo)
Getting work, Hallelujah
One nation, under God, real niggaz getting money from the fucking start These mother fuckers mad that I'm icy,
(boss)
Stunt so hard make them come indict me
I think I'm Big Meech, look at my giant peace
Its automere, hundred racks at least
Look at yourself, now look at me (me)
You cant see a nigga I'm what you use to be (ha)
Look at it this way, you niggaz side ways
Always getting money my nigga crime pays
So fuck a nigga I'm self made
You a sucka nigga I'm self paid
This for my broke niggaz
This for my rich niggaz
Got a hundred on a head of a snitch niggaz I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover,
Whipping work, Hallelujah
One nation, under God, real niggaz getting money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, (woo) Larry Hoover, (woo)

Gettin work, Hallelujah,
One nation, under God, real niggas getting money from the fucking start
The 36 holes leave yu bleedin fam
Word to dem 36, o's in a kilo gram
Blunt tip, orange like caviar
Wild'n out, fishtailin, subaru, rally car (fishtailin')
Out the passenger, lettin the automati off
A egg of that girl, knock ya mommy and ya daddy off
Fuck around and knock the emblem on that caddy off
4 shooters buggin out, BLICKIN at ya caddy doors
Did i mention? guns from red dead redemption
9 mils, 50 clip extentions (long clips)
Hope its like a mattress in the hood, im flippin on it (im flippin)
And the money's like a chair, im sittin on it (keep quiet nigga)
I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover,
Whipping work, Hallelujah
One nation, under God, real niggaz getting money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, (woo) Larry Hoover, (woo)
Gettin work, Hallelujah
One nation, under God, real niggaz getting money from the fucking start (MAYBACH MUSIC)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>