

# Mo' Money

## R. Kelly & JAY Z

That nigga let his fuckin flow go  
Niggaz tryin to switch up the flows on niggaz  
Hit niggaz, slip niggaz with a micky  
Drop that joint Yeah yeah (it's the remix y'all)  
Like a muh'fucker (oh yeah)  
Whassup my nigga (and still hot up in that boy, ain't it man)  
(Yo Jay, Kel, fin' ta set it off for y'all)  
C'mon  
It's, the, remix  
TrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga  
Big chips with Twista y'all, get this money I, heard the ballers when I pulled up to the club  
Cause I'm rollin up on fo' flickers  
Peanut-butter interior, black body  
And in case you didn't know, I be the Twista  
Hundred bombs in my pockets, put your ones up  
I hear some niggaz lookin at me for the come up  
Try to creep creep, I pull a gun up  
I put a hole in the first nigga that run up  
The ballers be Jay, R, and T  
Spit it cold cause the music is a part of me  
Can't nobody spit it fast as me  
Got an academy of haters comin after me  
I know I got what you want, I know I got what you need  
Come and mob to the top before you get, this, money  
Pull up on the block in the alien gray Bentley  
Full of sport modes, you never could hang with me  
Just to get in early, I paid a extra 50  
Gettin that money my nigga  
Oh-five Chrysler, trees for the blunts  
Three hoes in the back, two fiends in the front  
Twenty-two inch shoes, CV's in the trunk  
Gettin that money my nigga  
Makin dough off a style I be the best in  
Glad to be down with these two livin legends  
Now let me see which league I'ma invest in  
Gettin that money my nigga  
Rollin this cheer, put the niggaz in fear  
Makin bitches shed tears, take a look at my career  
Now the shit's swell; when I get up to 70 in the Coupe

Peep the wing when I hope out the tail - tell 'em KelWe off up in the club, we got our hands up  
Drinks in the club because we gettin that money my nigga  
We rollin 24's, open them Bentley do's  
Got plenty hoes because we gettin that money my niggaPull up to the club, chicks in the back  
Some smokin on weed, some sippin Co-gnac  
Into the club, whole crew to the back  
Super the stars make it sharp as a tack  
Gotta have my forty-five inch in it  
In the house, from the gate, twenty minutes  
Game over and I'm still not finished  
I play haters like V play tennis  
Livin like a motherfuckin Richie Rich nigga  
Got a butler for my Maybach nigga  
White linen, smokin ci-gar  
Lyrics like bullets, tongue like a trigger  
Feelin on your booty  
Tryin to get one of these nice ladies  
to come up to my room and do, me  
Have her man like who's, he  
Was a pimp at birth, first ho was a nurse  
And I'ma be a pimp 'til I'm stretches in a hearse  
Sometimes showbiz is the worst  
I'm blessed with "The Gift & The Curse," whoa  
Shoot ball, now I'm off to the spa  
Fresh and clean, now I'm off in the car  
Got a date with a superstar  
We take lunch, now twelve o'clock  
Hit the mall bout two o'clock  
In the movies bout five o'clock  
Seven o'clock 'til nine o'clock  
we in my crib, my bed, goin non-stop  
This for my project niggaz, widebody Mo' sippers  
Pimps hustlers herb flippers, get, this, moneyGettin this money switchin my whips and my kicks  
Like I'm just addicted to difference you pick what you want from me  
To be a, lame with visions of riches, enter my brain  
Like I picture myself in deep dishes, just switchin lanes  
It's just insane, is it? I'm from the district where niggaz  
either in prison or pay visits like in-laws  
So we fend for ourself, and the wealth is in raw  
We can't help but been lost, what else gon' make that engine roar?  
Lay back in 745, big boy cars, that's all we drive  
Into the club we get all the eyes when you gettin that money my niggaTrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga  
Big chips with Twista y'all, get this money  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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