

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 jointYeah 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 moneyI, 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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