

# Mo' Money

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 as 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 Kel We 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 nigga Pull up to the club, chicks in the back  
Some smokin' on weed, some sippin' Cognac  
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 tennisLivin' like a motherfuckin' Richie Rich nigga  
Got a Butler for my maybach nigga  
White linen, smokin' cigar  
Lyrics like bullets, tongue like a triggerFeelin' 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 hoe 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 and the curse, whoaShoot 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'clockHit 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 stopThis for my project niggaz  
Wide body mo' sippers  
Pimps hustlers herb flippers  
Get this moneyWe 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 niggaGettin' 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 lameWith 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 lawsSo 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  
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