

Mo Money

Curren\$y & Quater Key

Loud money

Macho money

Stunt money

Show money

Blow money

Dough money

Your money, no money

I do my thing in the booth, the streets know

You hear my chains in the booth, I wear my gold

You pull upfront and your bitch lift up them dough

She all about that jet life so f*ck yall

These bitches know Im stunting anywhere I go

And when youre coming in if we cant smoke

F*ck your rules, Im too cool for that bro

I buy the building, throw you out the backdoor

Carlito shouldnt have let Benny back on gold

Cause everywhere you turn they coming for your dro

Thats why I keep my circle tight, the jet life is the new cipher

Bending corners, breaking bitches, making dough

Coming up

Loud money

Macho money

Stunt money

Show money

Blow money

Dough money

Your money no money

Dough money, thats paperweight

Loose leave my paper straight

Seeing those and they face to face

Shining nigga, no paper plates

Silver back were not silver spoon

Business man but Im still a goon

Im rolling, nigga, like wheelbarrows

Yall joke niggas like Will Farrels

My money stupid like Leo Darryl

Yall bank account is getting real narrow

I fuck the deal, up and run at night

Vampire on that life

And I know you hate my guts, bro
Cause I got everything you want in life
Waking up and Im counting up
Cause that mula is my morning rite
And my morning right and my evening good
When my evening good then my family eating
My family, get sanity
That sanity is that man to me
And that man to me know what he said to me
Man as me and no damage me
I dont plan to leave and no baggage either
Nigga didnt give no bands to me

Ive got

Loud money

Macho money

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Your money no money.

Young Roddy]

I've got dice money, got coke money, got on the run lay low money

I'm a pimp fool take your ho money

Gon' use this shit for my smoke money

Like d bo I take yo money I'm still spending my old money

Old boy can't fuck with me this lil nigga gettin blown money

Got long paper I smash her good she askin me if I'm on somethin

I make bread fuck with my dope get beat out like you stole somethin

Them cops keep on harrassin' me try question me I don't know nothin'

This Juvenile and Young Rod this bells bitch we got loads of money

aint trade i got a bowl of Mary I kill the block bitch bloody mary

Jet Life the new Rockafeller my shoe box full of mozzarella

Got stuntin' money for my snow bunny back then I had no money

Until I touched a little blow money had to re up to make mo money

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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