

Mf's Mad Pt. 2 (feat. Talley Of 300)

Montana of 300

[Hook: Montana of 300]

Bitch, I'm still loaded with swag
Still see polo and I sag
I still got dough in the stash
Still keep that poll on my lap
Your hoe don't know how to act
You better hope I don't smash
Still gettin' that mufuckin' cash
That's why these mufuckas mad
Bitch, I'm still loaded with swag
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I still got dough in the stash
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That's why these mufuckas mad[Verse 1: Talley of 300]

I be fly till I die like
I just jumped out a plane, yeah
I just go and get the cash, why
You wonder why it hasn't came yet
Though I fly naked in my chain (no homo)
In Ralph Lauren and everythin'
Still chasin' bills by the hundred
You know some shit doesn't change, yeah
Fell in before still with em'
Kano, I hit 'em
Won't be no time to forgive 'em
They mad and they show all the symptoms
Prayin' don't tip 'em or I'll have to fill a prescription
Your bitch tryna get her skirt lifted
You prolly wonder why she trippin'
Cause she follow me like an attendant
While I drip sauce like a chef in a kitchen
Mofuckas mad, they soo fuckin' sad
It's soo fuckin' funny, but don't make me laugh
It's still on my lap, you still'll get blast
I finger the .12, I still hit the gas
I'm stealin' the stash, I'm still on my way

Clockin' that money like I work the cab
But bitch I'm an uber, don't get in the way of a shooter
Cause your first sign will be your last
Pow! pow![Hook: Montana of 300]

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That's why these mufuckas mad[Verse 2: Montana of 300]

Strapped up in the whip with my goons
Don't get your pic on the news
Just spent your rent on my shoes
Look like I went to the moon
I got polo on my draws
Run up, this poll'll go off
These bitches know I'm a boss
They know I'm drippin' with sauce
I get dough on the regular
Like my pockets, I'm breaded up
Dress wingin' like the predator
Two steps ahead of ya
My bitch bad as angelica
Bitch I've been poppin', no settin' up
Your bitch, she frantic
She went down, I call her titanic
Blue on me like captain planet
Fuck nigga, don't panic
That toolie on me no mechanic
Klay Thompson with heat no ceramic
If it ain't no polo, then I'm rockin' my logo
Pockets swoler than bolo
I walk into my closet
See more kicks than a dojo
Ya hoe all on my mojo

Talk shit, that's a no no
Hit ya corner in slowmo
Then roll up like a yoyo
Shot slick in a photo
But once I done nail 'em like flow jo
Bet you they won't play no more though
Then back to that dough, though

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

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