

# 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

Still see polo and I sag

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]  
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  
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 [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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