

B.M.F. (Blowin' Money Fast) (Feat. Styles P)

Rick Ross

Uh, uh

We blowin' money fast on this side, nigga

Catch you up, nigga I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover

Whippin' work, hallelujah

One nation, under God

Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start

I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover

Gettin' work, hallelujah

One nation under God

Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start My Rolls Royce triple black

I'm geechy, ho

Balling in the club, bottles like I'm meechy, ho

Rose, that's my nickname

Cocaine runnin' in my big vein

Self-made, you just affiliated

I built it ground up, you bought it renovated

Talking plenty capers, nothing's been authenticated

Funny you claimin' the same bitch that I'm penetratin'

Hold the bottles up, where my comrades?

Where the fucking felons, where my dogs at?

I got that Archie Bunker

And it's so white I just might charge ya double I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover

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I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover

Gettin' work, hallelujah

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Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start These motherfuckers mad that I'm icy

Stunt so hard make 'em come indict me

I think I'm Big Meech, look at my time piece

It's an Audemar, hundred racks at least

Look at yourself, now look at me

You can't see a nigga, I'm what you used to be

Look at it this way, you niggas sideways

Always getting money, my nigga crime pays

So fuck a nigga, I'm self-made

You a sucka nigga, I'm self-paid

This for my broke niggas, this for my rich niggas

Got a hundred on a head of a snitch niggaI think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
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I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Gettin' work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking startThe thirty-six holes leave you bleedin' fam
Word to them thirty-six O's in a kilogram
Blunt tip, orange like Caviar
Wild n' out, fishtailin', Subaru Rally car
Out the passenger, lettin' the automatty off
A egg of that girl'll knock ya mommy and ya daddy off
Fuck around and knock the emblem on the caddy off
Four-shooters buggin' out, blickin' at ya caddy doors
Did I mention, guns from Red Dead Redemption
Nine mils, fifty clip extensions?
Hope is like a mattress in the hood, I'm flippin' on it
And the money's like a chair, I'm sittin' on itI think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Whippin' work, hallelujah
One nation, under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Gettin' work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start

Songwriters

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