

# Mula (feat. French Montana)

## Big Sean

Where my real niggas that's gonna ride with me  
Where my fire freaks that's gonna ride with me  
Where my real niggas that's gonna ride with me  
Where my fire freaks that's gonna ride with me Ain't nothing more important than the mula  
Ain't nothing more important than the mula  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise god, hallelujah Tell the police I'ma stack this paper 'til I overdose  
Woodie, hoodie, slowly back your bitch ass up your over close  
I overflow on all the hoes, my niggas is over height  
Shooting up your phantom night and call your shit the holy ghost  
Mercy, lord would you please have mercy  
And protect me from the hoes if their life ain't sweet they go desert me  
Shut the fuck up and stand out when you see me like I'm the verdict  
That's respect now I got your wifey and you're back to using jerk and hurt  
Sick and spill and tip it for my niggas who done passed away  
Charge your ass a fuck you fee and make you pay your tax today  
I'm on the secluded island, I swear I feel like cast away  
Put that money in my shooter hands and tell 'em blast away  
Look I feel like getting paper is my destiny  
'Til I rest in peace, getting money recipe  
Throw my mic is what you want, bitch just leave the rest to me  
Ain't no motherfucking rest for me,  
'Cause Ain't nothing more important than the mula  
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Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise god, hallelujah Ain't nothing more important than the mula  
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Diamond rings, hundred chains, slick rick the rula  
I got cars, cribs all in my name  
Got them m's all in that bank  
Griff Blake all in that paint, stack some bread come watch me pray  
Pray that never die broke get them cases by the boat  
Went shopping bought the store, shorty snuck her fell that crab  
Eating lobster on my dinner plate  
Stacking all this money homie trying to see that ceiling break  
Mula ain't everything homie, is the only thing  
Came from the hall of piss straight to the hall of fame  
Talking money we got it, thug boys shoot your style  
Eating good I ain't brolic I'm just chasing them comma's haahh  
My niggas ride got five and my bitches ten

Got that china white call it german land  
Ain't nothing more important than the mula  
A chain, a fridge, deep freezer and a coolerAin't nothing more important than the mula  
Ain't nothing more important than the mula  
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Songwriters

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