

Mula (feat. French Montana) [Prod. by Young Chop]

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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Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise god, hallelujah Ain't nothing more important than the mula
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
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise god, hallelujahAin't nothing more important than the mula
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Songwriters

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