

M.O.E. (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Tyga

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Wake up in the morning feeling so damn good
I made music so good to me
Me and my niggas bout to kick it with some bitches
And you know we bout to roll some trees
I'm feelin' it, you feelin' it
I'm feelin' it, you feelin' it M.O.E., M.O.E.
Music over everything
M.O.E., M.O.E.
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M.O.E., M.O.E.
Music over everything Taking my time to perfect the beats
And I still got love for the streets
Keen gold chains and my nigga Wiz Khalif
Got tree, bring the drink, couple bad bitches, they just want V-I-P
Juke playa fo' real? Don't bring around me
Got girls lapped up in the backseat
Runnin' like attract me, that's me, leather on the 6th speed
Love it when she got her own shit together
Got shit to lose, then she with whatever
Always out of town, she my distant lover
Only pull in driveways with tints and better
Gold rims, we ghetto, on the chase for cheddar
From a jet runway, I can land wherever
Make more in a day than your salary
Nigga why you mad at me? Talk cheap
I don't lose sleep, man I Wake up in the morning feeling so damn good
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Music over everythingI roll up that Mary J, my favorite song playin'

My clothes from the runway, my kush come from the land

You's a baller or a hustler then you know what I'm sayin'

Them haters they talkin', hear em talk, I don't care

I'm rollin', probably do a 95, smoking getting mighty high

Rolling weed since '99, smoke so much I'll probably fly

If I don't smoke I'll probably die

I'm holding, gripping on the steering wheel, listening to my favorite jam

Ridin' through Hollywood, I'm feeling like the fuckin' man

Hundred grand to see me, count it before I go to sleep, that's why IWake up in the morning feeling so damn

good

I made music so good to me

Me and my niggas bout to kick it with some bitches

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I'm feelin' it, you feelin' it

I'm feelin' it, you feelin' itM.O.E., M.O.E.

Music over everything

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Music over everything

M.O.E., M.O.E.

Music over everything

M.O.E., M.O.E.

Music over everythingDrive fast til I'm out of gas

Getting money like this, can't look back

She a one night stand, tryna make it last

But I be out of town soon as I hit that

Fifteen stacks runways, living lavish, big carrots

You ain't getting money like that

I put rhymes on the beat, T-Rawws on the feet

Don't hate me 'cause I'm where you wanna be

I do mostly what the minimum do

So my girls might be yours times 22

Ride 22 2's and I chunk up the deuce

Everything great like a nigga Babe Ruth

Translucent roof, but her dress seem through

She just tryna make it

Guess you gotta do what you gotta do

Shit I ain't gonna judge you

But don't expect me to love you, feelin' it?

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