

# MOE (feat. FKi & Wiz Khalifa) [Bonus Track]

## Tyga

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.  
Music over everything  
M.O.E., M.O.E.  
Music over everything  
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 everything I 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 I Wake up in the morning feeling so damn  
good

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Music over everything Drive 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?