Mo Money (Feat Twista)

R. Kelly & Jay-Z

That nigga let his fuckin flow go
Niggaz tryin to switch up the flows on niggaz
Hit niggaz, slip niggaz with a micky
Drop that jointYeah yeah (it's the remix y'all)
Like a muh'fucker (oh yeah)
Whassup my nigga (and still hot up in that boy, ain't it man)
(Yo Jay, Kel, fin' ta set it off for y'all)
C'mon
It's, the, remix
TrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga
Big chips with Twista y'all, get this moneyI, heard the ballers when I pulled up to the club
Cause I'm rollin up on fo' flickers
Peanut-butter interior, black body
And in case you didn't know, I be the Twista
Hundred bombs in my pockets, put your ones up
I hear some niggaz lookin at me for the come up
Try to creep creep, I pull a gun up
I put a hole in the first nigga that run up
The ballers be Jay, R, and T
Spit it cold cause the music is a part of me
Can't nobody spit it fast as me
Got an academy of haters comin after me
I know I got what you want, I know I got what you need
Come and mob to the top before you get, this, money
Pull up on the block in the alien gray Bentley
Full of sport modes, you never could hang with me
Just to get in early, I paid a extra 50
Gettin that money my nigga
Oh-five Chrysler, trees for the blunts
Three hoes in the back, two fiends in the front
Twenty-two inch shoes, CV's in the trunk
Gettin that money my nigga
Makin dough off a style I be the best in
Glad to be down with these two livin legends
Now let me see which league I'ma invest in
Gettin that money my nigga
Rollin this cheer, put the niggaz in fear
Makin bitches shed tears, take a look at my career
Now the shit's swell; when I get up to 70 in the Coupe

Peep the wing when I hope out the tail - tell 'em KelWe off up in the club, we got our hands up
Drinks in the club because we gettin that money my nigga
We rollin 24's, open them Bentley do's
Got plenty hoes because we gettin that money my niggaPull up to the club, chicks in the back
Some smokin on weed, some sippin Co-gnac
Into the club, whole crew to the back
Super the stars make it sharp as a tack
Gotta have my forty-five inch in it
In the house, from the gate, twenty minutes
Game over and I'm still not finished
I play haters like V play tennis
Livin like a motherfuckin Richie Rich nigga
Got a butler for my Maybach nigga
White linen, smokin ci-gar
Lyrics like bullets, tongue like a trigger
Feelin on your booty
Tryin to get one of these nice ladies
to come up to my room and do, me
Have her man like who's, he
Was a pimp at birth, first ho was a nurse
And I'ma be a pimp 'til I'm stretches in a hearse
Sometimes showbiz is the worst
I'm blessed with "The Gift & The Curse," whoa
Shoot ball, now I'm off to the spa
Fresh and clean, now I'm off in the car
Got a date with a superstar
We take lunch, now twelve o'clock
Hit the mall bout two o'clock
In the movies bout five o'clock
Seven o'clock 'til nine o'clock
we in my crib, my bed, goin non-stop
This for my project niggaz, widebody Mo' sippers
Pimps hustlers herb flippers, get, this, moneyGettin this money switchin my whips and my kicks
Like I'm just addicted to difference you pick what you want from me
To be a, lame with visions of riches, enter my brain
Like I picture myself in deep dishes, just switchin lanes
It's just insane, is it? I'm from the district where niggaz
either in prison or pay visits like in-laws
So we fend for ourself, and the wealth is in raw
We can't help but been lost, what else gon' make that engine roar?
Lay back in 745, big boy cars, that's all we drive
Into the club we get all the eyes when you gettin that money my niggaTrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga
Big chips with Twista y'all, get this money
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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