

Mula Remix

Big Sean

Where my real niggas that's gon' ride for me
Where my fine freaks that's gon' ride for me
Where my real niggas that's gon' ride for me
Where my fine freaks that's gon' ride for me Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah Ain't nothing more important than the mula
I'm with my shooter and a preacher hallelujah
When they view ya fucking around
Me and my niggas we come in your town
Busting them bottles and fucking your bitches
And when they start hating we gunning them niggas
Don't fuck 'em around, boy I get money all day
And I ball hard like Tim Hardaway
I can see a bad bitch from far away
Let her ride this dick cause I had a hard day
And my dick even harder, you whippin' the charges
You put your rims on and you think that you're balling
I'm whippin' a Bentley, I can't even call it
And my shit so retarded I handicap park it like skrr! Ain't nothing more important than the mula
Ain't nothing more important than the mula
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah I get paid to the decimal, taxing plus stacking
Yo fuck federale, I smoke medicali
B-I-G Sean don, Juan Perion
Bitch fuck with me, I bet I make it work
I oopsy-daisys on a skirt
Fuck with me get a room for daisies on the dirt
I prefer Brown liquor, Brown ladies, Brown Louboutin
Condom on 'fo I go to work, that's my uniform
Nigga I used to eat mayonnaise sandwiches
By candle lit, and that's cause the power's out
And not for romance and shit (No!)
From barely managing to mansions
Where ho's call me Mr. Anderson
Command a bitch, no I don't own the pussy I just sample it
I got a couple marbles missing I know
Now there's marbles all on the floor
On the bathroom, kitchen and stove
I got bitches on my cellular callin and confessing
But I don't reply cause thats the clearest way to send a message

Paper running through my jugular
I'm blowing loud, throwing thous, getting drunk
You know my style
And my momma say she still proud, that's mula
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (Mula)
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
I'm winning, I don't owe a nigga shit
Came in this motherfucker by myself
Smoking on strong, and holding on my dick like AH
My gold on, I'm the bomb, I'm talking goldmine
Nigga's taking shots at me, I send em' back to their homeline
And I touchdown, goalline, y'all ain't, killing, shit
Shoot every nigga in your clique, I'm on one, let me jog your memory
Me and Nells on a milerun, uh, shawty gonna need her drawers done
Eat her pussy til' it's all gone, uh
And I still ain't ever been robbed, so nigga don't try me
Two niggas with guns, snatch yo wallet
That pickpocket want my I.D and I spray your zone
Treat niggas like strippers and put cash on em'
Got a new choppa, I need that bitch that want a tag on
If you shoot me, you famous, if I shoot you, I'm brainless
So I'm about to be, dumb as fuck, cause' I got blessed fools and babies
When I was fifteen I was a felon
When you were fifteen you were yelling
Mama come get this nigga off my fucking melon
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
Ain't nothing more important than the mula
Ain't nothing more important than the mula
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
Scared money never gon' make nothin' (That's right)
Gotta get it in medula (Waist band)
Couple dollars in the waist band, (That's right)
Nigga hula-hoop with the mula
Everyday that I wake I say grace
Hallelujah welcome back like Mase
Bitches only fuck niggas with the cream
A nigga this fresh ain't never gon' date
Ay, they say we can't maintain
Only real niggas remain
'Ye say that we the new slaves
I need to ball with a chain
I got a real bad bitch I haven't seen her in a month
With twins so big she can put 'em in the bunk
Oh I love it when she drop it and spread it like time

When I see her camel all I wanna do hump
Okay the Hall of Fame keep callin' my name
Got a mural on the wall I'mma legend
From the motor city and been have drive
I just need a little gas in my engine
Okay, we all in the game we ballin' the same
Home team nigga thats a blessing
I'm a bad mothafucker just tryna get some credit
So good it can get my into heaven, niggaAin't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujahAin't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Ain't nothing more important than the mula (The mula)
Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah (Lujah)

Songwriters

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