

# Mo Money

## Gucci Mane

I'm that girl loving, car dubbing, rims scrubbing teen  
I've been bad to the bone since I stepped on the scene  
I've been club ready 'bout my [Incomprehensible], game so mean  
Hypnotizing these hoes like they goin' off that lean  
I'm that track flippin', up one dippin', he can do whatever, man  
If you [Incomprehensible] this, man, then I know that's what you're sayin'  
I'm the house wrecker, mic checker, homie with a plan  
If I said it, then I did it, lil' nigga, I'm the man  
I'm that trendsettin', big-bettin', always lookin' fly  
I'm that cocky, poppin', ain't no stoppin', reachin' for the sky  
I'm a boss playa, baby, ain't another like I  
Screamin', "Live homie, you can't take it with you when you die, c'mon"  
I got that '09 flow, girls beatin' down my door  
With me, that's how it go, a hundred thou a show  
Me making records, movies and TV shows  
It equals mo money, mo money, mo money  
Mo money, mo money, oh  
I got that '09 flow, girls beatin' down my door  
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I'm that flame spittin', yank fitted, leanin' to the side  
24 pendent door, folks leanin' in the ride  
Rims spinnin', hoes grinnin', you know what it is  
My own flow to the door, walls movin' in the crib  
"Where you live?"  
Nah nigga, mind ya business  
You probably wouldn't even find the shit  
Diamond rings, hood rich like it's something, bitch  
And I'ma have a lil' fun with this  
I'm a straight better, game checker, put her in her place  
So poof, yeah, she disappear, gone without a trace  
Summer rockin' the black Prada, kicks without the lace  
The dirty just ain't the dirty, lil' dirty without the base  
Niggas so, so deaf, them niggas is gettin' cake  
2005, young and fly and flashy, up in your face, hah  
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I'm that country talking, sea-walking, youngin' with the bounce  
I got girls and money coming at me, the same, in large amounts  
I'm that chain swingin', heat bringin', problem for the rest of y'all  
It's like this, shorty, drop, come and get with me if you want to ball  
Car switchin' by the day, struttin' all through the A  
Hands up crunk like Lil' Scrappy, okay-k-k  
I'ma genius like Ray, for my downfall, niggas, pray  
But I care less what a nigga might say  
Especially when they keep tryin' to get in my way  
New sneakers, pockets way deeper than yours  
I'm a junkie for this, you can smell it coming out of my pores  
Unlike y'all, lil' homies, I'm getting up out of the stores  
I got a lot but I'm still tryin' to get, get, get me, get me some more  
Check it out!  
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