

B.M.F. (Blowin' Money Fast) ft. Styles P

[Rick Ross](#)

Uh, uh
We blowin' money fast on this side, nigga
Catch you up, nigga I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Whippin' work, hallelujah
One nation, under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Gettin' work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start My Rolls Royce triple black
I'm geechy, ho
Ballin' in the club, bottles like I'm meechy, ho
Rose, that's my nickname
Cocaine runnin' in my big vein
Self-made, you just affiliated
I built it ground up, you bought it renovated
Talking plenty capers, nothing's been authenticated
Funny you claimin' the same bitch that I'm penetratin'
Hold the bottles up, where my comrades?
Where the fucking felons, where my dogs at?
I got that Archie Bunker
And it's so white I just might charge ya double I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
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One nation, under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Gettin' work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start These motherfuckers mad that I'm icy
Stunt so hard make 'em come indict me
I think I'm Big Meech, look at my time piece
It's an Audemar, hundred racks at least
Look at yourself, now look at me
You can't see a nigga, I'm what you used to be
Look at it this way, you niggas sideways
Always getting money, my nigga crime pays
So fuck a nigga, I'm self-made
You a sucka nigga, I'm self-paid
This for my broke niggas, this for my rich niggas

Got a hundred on a head of a snitch niggas I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
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One nation, under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start
I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
Gettin' work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start The thirty-six holes leave you bleedin' fam
Word to them thirty-six O's in a kilogram
Blunt tip, orange like Caviar
Wild n' out, fishtailin', Subaru Rally car
Out the passenger, lettin' the automatty off
A egg of that girl'll knock ya mommy and ya daddy off
Fuck around and knock the emblem on the caddy off
Four-shooters buggin' out, blickin' at ya caddy doors
Did I mention, guns from Red Dead Redemption
Nine mils, fifty clip extensions?
Hope is like a mattress in the hood, I'm flippin' on it
And the money's like a chair, I'm sittin' on it I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover
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Gettin' work, hallelujah
One nation under God
Real niggas gettin' money from the fucking start

Songwriters

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