

Tadow (feat. French Montana, 2 Chainz & Pusha T)

N.O.R.E.

[Chorus]

My choppa go Tadow
It'll turn you inside out
Her ass like Tadow
My money like Tadow
Bling, Tadow (Money)
Bling, Tadow (Money)
Ratchet, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, Tadow
My choppa go Tadow
Her ass like Tadow
My money like Tadow
My car like Tadow
Bitch, bling Tadow
Bitch, bling Tadow, money
Ratchet, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, Tadow Yeah, money on my mind, molly in my cup
Mix with that wine, sowy in my blunt
If that's your zodiac fine, I don't give a fuck
If you rep them dollar signs, go and put em' up
Fuck that I don't buck back
See I buck first, move the fuck back
I bag that, I'll pump that, I'll real estate, I'll Trump that
Y'all be where them chumps at
Y'all be where them punks at
I'll be where them Choppas, Uzi's, AK's, and pumps at
Name a town or city, I ripped it in
A car or model, I whipped it in
A face or shape, I been wit her
If not wit her, a bitch similar
G's on deck, I really live this shit
Back from Lefrak, rack, rack city bitch [Chorus] Last name "Money"
First name "I Love This"
So "Love This Money" is my mothafuckin' government
Test me uh uh
Shoot you right there
Leave you right there
Leave the scene, tall nigga with long hair
Her ass like tada
Give me that whole enchilada
Pop that pussy for my wallet

Sex is a weapon, ch ch pa pa
And I'm ridin' around I'm gettin' it
You already know my steelo
I'm big like sellin' kilos
And you small, small like peehole
And the choppa on my backseat
Hand reach no plan B
I'm the type of nigga wear a pistol to the Grammy's
Test me uh uh
Shoot you right there
Leave you right there
Leave the scene, tall nigga with long hair[Chorus]If you ain't talkin' dollars
I ain't tryin' to holler
Push been on this rap shit
Fuckin' with them guallas
Fuckin' with them eses
Fillin' up them chargers
Gas ain't in them gas tanks
Them shits filled with powder
Caskets for you cowards
Bang out, let it rang out
Call my choppa Method Man
The way it bring that pain out
Rah! You heard that
Ain't no way to swerve that
Bullets flip, you on yo ass
That choppa push that curb back
Yughck, fuckin' round with the wrong one
Yughck, spazzin' out like I'm on one
Dark skin nigga wit a long gun
Right there, that's nightmare
Like Elm Street, this hell week
I'm candy man with that white chyeah[Chorus]

Songwriters

TAUHEED EPPSPublished by

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