

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

## N.O.R.E.

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 My choppa go Tadow  
It'll turn you inside out  
Her ass like Tadow  
My money like Tadow  
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My car like Tadow

Bitch, bling Tadow  
Bitch, bling Tadow, money  
Ratchet, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, TadowLast 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  
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Bitch, bling Tadow, money  
Ratchet, tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, TadowIf you ain't talkin' dollas  
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 chyeahMy choppa go Tadow  
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Songwriters

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