

M.O.M (Money on My Mind) [feat. Rich Homie Quan]

Young Thug

Shootin' up so high
Feel like my nose bleeds
I left that little money in my old jeans
And speaking of alphabets I know O.G's
Offshore accounts overseas
No tips so you know it's meMind on that money
Mind on that money
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money, money on my mind
Mind on that money
No, money on my mind
Money on my mind
Money on my mind
I got the racks on my mindGot them racks on me, the long way
Hunnid's on me, they tailing me to throw me
I feel like I'm on the moon when you moan baby
Take this, take that like they the calls, baby
Me and Quan like Jay and Ye', Watch the Throne, baby
We've been in that charge like the song says
Here in my car 'cause I'm alone baby
She my bitch and tells me I've done it real
I told the boy, I got a tip if it's dub seal
You've been pussied, I see your whisker 'bout as long as a seal
She looked at me, I look like the Navy Seal
You crash with a cut I fuck you 'tilShooting up so high
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I got the racks on my mind You know my change like I'm Willie P
So it's the bank accounts
My life can't hold her like a leash
Clean up my clothes then bring them out
'Cause boy you don't need the keys
And like the first Sunday of April
I'm on Easter pink Double cup better have ice in it, homie heating ice with it
I'm killing these niggas, they say homie need a license
And all my hoes tryin'a fight bitches
Girl better hold no other bitch
Find your spot in the dark, no night vision
'Cause I'm gonna sign for you
You feel me
Name two niggas you know who done came up this fast
Play game, bitch and who blew on that hard dropping lil' bad
I get dough, nigga, don't get mad
Let me bring it pronto, that's your ass
No card, no 'cause you know I drop cash
I'm sitting on the car, got 'em mad 'cause I'm shooting up so high
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Songwriters
Dequantes Lamar, Jeffrey Williams Published by
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