Mo Money (Feat T Waters)

Bow Wow

[Bow Wow]
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 feady, game so mean
Hypnotizing these hoes, like they gone off that lean
I'm that track flipping, up one dipping, he can do whatever man
If you 12in this, man then I kno that's what your saying
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 trend-settin', big-bettin', always looking fly
I'm that cocky, poppin', ain't no stoppin', reachin' for the sky
I'm a boss player, baby aint another like I
Screamin' live homie, "you can't take it with you when you die"
C'mon[Chorus]
I got that '09 flow
Girls beatin' down my dow (door)
With me thats how it goes
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 dow
With me that's how it goes
A hundred thou' a show
Me making records, movies, and tv shows
It equals mo money, mo money, mo money, mo money, money,
Oh[T. Waters]
(hey, hey)
I'm that flame spitting, yank fitted leaning to the side
24 pendent door, folks leaning in the ride
Rims spinnin', hoes grinnin', you know what it is
My flow to the dow, walls moving 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, yea she disappear, gone without a trace
Summer rocking the black prada kicks without the lace,

The dirty, just ain't the dirty, lil dirrty, without the base
Niggas so so def, them niggas is getting cake
2005, young and fly and flashy up in your face[Chorus][Bow Wow]
I'm that country talking, sea-walking, younging with the bounce
I got girls and money coming at me the same in large amounts
I'm that chain swingin', heat bring, problem for the rest of y'all
It's like this shorty, drop come and get with me if you want to ball
Car switching by the day, stuttin' 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
Careless what a nigga might say, especially when they keep trying 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 iï¿½m still trying to get get get get me, get me some more
Check it out![Chorus: x2]

Songwriters
Dupri, Jermaine Mauldin / Phillips, James / Waters, AnthonyPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/