

Mo Money Mo Problems

Puff Daddy

Now, who's hot, who not?
Tell me who rock, who sell out in the stores?
You tell me who flopped, who copped the blue drop?
Whose jewels got rocks?
Who's mostly Dolce down to the tube sock?
The same old pimp, Mase
You know ain't nothing change but my limp
Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp
Guarantee a million sales, call it level up
You don't believe in Harlem World, nigga, double up
We don't play around, it's a bet, lay it down
Niggas didn't know me '91, bet they know me now
I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound
Can't no Ph.D. niggas hold me down
Cudda schooled me to the game, now I know my duty
Stay humble, stay low, blow like Hootie
True pimp niggas spend no dough on the booty
And then you yell, "there go Mase!" there go your cutie I don't know what they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see I don't know what they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see I'm the D to the A to the D-D-Y
Know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly
I call all the shots
Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks, cop all the drops
I know you thinking now when all the balling stops
Nigga never home, gotta call me on the yacht
10 years from now we'll still be on top
Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop
Now what you gon' do with a crew that got money much longer than yours,
And a team much stronger than yours?
Violate me, this'll be your day, we don't play
Mess around, be D.O.A. be on your way
'Cause it ain't enough time here
Ain't enough lime here for you to shine here
Deal with many women but treat dimes fair
And I'm bigger than the city lights down in Times Square I don't know what they want from me
It's like the more money we come across
The more problems we see I don't know what they want from me

It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see B-I-G P-O-P-P-A, no info for the DEA
 Federal agents mad 'cause I'm flagrant
 Tap my cell and the phone in the basement
 My team supreme, stay clean
 Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that
 Cat you see at all events bent
 Gats in holsters, girls on shoulders
 Playboy, I told ya, mere mics to me
 Bruise too much, I lose too much
 Step on stage, the girls boo too much
 I guess it's 'cause you run with lame dudes too much
 Me lose my touch? Never that!
 If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat
 Where the true players at? Throw your Rollicies in the sky
 Wave 'em side to side and keep your hands high
 While I give your girl the eye, player please
 Lyrically, niggas see B.I.G be flossing
 Jig on the cover of Fortune, 5 double O
 Here's my phone number, your man ain't got to know
 I got the dough, got the flow down pizatz
 Platinum plus like thizatz
 Dangerous on trizacks leave your ass flizatz I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see What's goin' on? What's goin' on? (Somebody tell me) What's goin' on? I don't
 know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across

Songwriters

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