MMM (feat. Future & King Los)

Puff Daddy & The Family

Future Hendrix
Like really yo, the millennium
Diddy
Woo
Hey turn up, turn up
Hey
What you got there?
Huh? WooMoney making Mitch
Money, money making Mitch
Money making Mitch
Money, money making Mitch
Drop top serving up the dope, blat blat
Way back, this is the pay back
Permanent laid back
Niggas saying lay that
Where in the xannies does it say that
Money making Mitch
Money, money making Mitch
Money making Mitch
Money, money making Mitch
Drop top serving the dope when you raw
With your broad when you click clack way back
Now I'm with the freeband, way back, hey man
Nigga why the fuck would you say that?
I don't flex on niggas
I don't talk no shit
I just get these checks
And check my bitch
I'm a brick of that yay
Feds peeping the spot
Fiends outside
Like them Yeezy's gon' drop
Yeah, she think I'm a mack
Call me a pimp
Told her act like she know
She ordered the shrimp
(I got some niggas uptown
They got some shit for that ass
Don't come on my block

Without a visiting pass)
On the phone with my chick
She said "there's work on your block"
Keep chasing that pussy
Get you murked on the spot
I don't play no games
These niggas is hoes
Keep my girl in chinchilla
Drape my niggas in gold, I'm cold, nigga
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Now I'm with the freeband, way back, hey man
Nigga why the fuck would you say that?Ay yo, I'm a motherfuckin' living legend
Here's a lesson, nigga, wake up
Pick a hustle, flip it, stretch it
Whip it, press it, ship it, check it
Shit perfected, in my presence
Just might cop your bitch a present
What you stressing?
(This my section, I run it
I'm ready for the winter when the summer come
Real winner, breed niggas that wanna win
Bitch, you fucking with a motherfucking 1 of 1)
I'm paid in full, trick, you got that Calvin in your eyes
Before I fall off, I'll replace the ground with the sky
Yeah, just like my daddy
Bitch I should pull up and hop out the Caddy
Rock for the family
Fuck being on the block, chopping them grams
See my Oscars and Grammy's, yachts in Miami
Thrills to be rich, no life for a sucker
Tell my story, life of a hustler, I'm cold, niggaMoney making Mitch

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We be them d-boys standing in hallways
We been posted up around here all day
Money making Mitch
Money, money making Mitch
We had them leans in double cups
We have the ones you ain't gonna double up
You know I'm gonna double up
Trapping a habit you whip up a Xannie
When I wear my watches I'm so undecided
I got it poppin' like Whitney and Bobby
They call me ace around here, nigga
The number one nigga around here, nigga
I put my city and my niggas on
They wish they could stop me my money long
They treated me just like I'm Al Capone
Got my niggas they treat me like Al Capone
Know when you paid in full
You go through the hood and you looking like millions
When they doubted me that's when when I went hard
Then I got my whole city onMoney making Mitch
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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