

Mula

Big Sean

After God, after my family, I ain't gon' front
Ain't nothing more important than this success, than getting it
Where my real niggas that's gon' ride for me
Where my fine freaks that's gon' ride for me
Where my real niggas that's gon' ride for me
Where my fine freaks that's gon' ride for me
Ain't nothing more important than the mula
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Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
Tell the police I'mma stack this paper 'til I overdose
Whodie holdie slowly back yo bitch ass up, you over close
I overflow all over hoes, my niggas is over hype
Shooting up your Phantom, now they call your shit the Holy ghost
Mercy, Lord would you please have mercy
And protect me from the hoes that when life ain't sweet, they gon' desert me
Shut the fuck up, and stand up when you see me, like I'm the verdict
That's respect, now I got your wifey, and you back to using that Jergens
Hurting, sipping, spilling, tipping, for my niggas who done passed way
Charge your ass a fuck you fee, and make you pay your tax today
I'm on a secluded island, swear it feel like Cast Away
Put that money in my shooter hands, and tell him blast away
I feel like getting paper is my destiny
'Til I rest in peace, get money recipe
Told my mom get what you want, then just leave the rest to me
Ain't no motherfucking rest for me
Ain't nothing more important than the mula
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Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
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Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
[Verse 2: French Montana] Ain't nothing more important than the mula
Diamond rings, hundred chains, Slick Rick the ruler
I got polished cribs all in my name
Got them M's all in that bank
Griff, Blake all in that paint
Stacking bread, come watch me plank
Pray of never dying broke

Getting cases by the boat
We ain't shopping, buy the store
Shorty snorkel for that crab, eating lobster on my dinner plate
Stacking all this money homie, tryna see that ceiling break
Mula ain't everything homie, it's the only thing
Came from a hall of piss, straight to the hall of fame
Talk money, we got it, fuck boy, shoot your stylist
Eating good, I ain't brolic, I'm just chasing them commas
My niggas rock that five, and my bitch a ten
Got that China white, call it Jeremy Lin
Ain't nothing more important than the mula
My chain, a fridge, deep freezer, and a cooler
Ain't nothing more important than the mula
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Hallelujah, hallelujah, praise God, hallelujah
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