Mo Flow (feat. Iggy Azalea)

Skeme

Look mo flow than a lil bit
NIggas getting more dough than a lil bit
Shit I been in and out of state niggas eaten round here you don't even gotta play
Get a spoon or something if life's a bitch I need a room or something
Cuz I'm fucking that quick only difference is I ain't even ducking that bitch
You can't fuck with me ENglewood doe you know what's up with me
A bitch couldn't even get a buck from me and these hoes know I don't fuck for free
So pimp pimp hooray I'm trying to figure how to hit a lick today
Like real shit I need a lick today where the bars deaf on a brick of yay
Still talking this trap shit niggas just talking that rap shit
Well my black clip sweet brother malc on that black shit
Black fists pump pump coke flow nigga bump bump
Criss cross in that clip dog betcha I could make a nigga jump jump
Huh I'm on one two think of all the hoes I run through
R-E-A-L deserve to see heaven cuz I been through hell
LIke man what the hell at least I deserve a CL
Talking 500 your pussy ain't good till the 5 runnin
Track meet marathon like nipsey-no pino grigio
On my suite throw I'm toast the glass with three hoes
Three hoes yea you know I'm gonna bleed those
Word up to me single I go deep on the btiches like Te-o
Lifestyles of the almost famous so close I can damn near taste it
And revenge is sweet all my clothes expensive you're talk is cheap
I need to pause on the beat listen ears applaud like sheesh
I grow raw on the beat then scratch to the death put paws on the beat
Like an animal with a can of dough CP3 with the handle bro
I did one for the 323 and its S-O-X nigga we too deep
He's no me nigga he's too sweet them see nigga I'm g
We just act nigga we no speak and unless you speak money nigga me no speak
Like silent my style is no style is so violent all fly shit but no pilot
Its pure here like come try it I go's off leave it all on the bass little dog back back big dog need space
The crew is here its a new year the flow will let em know that shit ain't safe
Mo Flow mo dough new year mo hoes
Mo hoes lets go
Take a break skeme let a master do it at the start of my fling like some lighter fluids
Spit hard or drool it eat a bitch then I had the (stuhle?) wrist whole diamond like a rubix
Line after line yes I have to prove it let it sink in ya head yo I'm not the fool
I ain't try to be a g cuz peezy(?) do it (col be in a fork) she'll shoot it
Simple metaphor I ride for my dogs ruff ruff bitch bark your casket under close/clothes
Like drawers get it shit dissolve but I don't mean gangsta shit girl keep a wrap if you trying to go

They ain't told ya I'm a soldier boy I superman that ho God said to keep in first so I do that
The rest will prosper now the game gotta rude that the things that droop be a breeze
You insane to know (you a saint to know) yo who dat I'm hungry in raps where da food at
At the top before you can't think this game girl I rule I got the murder ink
Flame for the brain for fame for the change for the pain for the frame colda
Frame for the brain for the flame insane spit flame like Dhalsim yoga
Energizer bunny when it comes to the money sorry I can't stop (moulda?)
Trip with the flow when I spit it so nasty flow big ugly ogreMo Flow mo dough new year mo hoes
Mo hoes lets go
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/