

Mo Money (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Hardo

More money you spread around
Is the more that's comin' back around
 Bitch I got my bands up
 I'm that muthafuckin' nigga
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)
 Ball (ball), ball (ball)
 On these niggas
 I'm goin' ball (ball)
 Ball (ball) ball (ball)
 On these bitches
 Racked up with that trap money
 All my niggas they got money
 Goin' through it for a real nigga
 Put ya' fingers off in that [?] for me
Money flowin' like water, I know you thirsty
 Girl if you ballin' then what your purses say
Nigga you trappin', then whats your work weigh
 I said that I got it, I know you heard me
 Ain't got time to fix no broke nigga
Oh that's yo' man? You better leave that nigga
 Cause broke niggas get kicked out
 I said broke niggas get kicked out
 These bitches know that
 More money you spread around
 Is the more that's comin' back around
 Bitch I got my bands up
 I'm that muthafuckin' nigga
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)
 Ball (ball), ball (ball)
 On these niggas
 I'm goin' ball (ball)
 Ball (ball) ball (ball)
On these bitchesThese bitches say I act Hollywood
 Well ain't a nigga in Hollywood
 Do you feel me, can you see it now
 Got [?] can I see it now?
 I done fucked, all of the bitches
 In my city that's worth to get hit
 Got ya' bitch, all in my house
 Gettin' nasty wit' all of her friends
 She fuckin', not for a house
 Just want me to pay all of her rent

Goin' up, Monday through Sunday
I spendin' it like it's no end
Got tats, all on my arms
You can tell that a nigga got money, I know
That all of these bitches goin' fuck
Cause' a nigga got money, I blow
All of this cash, cause I know that the shit keep on comin'
Hardo, the realest to do it

I keep a hundred, one hundred, I know
More money you spread around
Is the more that's comin' back around
Bitch I got my bands up
I'm that muthafuckin' nigga
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)
Ball (ball), ball (ball)
On these niggas
I'm goin' ball (ball)
Ball (ball) ball (ball)

On these bitches
Bitch I am a beast, off the leash
Blood up in my teeth
Do this in my sleep, so unique
Yo' main girl a freak
Give me tongue and cheek, once a week
Get the top, I peak
Then get underneath
She need me like her Summer's Eve
We go to sleep thinkin' bout money
Wake up in the mornin', go eat
Never seen this many hunnids
Ain't tryna do it, I done it

Damn, how these niggas talk about ballin'
When they can't get a shot cause I call em
I done walked through the club, now fall in
Told her bring two friends, they can join in
What's in your wallet? That money my nigga
She give me head like she won, get in front of me
She leavin' you to come stunt with me
Real niggas fuck with me
I'm in my own lane
Niggas still clap for me like Soul Train
I smoke a ounce everyday for the growin' pains
Don't want the half thang, I want the whole thang
Mayne
More money you spread around
Is the more that's comin' back around
(Ya'll already know what it is man, Khalifa)
Bitch I got my bands up
(And Trapn Hardo, Trapn Hardo, Khalifa)
I'm that muthafuckin' nigga
(You gotta be willin' to go crazy for the bread)
They know that I'm goin ball (I'm goin' ball)

(Haaa, Pittsburgh)
Ball (ball), ball (ball)
(Yall already know what it is, man)
On these niggas
I'm goin' ball (ball)
Ball (ball) (Taylor Gang!) ball (ball)
(Yeah) On these bitches

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