Mo Money (feat. Juvenile)

Curren$y & Young Roddy

Loud money
Macho money
Stunt money
Show money
Blow money
Dough money
Your money, no money
I do my thing in the booth, the streets know
You hear my chains in the booth, I wear my gold
You pull upfront and your bitch lift up them dough
She all about that jet life so f*ck yall
These bitches know Im stunting anywhere I go
And when youre coming in if we cant smoke
F*ck your rules, Im too cool for that bro
I buy the building, throw you out the backdoor
Carlito shouldnt have let Benny back on gold
Cause everywhere you turn they coming for your dro
Thats why I keep my circle tight, the jet life is the new cipher
Bending corners, breaking bitches, making dough
Coming up
Loud money
Macho money
Stunt money
Show money
Blow money
Dough money
Your money no money
Dough money, thats paperweight
Loose leave my paper straight
Seeing those and they face to face
Shining nigga, no paper plates
Silver back were not silver spoon
Business man but Im still a goon
Im rolling, nigga, like wheelbarrows
Yall joke niggas like Will Farrels
My money stupid like Leo Darryl
Yall bank account is getting real narrow
I fuck the deal, up and run at night
Vampire on that life
And I know you hate my guts, bro
Cause I got everything you want in life
Waking up and Im counting up

Cause that mula is my morning rite
And my morning right and my evening good
When my evening good then my family eating
My family, get sanity
That sanity is that man to me
And that man to me know what he said to me
Man as me and no damage me
I dont plan to leave and no baggage either
Nigga didnt give no bands to me
Ive got
Loud money
Macho money
Stunt money
Show money
Blow money
Dough money
Your money no money.
Young Roddy]
I've got dice money, got coke money, got on the run lay low money
I'm a pimp fool take your ho money
Gon' use this shit for my smoke money
Like d bo I take yo money I'm still spending my old money
Old boy can't fuck with me this lil nigga gettin blown money
Got long paper I smash her good she askin me if I'm on somethin
I make bread fuck with my dope get beat out like you stole somethin
Them cops keep on harrassin' me try question me I don't know nothin'
This Juvenile and Young Rod this bells bitch we got loads of money
aint trade i got a bowl of Mary I kill the block bitch bloody mary
Jet Life the new Rockafeller my shoe box full of mozzarella
Got stuntin' money for my snow bunny back then I had no money
Until I touched a little blow money had to re up to make mo money
Loud money
Macho money
Stunt money
Show money
Blow money
Dough money
Your money no money.

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