

Money, Clothes, Hoes (MCH)

Freddie Gibbs

And I stay up on my toes
Money, clothes, hoes (3x)
They say anything goes
For money, clothes, hoes (3x)
And I stay up on my toes
Money, clothes, hoes (3x)
They say anything goes
For money, clothes, hoes (3x)

I got diamonds on my wood, bitches on my phone
Sturdy hoes like those they just can't leave this dick alone
You remind me of my chick, got that for the bros
Took less than a week to hit that sweet and take it out
Pussy open for a pimp, make your daddy proud
Boy I bet she goes, she blow this dick I blow this pound
And we stay on purple drank OG in my wood
Only smoke that Cali shit I put that on my hood
I be thugging to the death of me straight G.I. rider
Ain't no pussy in my pedigree
I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe
I just sit back and let this reefer get the best of me
And now I be thugging to the death of me straight G.I. rider
Ain't no pussy in my pedigree
I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe
I just sit back and let this reefer get the best of me
And niggas know that

Got Versaces on my frame, Fendi on my waist
Girl you keep that thing up sit right up here on my face
She got that super wet, we get super freak
Keep it on the low don't put my business in the street
You remind me of my chief something like my sound
Girl you know what's up you turned it up I beat it down
It's the realest niggas in it you already know
Gangsta of the year, got like 4 times in the row
I be thuggin' to the death of me straight G.I. rider
Ain't no pussy in my pedigree
I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe
I just sit back and let this reefer get the best of me
I'll be pimpin' 'til the death of me straight G.I. rider
Ain't no pussy in my pedigree
I mix the Molly with the Kesha that's my recipe
I just sit back and let this reefer get the best of me
And niggas knows

[Hook x2]