

Mo Money

Juvenile

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 y'all
These bitches know I'm stunting anywhere I go
And when we coming in if we can't smoke
F*ck your rules, I'm too cool for that, bro
I buy the building, throw you out the backdoor
Carlito shouldn't have let Benny back on gold
Cause everywhere you turn they coming for your dro
That's why I keep my circle tight, 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, that's paperweight
Loose leave my paper straight
Seeing those and they face to face
Shining nigga, no paper plates
Silver back we're not silver spoon
Business man but I'm still a goon
I'm rolling, nigga, like wheelbarrows
Y'all joke niggas like Will Farrels
My money stupid like Leo Darryl
Y'all 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 I'm 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 don't plan to leave and no baggage either
Nigga didn't give no bands to me
I've got

Loud money

Macho money
Stunt money
Show money
Blow money
Dough money
Your money no money

Loud money
Macho money
Stunt money
Show money
Blow money
Dough money
Your money no money