

Mind on the millie, money to Monday  
Hoes and riding acting monkey  
What you missing counting money  
I'm a mogul, V12 on my motor  
Round with molly, finna go pick up Mona  
She a model, if she wack  
She couldn't ride in none of my autos  
Different making model import em, mount em up, mix and match  
My misses up, they both married, I'm mingling, I'm mean,  
Lots of money on me, it's mandatory it's mineral  
For my mental was a misfit,  
Now I'm a millionaire what a miracle,  
Mob stop you the mumbling for I mug you, but not manually  
My mans and them ah come murk you, fuck you mean man  
Man power, marathons, running miles around you,  
Marijuana blow clouds surround you,  
Buying mountains, building houses on 'em.

Them M's, them M's  
All I want is them M's  
Them M's, them M's  
You can keep them other letters, just give me them M's.  
The M's, the M's,  
Couple hundred dem, them M's,  
Juss give me the M's,  
I'll be good with them.

Ain't no man thick in my madness,  
Talking mula I need more, ain't no mystery in my history,  
Play with mine and you'll be in the morgue.  
Hop up out that machine thing with that machete leave you messy  
Know you seen me in the magazine,  
But I'll leave that magazine empty.  
Do it by myself man I don't fuck with them may pops,  
These niggas so questionable, I don't know doe they made pop  
More spots than the measles, my pockets got more lumps  
Then the mumps more bucks than Milwaukee, even grind two hundred a month,  
On my way to Minneapolis, Memphis after that, got a sack to get  
Fly to Miami, pick up some mail, down there they call me mail man.  
Money morning hop on the boing,  
Head it to the money, you know where I'm going,  
Talking G got plenty of them, nigga selling p's trying to get an M.

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