Mo City

Dareo what's up nigga, I ain't gon' lie I need a favor (A favor ain't nothing, what you need my nigga) I got this jamming ass beat right, and I'm tal'n bout I'm so tired of writing hooks my god damn self, ya feel So uh, this time you make me a hook my nigga (A loud hook, I got ya it ain't nothing), hell yeah bet Let me check that mp'fucker out (M is for the money, the O is for the oil C I chindig, but I never ever spoil We dotting our I's, and we crossing our T's No need to ask why, but I'm repping that Mo-Mo City That's the place where I roam Niggaz hating, cause they bitches won't leave us alone And if you disrespect it, you'll get one to your dome) Ooh I ain't gon' lie, that bitch hard than a mo'fucker Hold up, say that bitch one more time

The M is for the money, the O is for the oil The C I chindig, but a bitch I never spoil We dotting our I's, and we crossing our T's Don't even ask me why, but me and my niggaz repping Mo City And that's the place where I roam Niggaz hating, cause they bitches won't leave us alone And if you disrespecting, you'll get one to your dome

Ugh team full of team captains, that shit ain't gon' work out Fifteen quarterbacks, and nan' one of em wanna work out You lazy ass niggaz and bitches, that's what this Earth's bout Talking bout your mama staying with you, you know this her house Everybody wanna be the MVP Well they looking at one, whenever I let them see me Represent Mo City on BET, or MTV Wheels so glassy when I see my rims, my rims see me I'm a boss, that mean I ain't taking orders from no one Team Me, Team Fuck-A-Team me and no one Cold and say I'm miserable, and that's why I treat people bad Bitch I'm just in love with me, and not with kissing people's ass

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Yeah so many bottles in this bitch, look like a party at the liquor sto' All my haters mad at me again, cause they didn't get to go Since I do what I do one deep, I ain't gotta split the do' Only thang I like better than getting money, is to simply get some mo' Mo City, that's where I'm from I bet I never leave the crib, without packing a gun And since the money already made, we just having some fun And all my niggaz got money, nobody asking for none A mill six later, my jeans still ain't tight And my face real heavy, it still ain't light You still talking to the police, well then you still ain't right But I am still real, and to me this new shit still ain't light

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