

Mo City

Z-Ro

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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