

# Mo' Money (feat. French Montana & Trae tha Truth)

## Mally Mall

Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Show money like dope money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Show money like dope money Fucked around, got mo' money  
Text free, download money  
Got Wonder Bread like NASCAR  
You slipped up and got slow money  
My block boomin' like 18's, my paper up, it's on caffeine  
Them playin' clowns done tapped my phone, they swear I'm movin' that Phentermine  
Got too many bags of that rake  
Too much guap to just say  
Every time I try to break the bank  
I fuck around and get paid  
I done fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Show money like dope money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Show money like dope money Pulled up hunnid whips, and we mobbin'  
Blew a hunnid stacks on the bomb  
Tryna flip a whole thang for a quarter  
Tryna have my boat plankin' on that water  
Bust it open, go and do that dance  
Fresh up out that border, flipped it from that corner  
Young rich fly nigga, started from the corner  
Go and bust it open, love when you do that dance  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
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Fucked around, got mo' money  
Show money like dope money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Fucked around, got mo' money  
Show money like dope money Them street niggas no playin' ho

Made a hundred grand in his bando  
That shit cool without the band movin'  
This brick jungle like Rambo  
Stop mine, no game I was dissin' on 'em  
On the block and I ain't even tell this nigga no no  
Rich nigga still movin' like I never had nothing  
But a hustle and a dream and a hell of a discussion  
Now I ride around the hood in that new I8  
Here to take it to a hater bitch, I do not wait  
I'm the king of the streets, bitch I do not break  
And if it ain't about the money, look here bitch, I'm straight  
Get mine but I'm minding my business nigga  
Watchin' me, yo better find you some business nigga  
I want it all, how the fuck am I finished nigga?  
In the mud, in the field, no scrimmage nigga  
Yeah, I got this money, promise you I got this money  
This necklace on my is so dummy, 4 in the morning it's sunny  
Everything asking might dummy  
I did a cater to every fuck nigga you crumbed me  
Now they can't fuck with my money  
Now when the Truth come around niggas shit lookin' bummyFucked around, got mo' money  
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Fucked around, got mo' money

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