

Jay-Z & R. Kelly **"Mo' Money"**

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That nigga let his fuckin' flow go
Niggaz tryin' to switch up the flows on niggaz
Hit niggaz, slip niggaz with a Micky
Drop that joint

Yeah, yeah, it's the remix y'all
Like a muh'fucker, oh yeah
Whassup my nigga and still hot up in that boy
Ain't it man, yo Jay, Kel, fin' ta set it off for y'all, c'mon

It's the remix
TrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga
Big chips with twista y'all, get this money

I, heard the ballers when I pulled up to the club
'Cause I'm rollin' up on fo' flickers
Peanut butter interior, black body
And in case you didn't know, I be the twista

Hundred bombs in my pockets, put your ones up
I hear some niggaz lookin' at me for the come up
Try to creep, creep, I pull a gun up
I put a hole in the first nigga that run up

The ballers be Jay, R, and T
Spit it cold 'cause the music is a part of me
Can't nobody spit it as fast as me
Got an academy of haters comin' after me

I know I got what you want
I know I got what you need
Come and mob to the top
Before you get this money

Pull up on the block in the alien gray Bentley
Full of sport modes, you never could hang with me
Just to get in early, I paid a extra 50
Gettin' that money my nigga

Oh, five Chrysler, trees for the blunts
Three hoes in the back, two fiends in the front
Twenty two inch shoes, CV's in the trunk

Gettin' that money my nigga

Makin' dough off a style I be the best in
Glad to be down with these two livin' legends
Now, let me see which league I'ma invest in
Gettin' that money my nigga

Rollin' this cheer, put the niggaz in fear
Makin' bitches shed tears, take a look at my career
Now, the shit's swell when I get up to 70 in the coupe
Peep the wing when I hope out the tail, tell 'em Kel

We off up in the club, we got our hands up
Drinks in the club because we gettin' that money my
nigga
We rollin' 24's, open them Bentley do's
Got plenty hoes because we gettin' that money my
nigga

Pull up to the club, chicks in the back
Some smokin' on weed, some sippin' Cognac
Into the club, whole crew to the back
Super the stars make it sharp as a tack

Gotta have my forty five inch in it
In the house, from the gate, twenty minutes
Game over and I'm still not finished
I play haters like V play tennis

Livin' like a motherfuckin' Richie Rich nigga
Got a Butler for my maybach nigga
White linen, smokin' cigar
Lyrics like bullets, tongue like a trigger

Feelin' on your booty
Tryin' to get one of these nice ladies
To come up to my room and do, me
Have her man like who's he?

Was a pimp at birth, first hoe was a nurse
And I'ma be a pimp 'til I'm stretches in a hearse
Sometimes showbiz is the worst
I'm blessed with the gift and the curse, whoa

Shoot ball, now I'm off to the spa
Fresh and clean, now I'm off in the car
Got a date with a superstar
We take lunch, now twelve o'clock

Hit the mall 'bout two o'clock
In the movies 'bout five o'clock

Seven o'clock 'til nine o'clock
We in my crib, my bed, goin' non stop

This for my project niggaz
Wide body mo' sippers
Pimps hustlers herb flippers
Get this money

We off up in the club, we got our hands up
Drinks in the club because we gettin' that money my
nigga
We rollin' 24's, open them Bentley do's
Got plenty hoes because we gettin' that money my
nigga

Gettin' this money switchin' my whips and my kicks
Like, I'm just addicted to difference you pick
What you want from me to be a lame

With visions of riches, enter my brain
Like I picture myself in deep dishes, just switchin' lanes
It's just insane, is it? I'm from the district where niggaz
Either in prison or pay visits like in laws

So we fend for ourself
And the wealth is in raw
We can't help but been lost
What else gon' make that engine roar?

Lay back in 745
Big boy cars, that's all we drive
Into the club we get all the eyes when you
Gettin' that money my nigga

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Drinks in the club because we gettin' that money my
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