

## **R. Kelly**

# **"Mo' Money"**

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That nigga let his fuck 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, yeah  
Wassup my nigga? An' still hot up in that boy, ain't it  
man?  
Yo, Jay, Kel, fin' ta set it off for y'all, yeah, c'mon

It's the remix  
Track Master remix, y'all, Kels an' 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  
An' 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 an' T  
Spit it cold 'cause the music is a part of me  
Can't nobody spit it 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 an' 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  
Getting' 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 doors  
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 an' 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 an' do me  
Have her man like, ?Who's he??

Was a pimp at birth, first ho was a nurse  
An' I'ma be a pimp 'til I'm stretches in a hearse  
Sometimes showbiz is the worst  
I'm blessed with 'The Gift & The Curse'

Shoot ball, now I'm off to the spa  
Fresh an' 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 doors  
Got plenty hoes because we gettin' that money, my  
nigga

Gettin' this money, switchin' my whips an' 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 an' 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

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 doors  
Got plenty hoes because we gettin' that money, my  
nigga

Track Master remix, y'all, Kels an' Jigga  
Big chips with Twista, y'all, get this money

Dance, c'mon, you sonobitches, dance  
Dance, lazy motherfuckers, dance  
Dance, drunk sonobitches, dance  
Get your money, nigga, best of both

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