

B.G. F/ Big Tymers**"Mo Fa Me"**

Visit "[Mo Fa Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1:

Hey motherfucker it's me again yep
The one who fucked your sister but quiet is kept
Because she burnin' but instead of cussin' out the bitch
Just didn't tell her then let her suck the puss up out my
dick
Gave me some money for gas I hopped out on 59
Smokin' weed (weed)
And feelin' fine
Dick suckin' laws right behind and they look and they
stare
But I got on my seat belt so I don't care
"How the fuck you doin' today Mr. Officer?
If I had the time I wouldn't mind to offer ya
A fat dime and a black nine in my shit
But no warrants and tight insurance so you can just
ride the fuck on bitch"
People always gettin' mad at me bein' like this
Drankin' alcohol keeps me peein' white piss
Parents I'm not tellin' your children to smoke ya see
Cause if they just say no it be mo fa me

Hook:

Scratching "Mo fa me"

Verse 2:

What did you say your name was?
D-E-V-I-L-N
You saw me on the news but the TV be lyin'
They got bounty hunters lookin' for me I'm wanted for
theft
Women claim that I came and got they pussy and left
I'm not an old fool from the old school like My Adidas
Cause All Day I Drink And Smoke it's like I need it
On stage you can boo you can hiss real loud
But I'll just pull out my dick and take a piss in the crowd
Then I'll smile take a bow put down my mic and I'll
leave
Get the money from the promoter hope it's enough for
some weed
Head dead to the back with the VIP status

In a room full of Pimps tryin' to find 'em a Gladis
Gotta pick one of 'em get one of 'em stick one of 'em
quick
Cause they niggas might be here they niggas might be
talkin' shit
They niggas always somewhere they ain't supposed to
be
Niggas can't keep up with they pussy then it's mo fa me

Hook

Verse 3:

Son said "Daddy I don't wanna go to school
Cause the teachers a freak she tittie dance on the coo
And all my friends smoke reefer
I think it might be cheaper
If I buy a couple of pounds and sell 'em ounces and
threefers"
Cause any way to come up I got to do it ch'all
I'm havin' flashbacks I'm about to stash crack in my
drawers
But fuck the laws
They got my brother already they can suck my balls
Average nigga have no luck at all
But have no other choice but to take up the bet
Tryin' the seven or eleven when I come out and pick up
a check
Gotta get my shit fixed
Hit a quick liquid
Fringe benefit, like gettin' my dick licked
Cause this money runnin' funny gonna break before I'm
broke
And I can't be wakin' up in the mornin' nothing to
smoke
So I think I'll smoke half and roll some sweets
Well I can't smoke I'm a sell it
Hell it's mo fa me

Hook

Visit [B.G. F/ Big Tymers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.