

Mood

Bahja Rodriguez

I'm too pretty to fight
I fuck around and pepper spray you right up in the face
I'mma need 50 feet, bitch. Move up out the way
Hoes be mad, hoes be glad-
When you doing bad and it's fucking sad
But me, well I'm just getting bags
Make room for your highness
Make room for a motherfucking goddess
Ay, yay, yay, yay, yay

Doing super good (Good)
Move my mama out the hood (Out the hood)
Count money, it's my mood (My mood, yeah)
(My mood, yeah) Count money, it's my mood

Doing super good (Good)
Move my mama out the hood (Out the hood)
Count money, it's my mood (My mood, yeah)
(My mood, yeah) Count money, it's my mood

I'm too pretty to care
All I do is win and the shit just ain't fair
These be hoes be mad, these hoes be glad
When you doing bad and it's fucking sad
But me, well I just want the bags
Make room for your highness
Make room for a motherfucking goddess, yeah

Doing super good (Good)
Move my mama out the hood (Out the hood)
Count money, it's my mood (My mood, yeah)
(My mood, yeah) Count money, it's my mood

(Doing) Doing super good (Good)
Move my mama out the hood (Out the hood)
(Count) Count money, it's my mood (My mood, yeah)
(My mood, yeah) Count money, it's my mood

Too cool
This how I do
This my mood, that's my mood

I'm too cool
This how I do
That's my mood, that's my mood

Doing super good (Good)
Move my mama out the hood (Out the hood)
Count money, it's my mood (My mood, yeah)
(My mood, yeah) Count money, it's my mood