

Mr. Get Dough

Drakeo The Ruler

Mr. Get Dough, Mr. Get Dough, Mr. Get Dough
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Mustard on the beat ho

Oh lord, there go them two greedy bastards
I just want to buy a Masi just to say I crashed it
Forty bands, had to thank the chink when I grabbed it
Oh lord, I love being a joint, it's fantastic
Keeping it clammy you know we riding on stocks
And we in Rosemead, so yes I had to bring the box
Stanleys out, you know they had to bring the cops
We go on high speed chases, couldn't get me if I'm God
But I'm not, pops on my knots
Mr. Get Guap, that's Mr. Get Dough, AKA Mr. Mos
Walking out the house with the stove
Lingo bingo, call me Mr. Get Dough

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Mr. Get Dough, and what we tell the bitches
Bitch I've been a joint, bitch I've been a joint
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Been Bentley auction bidding, got Universal bidding
Get in where you fit in or you're clipped like a split end
Get them for the fid-o, distribute for the tit-en
I hope you protect that same shit you representing
I live life seldom, I fucked you welcome
Macklemore sixes, in the six ducking 12
Hoes on me like velcro, bitches can't spell no
Titties pussy fat, flat back like an elbow
Shoot it 'til my arm hurt, trying to hit the point
I can't serve with no bitch 'til she fucking Choice
Puffing my stuff in the cut is the ointment
Oh you just finding out I've been a joint, bitch?

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I recall getting booked without a page count

Nigga bailed out and went to playhouse
It's really elementary how it played out
Could've came in the industry and went the safe route
Oh no, now we O.M.M.I.O bosses
A band on Philippe, had the taste for they sauces
Ain't taking losses, race of the horses
Stumbled out your closet, a safe full of charges
Cautious, Bitch I've been a joint since the old Chronic
All these rappers getting gassed like the stove probably
On my mama nigga, I don't owe nobody
We done flipped pennies, now they Foamposites
Mr. LA and

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