

Mo' Money

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

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

[R. Kelly]

It's, the, remix

TrackMaster remix y'all, Kels and Jigga

Big chips with Twista y'all, get this money

[Twista]

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 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

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

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

[R. Kelly]

Pull up to the club, chicks in the back
Some smokin on weed, some sippin Co-gnac
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 ci-gar
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 ho 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 & 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, widebody Mo' sippers
Pimps hustlers herb flippers, get, this, money

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

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

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

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Big chips with Twista y'all, get this money

[ad libs to fade]