

## M.O.B.

JR Castro

A match made in California  
Whoever thought that I'd get caught, on the boulevard  
She stopped me up and wrapped me for everything  
She showed me a little love  
Until I showed her where a safe was

You'd wanna know what my mistake was  
I tried to treat her like a day one  
Pillow talkin' to a fake one  
And now I'm far behind on my payments  
I tried to tell her I got big dreams  
But big dreams don't mean anything  
To a bitch on a mission  
So now it's money over bitches

That's why I never say hello, I say goodbye  
Cause I'd rather stay alone than stay the night  
With a woman who don't love me  
She just wants me for my money  
This reminds me of a story that my mama told me  
Oh I spent one cent, good, goodbye  
Oh I spent one cent, good, goodbye

Came right back to New York  
Who would've thought that I'd get lost  
In this love of yours  
She got me slippin'  
Want me missin' anything about her  
Said she loved me, she ain't love me  
I guess those was just words  
But every player gets played once

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You know the type  
I like to call them hoes the money walkers  
Cause buyin' shoes is what they do to all you money talkers  
Ain't have a clue when you was provin' you was somersaultin'  
I bought a few, Guiseppe too, I let 'em place their orders  
Now please take back your daughters  
Got your body right, lickin' titties up  
Let you sit with a horsepower, just giddy-up

I let you live it up, never was it new to me  
A bag of trick money is meant to be used foolishly  
Yeah, but that's your only focus  
You thought I wouldn't notice that the threesomes was hypnosis  
The liquor was the potion, but now that I'm sober  
And now that you're finished bendin' over  
Our time is over

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