

Mula Komin In

Lil' Wayne

(Awake)

Hold up, like (Keyboard)
Why you stealin' me and my twin's swag? You're goin' broke, boys
Hell nah, I can't go that way, no
I'm just laughin' to the bank, yeah, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah, yeah
I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula, the mula

I know some niggas shoot at your medulla
Rick Owens shirt, I'm flyer
Rick Owens kicks, I'm fire
Expensive weed, I'm higher than you
I'm tired of you
Yeah, I hit send, then I'm tired of you
She knows what I'm doin', don't gotta prove my pockets blue
But my brother cup is red too (Red)
All-black Hellcat, but the inside red like Deadpool (All red)
Yeah, all-black, bitch upgraded, not tryna say it 'cause we gon' shoot you
First, call up them young niggas that do the worst, yeah
I think my twin just popped a Perc', hold up, yeah
I just paid a thousand for this coat, hell yeah
I'm sippin' Shardai, the benefits of bein' with a player
Rockin' all black every day like a raven
Fuck that lil' bankroll you got in your pockets, my fit cost more, yeah
Fuck that lil' bitch, baby girl, I'll pull up in a Porsche (Skrtrt)
I accidentally pulled your bitch 'cause I broke the score, yeah
I'm just gettin' to this money like it's a chore, huh, yeah
I'm just gettin' to the money like it's a chore, lil' Mula

Hold up, like
Why you stealin' me and my twin's swag? You're goin' broke, boys
Hell nah, I can't go that way, no
I'm just laughin' to the bank, yeah, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah, yeah
I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula

I know some niggas shoot at your medulla
I know some niggas that crack your chalupa
I know some bitches that hack your computer
Bodies, we catch 'em like Puka Nacua
I'ma take off in the coupe like a puma
Smoke you like a Cuban, but no Gooding Jr
Popped me some Percs, they the size of your pupil
I'm not a hooper, bitch, I'm just a shooter

That's lil' Mula, that's my son, he my youngest
I told that nigga, "Get money," he done it
He take after me, I'm the big apple tree
And you know the apple don't fall too far from it
He only fourteen, but that's nothin' but numbers
He fuckin' your daughter, I'm fuckin' your woman
We get to the bread like a bun in the oven
Take shots at your head, three, two, one, let them bust it
Balls hog in this ho
My bitch a dog, I'm on go
I turned up on these niggas and then I lost the remote
Can't fuck her raw if she broke
Can't fuck her raw if she broke
This presidential Rolex should encourage y'all to go vote
Meatball, fettuccini
Speed off, Lamborghini
Superstars, bright as Venus
Red flag, pledge allegiance
They bite the swag like they fingers
I'm a dirtbag, still, I'm the cleanest
Only God could judge me, no subpoenas
Been Mula Baby since a fetus

Hold up, like
Why you stealin' me and my twin's swag? You're goin' broke, boys (Free, free
)
Hell nah (Free, free, free), I can't go that way, no (Free, free)
I'm just laughin' to the bank, yeah, yeah (It's just me)
The mula comin' in, yeah, yeah (Yeah)
I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula comin' in, yeah
The mula, the mula

Mula Baby, big Mula Baby (The mula comin' in, yeah, yeah)
Mula Baby, big Mula Baby (I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah)
(The mula comin' in, yeah, I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah)
Mula Baby, big Mula Baby (I'm bringin' the bag in, yeah)
Mula Baby, big Mula Baby (The mula comin' in, yeah)
Mula Baby, big Mula Baby (The mula comin' in, yeah)
Mula Baby (The mula, the mula)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Young mula, baby