

Mind on the millie, money to Monday
Hoes and riding acting monkey
What you missing counting money
I'm a mogul, V12 on my motor
Round with molly, finna go pick up Mona
She a model, if she wack
She couldn't ride in none of my autos
Different making model import em, mount em up, mix and match
My misses up, they both married, I'm mingling, I'm mean,
Lots of money on me, it's mandatory it's mineral
For my mental was a misfit,
Now I'm a millionaire what a miracle,
Mob stop you the mumbling for I mug you, but not manually
My mans and them ah come murk you, fuck you mean man
Man power, marathons, running miles around you,
Marijuana blow clouds surround you,
Buying mountains, building houses on 'em.

Them M's, them M's
All I want is them M's
Them M's, them M's
You can keep them other letters, just give me them M's.
The M's, the M's,
Couple hundred dem, them M's,
Juss give me the M's,
I'll be good with them.

Ain't no man thick in my madness,
Talking mula I need more, ain't no mystery in my history,
Play with mine and you'll be in the morgue.
Hop up out that machine thing with that machete leave you messy
Know you seen me in the magazine,
But I'll leave that magazine empty.
Do it by myself man I don't fuck with them may pops,
These niggas so questionable, I don't know doe they made pop
More spots than the measles, my pockets got more lumps
Then the mumps more bucks than Milwaukee, even grind two hundred a month,
On my way to Minneapolis, Memphis after that, got a sack to get
Fly to Miami, pick up some mail, down there they call me mail man.
Money morning hop on the boing,
Head it to the money, you know where I'm going,
Talking G got plenty of them, nigga selling p's trying to get an M.

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