

# Go Get Sum Mo

Young Dolph

This water on me got my neck froze  
Coupe with the suicide doors  
And I love all of my hoes  
Yeah, I love all of my hoes, ayy  
She cookin' breakfast with no clothes  
I'm some' like a pimp, that's for sure  
I spend it and go get some more  
Yeah, I spend it and go get some more  
Bitch better have my money, bitch better have my money  
Bitch better have my money  
In somethin' foreign going 200, I might go shopping in London  
I spend it and go get some more  
Yeah, I spend it and go get some more

Spent some more money, beat another case  
Riding down eleven like Scarface  
Sixty thousand dollar tuxedo  
These bitches just love a nigga's lingo  
Little bitty nigga with a real big ego  
Three bank accounts with a whole lot of zeros  
Lil nigga I'm Michael, you Tito  
I dress like I been selling kilos  
I put my side bitch in a Benz  
Just so she can flex on her friends  
I used to sell dope out my mama's house  
Then had all the money at grandma's house  
I go on Rodeo, fuck up a check  
Smokin' blunts and eating percocets  
Still with them niggas I came up with  
I can never ever trust a bitch  
Addition and multiplication  
We runnin' this money up daily  
Smashing Instagram sensations  
For bullshit I got no patience  
I jump out, I jump out, I jump out  
The back of the Phantom rockin' all this ice  
I want it, I want it, I want it  
I get it, I don't give a fuck what the price

Water on my neck got me froze  
Coupe got the suicide doors, yeah  
Ain't savin' these hoes, yeah  
No I ain't savin' these hoes  
She cookin' breakfast with no clothes, yeah  
I'm somethin' like a pimp, that's for sure, yeah  
Spend it and go get some more, yeah  
Spend it and go get some more  
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This rap shit too easy, my left wrist too freezy  
She butt naked in the kitchen cookin' breakfast, eggs over easy  
I'm the king but I don't play for Cleveland  
I'm feeling just like the weed man

When he got the hundred keys in  
So strong, can't breathe in  
Bitch better have my guala  
Looking like I sell narcota  
Ballin' like I hit the lotto  
And the devil still wears Prada, it's Gucci  
Money over hoes my motto  
How you bad but you don't swallow  
If I front you my product  
Then you better have my dollars, Gucci  
Scratch front like I'm Pimp C  
Big hustle like Nipsey  
Blue Benz, my crip B  
12 sitting on Forgis  
And your wife she choosing  
Better get a divorce then  
I want to buy charges not forcement  
She wish she had an abortion

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Thank God for my mama not using a condom  
Wear Dolce Gabannas like they are pajamas  
It's deuce gadanas, I hang with the hunters  
And runners and dealers and killers, one hundred  
Every year I buy a new vehicle  
Throw the girl out like a flea flicker  
I don't even dodge them cheap liquors  
I got so high I tried to eat people  
Jewelry on drippin' like a sea creature  
Money so tall I don't see people  
Weed so loud, can't keep secret  
Y'all been plottin', I been peepin'  
Y'all been talkin', I been thinkin'  
I been growin', y'all been shrinkin'  
Big diamond on my lil pinky  
Too much sauce, I done started leaking  
I got more bars than precincts  
I got more cars than Reese's, uh uh  
I got more heart than niggas  
Put that on God my nigga, uh uh  
Ain't tryna starve my nigga  
They tryna scar a nigga  
I told 'em nah my nigga  
If the godfather my nigga  
Make me Brett Favre a nigga

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