

# MMM (feat. Future & King Los)

## Puff Daddy & The Family

Future Hendrix  
Like really yo, the millennium  
Diddy  
Woo  
Hey turn up, turn up  
Hey  
What you got there?  
Huh? WooMoney making Mitch  
Money, money making Mitch  
Money making Mitch  
Money, money making Mitch  
Drop top serving up the dope, blat blat  
Way back, this is the pay back  
Permanent laid back  
Niggas saying lay that  
Where in the xannies does it say that  
Money making Mitch  
Money, money making Mitch  
Money making Mitch  
Money, money making Mitch  
Drop top serving the dope when you raw  
With your broad when you click clack way back  
Now I'm with the freeband, way back, hey man  
Nigga why the fuck would you say that?  
I don't flex on niggas  
I don't talk no shit  
I just get these checks  
And check my bitch  
I'm a brick of that yay  
Feds peeping the spot  
Fiends outside  
Like them Yeezy's gon' drop  
Yeah, she think I'm a mack  
Call me a pimp  
Told her act like she know  
She ordered the shrimp  
(I got some niggas uptown  
They got some shit for that ass  
Don't come on my block  
Without a visiting pass)  
On the phone with my chick  
She said "there's work on your block"

Keep chasing that pussy  
Get you murked on the spot  
I don't play no games  
These niggas is hoes  
Keep my girl in chinchilla  
Drape my niggas in gold, I'm cold, nigga  
Money making Mitch  
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Now I'm with the freeband, way back, hey man  
Nigga why the fuck would you say that? Ay yo, I'm a motherfuckin' living legend  
Here's a lesson, nigga, wake up  
Pick a hustle, flip it, stretch it  
Whip it, press it, ship it, check it  
Shit perfected, in my presence  
Just might cop your bitch a present  
What you stressing?  
(This my section, I run it  
I'm ready for the winter when the summer come  
Real winner, breed niggas that wanna win  
Bitch, you fucking with a motherfucking 1 of 1)  
I'm paid in full, trick, you got that Calvin in your eyes  
Before I fall off, I'll replace the ground with the sky  
Yeah, just like my daddy  
Bitch I should pull up and hop out the Caddy  
Rock for the family  
Fuck being on the block, chopping them grams  
See my Oscars and Grammy's, yachts in Miami  
Thrills to be rich, no life for a sucker  
Tell my story, life of a hustler, I'm cold, nigga Money making Mitch  
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Nigga why the fuck would you say that? Money making Mitch  
Money, money making Mitch  
Money making Mitch  
Money, money making Mitch  
We be them d-boys standing in hallways  
We been posted up around here all day  
Money making Mitch  
Money, money making Mitch  
We had them leans in double cups  
We have the ones you ain't gonna double up  
You know I'm gonna double up  
Trapping a habit you whip up a Xannie  
When I wear my watches I'm so undecided  
I got it poppin' like Whitney and Bobby  
They call me ace around here, nigga  
The number one nigga around here, nigga  
I put my city and my niggas on  
They wish they could stop me my money long  
They treated me just like I'm Al Capone  
Got my niggas they treat me like Al Capone  
Know when you paid in full  
You go through the hood and you looking like millions  
When they doubted me that's when when I went hard  
Then I got my whole city on Money making Mitch  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>