

MOE (feat. FKl & Wiz Khalifa) [Bonus Track]

Tyga

Wake up in the morning feeling so damn good, I made music so good today
Me and my niggas bout to kick it with some bitches, and you know we bout to roll some trees

I'm feelin' it... you feelin' it

I'm feelin' it... you feelin' it

M.O.E., M.O.E., music over everythingUh Taking my time to perfect the beats

And I still got love for the streets, king gold chains

And my nigga Wiz Khalifa, got trip in a drink

Couple bad bitches, they just want VIP

You played her fo real? Don't bring her around me

Got girls left up in the backseat

Runnin like track meet, that's me, leather on the 6th speed

Love it when she got her own shit together

Got shit to lose, then she with whatever

Always out of town, she my distant lover

Only pull in driveways with tints and better

Gold rims, we ghetto, on the chase for cheddar

From a jet runway, I can land wherever

Make more in a day than your salary

Nigga why you mad at me? Talk cheap, I don't lose sleep,

Man I...

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I'm feelin' it... you feelin' it

I'm feelin' it... you feelin' it

M.O.E., M.O.E., music over everythingI roll up that Mary J, my favorite song playin'

My clothes from the runway, my kush come from the land

You's a baller or a hustler then you know what I'm sayin'

Them haters they talkin, hear em talk, I don't care

I'm rollin'

Probably do a 95, smoking getting mighty high

Rolling weed since '99, smoke so much I'll probably fly

If I don't smoke I'll probably die

I'm holdin'

Grippin' on the steering wheel, listening to my favorite jam

Ridin through Hollywood, I'm feeling like the fuckin man

Hundred grand to see me, kinda fore I go to sleep

That's why I...

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I'm feelin' it... you feelin' it

I'm feelin' it... you feelin' it

M.O.E., M.O.E., music over everythingDrive fast till I'm out of gas

Getting money like this, can't look back
She a one night stand, tryna make it last
But I be out of town soon as I hit that
15 stacks runways, living lavish, big carats
You ain't getting money like that
I put rhymes on the beat, T-Rawws on the feet
Don't hate me 'cause I'm where you wanna be
I do mostly what the minimum do
So my girls might be yours times 22
Ride 22 2's and I chunk up the deuce
Everything great like a nigga Babe Ruth
Translucent roof, but her dress seem through
She just tryna make it, guess you gotta do what you gotta do
Shit I ain't gonna judge you
But don't expect me to love you, feelin' it?
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