

M.O.E. (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

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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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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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?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>