

Mo Paper (feat. YG)

Rich The Kid

[Intro: Rich the Kid]

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'?
Can't never switch, huh
Ooh, ayy, any, huh [Chorus: Rich the Kid]
You ain't a boss you can't touch her
I might just paint the Bentley mustard
I got rich, that's on my mother
Say she love you, still can't trust her
Cut the pork, drop the top, then I Speed Race it
But my frames, they Dior, I can't see baby
Why your boyfriend a lame? I got mo' paper
Bring the money out now, I got mo' haters

[Verse 1: Rich the Kid]

Where my stash box? Bring the racks out
Watch your bad bop (Bad)
I blew that cash out (Cash, what)
Yah, ayy, ran my money up
Now I got mo' haters (I got mo' papers)
Bitches wanna fuck 'cause I got mo' papers
Now I Speed Race, I want more face
My bitch bake the cake, I might slide the Wraith
Hermès links, check the slink
Chanel when she blink, she want that 'Rari pink (Skrrt, skrrt) [Chorus: Rich the Kid]

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[Verse 2: YG]

I need the bag fast, fast, fast, fast (Fast)
Pulled up, Lambo, niggas mad, mad, mad, mad (Niggas mad)
Saint Laurent, hard bottoms, splash, splash, splash (Splash)
You might slip on a drip, you might need the cash
I painted my 6-4 red, a lot of my homies dead
Some of my homies Blue, a lot of my homies Red
On Bloods, I need that head, I'm tryin' to feel it in my legs
I'm trying to spend a little bread, fuck it up at Sakks, yeah
All my bitches drive Benz, I'll put you in a Benz
All my hoes conniving, they finesse them M's

Rich nigga slide in, oh yeah, yeah she did
Before you fuck me, give that pussy a cleanse, yeah[Chorus: Rich the Kid]
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