

# 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 <https://www.songarea.com/>