

Throw Sum Mo (feat. Nicki Minaj & Young Thug)

Rae Sremmurd

Ass fat, yeah I know
You just got cash? Blow sum mo'
Blow sum mo', blow sum mo'
The more you spend it, the faster it go
Bad bitches, on the floor
It's rainin' hundreds, throw sum mo'
Throw sum mo', throw sum mo'
Throw sum mo' (Slim Jimmy, yeah!)Hi, bye hater, I flood the club with paper
Shorty got a ass, some for now, some for later
Somethin' like Nicki's, dancin' like Maliah
I'm throwin' all this money, I'mma fuck around and buy her
I can flick the money all night, 'til my wrist tired
If you put in work, this the night you gon' retire
You a bad bitch, I ain't even gon' deny her
She told me, "throw that money," I said, "make it worth my while"
I'm 'bout to empty out the ATM
She doin' tricks that make a nigga wanna spend
Girl, you know you got me fascinated
Just keep on dancin' 'til I'm outta paper (Never!)
Ass fat, yeah I know
You just got cash? Blow sum mo'
Blow sum mo', blow sum mo'
The more you spend it, the faster it go
Bad bitches, on the floor
It's rainin' hundreds, throw sum mo'
Throw sum mo', throw sum mo'
Throw sum mo', throw sum mo'Franklin's rainin' on your body
Rainin' on your body, rainin' on your body
Won't you do what I say, start rubbin' on your body
You like hundred's on your body, girl, you need to get naughty
Hold up, hold on, her eyes on me, is that your ho?
If so I'mma get her 'fore the nights over
DJ play my shit so I'm finna crank up off in the VIP zone
See the money go up and she dance on sight
By the end of the night she on endo
Lemme see you make it clap on tempo
Lemme see you get low like limbo
Ass fat, yeah I know
You just got cash? Blow sum mo'
Blow sum mo', blow sum mo'

The more you spend it, the faster it go
Bad bitches, on the floor
It's rainin' hundreds, throw sum mo'
Throw sum mo', throw sum mo'
Throw sum mo', throw sum mo' Come here ho, mistletoe, I got birdies, crows
Lil bitty bitch wanna jump on the dick
I'm like boo, let's get it, let's get it
I got these bitches kissin' on these bitches
I can't even count 'em, I fuck by the digits
Swag terrific, I might fuck this bitch in the kitchen
Baby, don't use dirty dishes, or else you might whip up a (BURRRR!)
My neck, my wrist is a (BURRRR!)
She wanna fuck my dogs, I'm like woof
Panoramic roof, I drop the coupe, boo
Pull up with a bitch, she look like New New
It's okay if I lie to you, bitch, my swag the truth
Hey, she come right back, like 'em diamonds do
Fifty thousand off fifty niggas, no caliber, bitch Ass fat, yeah I know
You just got cash? Blow sum mo'
Blow sum mo', blow sum mo'
The more you spend it, the faster it go
Bad bitches, on the floor
It's rainin' hundreds, throw sum mo'
Throw sum mo', throw sum mo'
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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