

Mo' Ammo (feat. Murs, Tech N9ne & Rittz)

Tech N9ne Collabos

I'm in my bass pro camo, lookin' like a Rambo
Military sack strapped with some Roman candles
I'm 'bout to light it up like it's Independence Day
I do it underground, that's the independent way
I got a dinner date, I'm ten minutes late
With this chick that I met up on the internate
I mean the internet, I mean that fucking app
I mean a meth head, I met her in the fucking trap (huh?)
No, what the fuck is that?
I met her at a show (oh)
I'm like Jeezy, selling tickets like it's fucking snow
Or like I'm Yeezy, selling Yeezys, I'll be god damned
You gotta buy these VIP tickets, understand?
I mean a stream is just a dream unless you're front row
A million views, we lookin' good, but no dough
I'm in the booth whippin' merch like I'm in the kitchen
Strange Music going stupid, it's your new addiction
We got guns, dope, clips for mo' ammo
Rhyming like a quarter key inside the door panel
Put your ear to the speaker, get you high
Don't this music feel like you can fly?
Guns, dope, clips for mo' ammo
Rhyming like a quarter key inside the door panel
Put your ear to the speaker, get you high
Don't this music feel like you can fly? Look, if you ain't gave me my props yet, you late as fuck
I like to think that I'm top five like Jada does
Speeding past these rappers like they traffic cops with radar guns
And counting so much money that my fingertips got paperc uts
You play and talk to me, you sweet as lemonade or punch
Can't you say that captain saved a slut, I met your lady once
We fucked and now it turned into a weekly visit
Got her hooked like I was deep sea fishing
And she mean business, she says she love to ride it all night
I really get head and she got suction like a Dyson Upright
I seen the sunlight, woke up and play some Maxwell
She open wide and sat still
I fucked her throat and filmed it, now that's what I call a gag reel
Again and again we win, while all you do is catch L's
My father ain't a farmer but his son became a cash cow
Revolvers on as fuck if you a boxer or a black belt
Should've packed, yeah
Go back on my double time shit and I bet you I spazz out

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Don't this music feel like you can fly? Growned with killas who rolled with Milla's
Some soulless niggas who go get liquor then blow spliffs wit ya
Popo suspicious we sold tricks fixes to hold big riches
These roguish wishes is so ridiculous
Bogus bitches you Ho's fictitious and Low wit glitches
The Dough made you notice DIBKIS (I gotta stop)
Flows is gifted I get throwed get twisted then bro gets wicked when I spit I'm bout to kill em
and a soul is lifted (That nigga hot)
My rap assignment give the industry an alignment rapper's ain't goin straight no mo'
Image really need refinement let a nigga help recreate yo flow, and I'm gon' design it to make
mo' dough shake mo Ho's hey bro bro, this that N9ne shit! trippin! (why?)
Cause I been drinkin like a camel, (yeah?)
Tried to play me like a piano, (yeah?)
Now I'm about to go Rambo packin' mo' ammo nigga! We got guns, dope, clips for mo' ammo
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>