

Mo Money Mo Problems

Lyrics

Now, who's hot, who not?
 Tell me who rock, who sell out in the stores?
 You tell me who flopped, who copped the blue
 drop?
 Whose jewels got rocks?
 Who's mostly Dolce down to the tube sock?
 The same old pimp, Mase
 You know ain't nothing change but my limp
 Can't stop till I see my name on a blimp
 Guarantee a million sales, call it level up
 You don't believe in Harlem World, nigga, double
 up
 We don't play around, it's a bet, lay it down
 Niggas didn't know me '91, bet they know me now
 I'm the young Harlem nigga with the Goldie sound
 Can't no Ph.D. niggas hold me down
 Cudda schooled me to the game, now I know my
 duty
 Stay humble, stay low, blow like Hootie
 True pimp niggas spend no dough on the booty
 And then you yell, "there go Mase!" there go your
 cutie

**I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see
 I don't know what they want from me
 It's like the more money we come across
 The more problems we see**

I'm the D to the A to the D-D-Y
 Know you'd rather see me die than to see me fly
 I call all the shots
 Rip all the spots, rock all the rocks, cop all the
 drops
 I know you thinking now when all the balling stops
 Nigga never home, gotta call me on the yacht
 10 years from now we'll still be on top
 Yo, I thought I told you that we won't stop
 Now what you gon' do with a crew that got money
 much longer than yours,
 And a team much stronger than yours?
 Violate me, this'll be your day, we don't play
 Mess around, be D.O.A. be on your way
 'Cause it ain't enough time here
 Ain't enough lime here for you to shine here
 Deal with many women but treat dimes fair

And I'm bigger than the city lights down in Times
 Square

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B-I-G P-O-P-P-A, no info for the DEA
 Federal agents mad 'cause I'm flagrant
 Tap my cell and the phone in the basement
 My team supreme, stay clean
 Triple beam lyrical dream, I be that
 Cat you see at all events bent
 Gats in holsters, girls on shoulders
 Playboy, I told ya, mere mics to me
 Bruise too much, I lose too much
 Step on stage, the girls boo too much
 I guess it's 'cause you run with lame dudes too
 much
 Me lose my touch? Never that!
 If I did, ain't no problem to get the gat
 Where the true players at? Throw your Rollies in
 the sky
 Wave 'em side to side and keep your hands high
 While I give your girl the eye, player please
 Lyrically, niggas see B.I.G be flossing
 Jig on the cover of Fortune, 5 double O
 Here's my phone number, your man ain't got to
 know
 I got the dough, got the flow down pizatz
 Platinum plus like thizatz
 Dangerous on trizacks leave your ass flizatz

CHORUS X2

The more problems we see
 What's goin' on? What's goin' on? (Somebody tell
 me) What's goin' on?

CHORUS X2