

# B.M.F. (Blowin' Money Fast) [feat. Styles P]

## Rick Ross

I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover  
Whippin' work, hallelujah  
One nation under God  
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover  
Getting work, hallelujah  
One nation under God  
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start My Rolls-Royce triple black, I'm getcha ho  
Ballin' in the club, bottles like I'm Ichiro  
Rosé, that's my nickname  
Cocaine running in my big vein Self-made, you just affiliated  
I built it ground up, you bought it renovated  
Talkin' plenty capers, nothing's been authenticated  
Funny you claimin' the same bitch that I'm penetratin'  
Hold the bottles up, where my comrades?  
Where the fucking felons, where my dogs at?  
Uh, I got that Archie Bunker  
And it's so white I just might charge you double I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover  
Whippin' work, hallelujah  
One nation under God  
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover  
Getting work, hallelujah  
One nation under God  
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start These motherfuckers mad that I'm icy  
Stunt so hard make 'em come indict me  
I think I'm Big Meech, look at my timepiece  
It's an Audemar, hundred wrecks at least  
Look at yourself now look at me  
You can't see a nigga, I'm what you used to be  
Look at it this way, you niggas sideways  
Always getting money, my nigga, crime pays So fuck a nigga, I'm self-made  
You a sucka nigga, I'm self-paid  
This for my broke niggas, this for my rich niggas  
Got a hundred on the head of a snitch nigga I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover  
Whippin' work, hallelujah  
One nation under God  
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover  
Getting work, hallelujah  
One nation under God  
Real niggas getting money from the fucking start 36 holes leave you bleedin' family  
Words in them thirty-six o's in the kilogram  
Blunt tip, armors like caviar  
Wild and out, fish-tailin' Subaru, rally car Out the passenger, lead in the automatic

For egg or that girl, I knock your mommy and daddy off  
Fuck around and knock the emblem off the Caddy off  
Four-shooters buggin' out, blickin' at your Caddy doors And did I mention? Gun from Red Dead  
Redemption  
Nine mils, fifty clip extensions  
Hope it's like a mattress in the hood, I'm flippin' on it  
And the money's like a chair, I'm sittin' on it I think I'm Big Meech, Larry Hoover  
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Getting work, hallelujah  
One nation under God  
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