

# 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  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>