

Veruca Salt

"Fo Da Money"

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[Boots]

Ahhhhhhh yesss, ah-heh

Tell me somethin

Were you, about to make a decision?

Was it, one of... THOSE decisions?

Ya know, when ya, gotta decide, between

what's good, for you, and what's good, for the struggle

Well before you sellout, The Coup wants to tell you a lil'
story

E-Roc, kick it

[E-Roc]

Pressure, is gettin to my dome

See, I need some food for my little boy's tummy

Pulled up a chair just to think about my situation

Don't have a job, cause jackin is the occupation

FUCK THE SYSTEM, you know that it's all wrong

I got my gauge, yeah now my mission's on

Checked on my baby, good he was sound asleep

Cause money was my thoughts as I began to creep

down the street the corner sto', was on my mind

Freeze! with the sounds of clips was in my behind

I turned around but befo' I could pull my trigger

in they ass, on the ground, laid another nigga

I was trippin, slippin labelled as a dummy

But can you blame me, I did it for da mo-ah-money

chorus

M-O-N, N-E-Y (repeat 2X)

Broke as a; broke as a sucka!

(repeat all 4X)

[E-Roc]

Back on the streets I thought I wouldn't survive

So I'm bustin my ass on this nine to five

Flippin patties all day when the place is hot

Gettin paid peanuts, in the burger shop

Now everybody wants to know the deal, is this brother
real

can I feed my family off of a Happy Meal?

I had to stop cause this shit ain't for E-Roc

I threw down my time card and started slingin rocks
For a brother dis is some'in you can't beat
My cash is flowin, now I'm bringin home the meat
I'm feelin good sellin crack to a fiend
Don't give a fuck about his luck, ya know what I mean?
People trip, but they don't understand that
a devil's land, ain't no black foe a black man
Now it's a shame, but who's to blame?
I got a baby with a life and no future to gain, yeah the
money

chorus

[E-Roc]

I remember the time when I was six
The American Dream was everybody gets, rich
But yo, a fact for all to know
Four hundred years has passed, and we still po'
He ain't my Uncle, but Sam know what he's talkin about
If you wanna get paid, sell your people out
But not me I'd rather do a crime
Deep in my rhyme; is it better for a black man to do
time?
To the red white and blue I don't give a fuck
Because I live and die, just to make a buck
So I'm that mother-fucker
That rob his daddy, and threw his ass in the gutter
And I'm that fool
that sold his kids cocaine at school
But Jack's an attorney
So I'ma do what I do, cause he's makin all the
motherfuckin...
gun shots

[Boots]

I believe.. truthfully, we all gonna die someday
So, die hustlin for yourself
or die hustlin for millions of your people
The choice is yours, choose your fate
You can get with this, or you can get with that
We out

chorus

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