

## Quanie Cash

### "Money Don't Fall Out Tha Sky"

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[Young Buck talking]

Young Buck, Quanie Cash and Gutter Boy nigga  
We come to tell all you broke niggaz to get yo stash on  
get cash on nigga!  
Ain't no telling when this motherfucka 'bout to blow  
And these motherfuckers running around here with  
nothing in their pocket  
Not me nigga... this shit don't grow on trees nigga!

[Verse One - Young Buck]

Now if I sitted on my ass I wouldn't be sitting on this  
cash  
Come outside the club legs is cocked up on the grass  
Smoking pounds of this skunk while you rolling dime  
bags  
I just laugh cuz some of these niggaz out here love  
doing bad  
Ask any motherfucker bout T.I.P.  
Totally Independent Pimping in uh GS3  
Keep on jacking off that money you'll never see uh key  
I know niggaz 53 still out here selling d  
Priest told me from the jump never go and get that  
cheese  
D-Tay went and got the pump now where creeping  
while you sleep  
Gangbang slang cane whatever just maintain  
Listen man there's a million niggaz doing the same  
thang  
Plain Jane sipping syrup while the BG playing  
I'm all in your lane in this 99 Sudan  
So when a nigga put them daytons on that's when the  
hatings on  
"Bitch get some money!" what 'cha you niggaz waiting  
on?

[Hook - Young Buck (Gutter Boy)]

This shit they call money don't fall out the sky  
You got to be a Go-Getter-Nigga (ride or die!)  
Ready to take chances fuck death for jail  
Cuz real thugs shed blood and they hard to kill  
Listen this shit they call money ain't going to fall out the

sky

You got to be a Go-Getter-Nigga (ride or die!)

Ready to take chances fuck death for jail

Cuz real thugs shed blood and they hard to kill

[Quanie Cash]

If I sit around waiting of these world of payment

I'ma get it how I live it or die trying to make it

A chance I'll take it if its worth it cuz I'm all about money

My name speaks for itself I'ma let them others keep  
fronting

I keep my keys coming cuz I'ma motherfucking thug

And I keep my heat busting ain't no love from my slugs

Use to sever underground now as real as on top

But if a nigga broke I ain't scared to get back on there  
on the block

Running from cops and jumping out of automobiles

Cuz I'm dirty I ain't trying to go back to jail and that's  
real

Niggaz get they hands out like money be falling out the  
sky

If it is I wonder where it be at when I'm outside

I put in work for this shit; I did dirt for this shit

I hurt for this shit, what 'cha mean I don't deserve this?

I'm fulgent my shit nigga cuz mines is splurge

I'm a bottom boy Go-Getta-Nigga fuck what 'cha heard

[Hook - Young Buck (Gutter Boy)]

Nigga this shit they call money ain't going to fall out  
the sky

You got to be a Go-Getta-Nigga (ride or die!)

Ready to take chances fuck death for jail

Cuz real thugs shed blood and they hard to kill

Look this shit they call money ain't going to fall out the  
sky

You got to be a Go-Getta-Nigga (ride or die!)

Ready to take chances fuck death for jail

Cuz real thugs shed blood and they hard to kill

[Gutter Boy]

I can Shogun in a bottom or I can Shogun in Harlem

I Shoguns at a problems squeeze triggers and solve  
them

The hoe they love us to death and the copper can't  
stand us

Cuz I sell more chickens then motherfucking Colonel  
Sanders

F.B.I trying to kill us with the ray guns and cameras

The only block all they saw was thugs with braids and  
bandanas

If selling dope was boxing I'll be the greatest of all time

See the niggaz in my click and bitch we all shine  
We all tote 9's I was born to be the king  
This nigga was moving birds so I had to clip his wings  
Now I'm driving top drops sporting flints and rings and  
things  
At the club they say my name hoes where sure the  
skirts came  
Ain't no shame in my game I was born to ball  
Yo trying to play me glock pop guns born to ball  
Born to brawl when ya niggaz was born to stall  
What you make in a week is what I spend at the mall

[Hook - Young Buck (Gutter Boy)]

Nigga this shit they call money ain't going to fall out  
the sky  
You got to be a Go-Getta-Nigga (ride or die!)  
Ready to take chances fuck death for jail  
Cuz real thugs shed blood and they hard to kill  
Boy this shit they call money sure don't fall out the sky  
You got to be a Go-Getta-Nigga (ride or die!)  
Ready to take chances fuck death for jail  
Cuz real thugs shed blood and they hard to kill

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