

Rock Street

"It's All About the Benjamins"

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Verse One: Puff Daddy

Now... what y'all wanna do?
Wanna be ballers? Shot-callers?
Brawlers -- who be dippin in the Benz wit the spoilers
On the low from the Jake in the Taurus
Tryin to get my hands on some Grants like Horace
Yeah livin the raw deal, three course meals
Spaghetti, fettucini, and veal
But still, everything's real in the field
And what you can't have now, leave in your will
But don't knock me for tryin to bury
seven zeros, over in Rio Dijanery
Ain't nobody's hero, but I wanna be heard
on your Hot 9-7 everyday, that's my word
Swimmin in women wit they own condominiums
Five plus Fives, who drive Millineums
It's all about the Benjamins, what?
I get a fifty pound bag of ooh for the mutts
Five carats on my hands wit the cuts
And swim in European figures
Fuck bein a broke nigga

Verse Two: Jadakiss (overlaps last two lines of Puff Daddy)

I want a all chromed out wit the clutch, nigga
Drinkin malt liquor, drivin a Bro' Vega
I'm wit Mo' sippers, watched by gold diggers (uhh)
Rockin Bejor denims, wit gold zippers (c'mon)
Lost your touch we kept ours, poppin Cristals
Freakin the three-quarter reptiles (ahahah)
Enormous cream, forrest green -- Benz jeep
for my team so while you sleep I'ma scheme (that's right)
We see through, that's why nobody never gon' believe you
You should do what we do, stack chips like *Hebrews*
Don't let the melody intrigue you (uh-uh)
Cause I leave you, I'm only here
for that green paper which lead you

Verse Three: Sheek

I'm strictly tryin to cop those, colossal sized Picasso's
And have papi flip coke outside Delgado's (whoo!)
Mienda, with cash flowin like Sosa
And the latin chick tranportin in the chocha
Stampedin over, pop Mo's, never sober
Lex and Range Rovers dealin weight by Minnesota
(uhh)
Avoidin NARC's wit camcorders and Chevy Novas (uh-
huh)
Stash in the buildin wit this chick named Alona (uh-huh)
from Daytona, when I was young I wants to bone her
(uh-huh)
But now I only hit chicks that win beauty pageants
(ahahaha)
Trickin, they takin me skiing, at the Aspens (c'mon)
Uhh, gangsta mental, stay poppin Cristal
Pack a black pist-al in the Ac' Coupe that's dark brown
(whoo!)
Pinky-ringin, gondolas wit the man singin
Italian music down the river wit your chick clingin
to my bizzalls, player you mad false
Actin hard when you as pussy as RuPaul

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