

## **RZA f/ Christbearer, Monk, Stone Mecca**

### **"Money Don't Own Me"**

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[Chorus: Tru James]

My woman, and my money, don't own me...  
I've got to, keep holding, my own

[RZA]

Heaven, heaven...  
The dangerous dynamite dosage, mind full of  
explosives  
Digital brain is the closest to Moses  
Civilizing came, the flame inside the hoister  
Revitalize the game, the names on the poster  
The mask with no cape, the flash'll crush grapes  
The dancer on the lap, the ass wit no face  
It's shaped like an ace, say your grace before you taste  
it  
Haste makes waste, slow down or you ain't wait  
The bunny in the car look like an Indian squall  
The honey's in the jar, the money's in the bra  
It's funny hahaha, how dummies, hahaha  
Think cuz we call 'em sunny, they can be a star  
I implement the instrument, disintegrate the 10 percent  
You entered the square, but you don't know where the  
circle went  
You ain't worth the cent, you cursed, I Birthed the  
Prince  
Drenched the baby from creators that the nurses sent  
You can't still convent, don't have seven cents  
Grave the raven, my birds are heaven sent  
Where the brethren went? where the Reverend went?  
I told you these words are heaven sent

[Chorus]

[Monk]

It's time to show you how them rugged MC's rock  
If that's steel you see, it's that steel I pop  
If that Benz I walk, it's that Benz I cop  
Who rock them white tees first, get a West Coast props  
Can't nobody it better than, the West Coast veteran  
Three six letterman, Monk's the name  
Black Knights the gang, I'll ignite the flames

Strike my hood up on the wall, and cross out your name  
With a K on the end of it, that won't be the end of it  
Til them guns is drawn, and you standing on the end of  
it  
Poof be gone, I'mma write that wrong  
I'm the shit all by myself, nobody writes my song  
Peep my technique, strictly gangsta classics  
Gun talk, nigga, muthafuck theatrics  
My flow is matchless, ain't no way you can surpass this  
Level I'm on, better go home, and try to practice

[Christbearer]

Why yes, am I next to impress  
D-T-S, bless the best, no cess  
Stress, from guess to gold press  
The quest to protest, we head the Pro Keds  
But this is the new improved shit  
'08 from the AMG, '92, bitch

[Chorus]

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