

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"Money Flow"

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So many, my niggas
Keep reachin' the top of this mountain
So can what I do
K-Roc ain't go beg the believas
I'm from where the prophets
Niggas that a felt me
Make a little rich with Third World Click
K-Roc ain't got no more
I'm on top this shit though
Check this place
Am I came with Juice Man can scratch
Tired of the scam
Fucked up his chest
Alcatraz gimisum
Plus I'm on the dub
They might know we on edge
And why fuck the frown
While these groupie ass bitches be suckin' our dick
Prophet Posse we made it bitch
K-Roc we rockin' wit empty (??)
May kick in this shit that you can't understand
To bad that bitch is a want to be killa
We murder the bitch and fall out of the fame

I got six digits on my bank statement, rock
Eight if you be includin' the two behind the dot
So how they thinkin' they gon' stand up to the six
I spend a hundred g-b's
To artillerize this click
Candid cameras be in the trees
Of my domain
So I can feel safe when I'm goin' off that uzi manne
Go low mass Suburban, uh
Go low mass and Impala, nuh
I can brag for days
But because you nosie hoes
I'm stoppin' uh

Bitch rest rest
Out there finna crash like a lunatic
Is it to them bitch

If finna get em'
Tricks with cataract
Head back to bisac
have they take him to woods
Them goose ate his body
The body's no good
I would let that boy go
But the hoe just make me sick
Sick sick like a mad man
When the woofers start blastin'
Here yee, here yee don't you see
I got that Three 6 Mafia here
Were deeper than your faculty

[Chorus 4X]
Sportin jewelry and the syndicate
We rollin' hard
Cause ain't nothin' but the money flow in this camp

I gotta get it
While the gettin' is good
Yeah, you know the motto bitch
Out to set that cheddar
Cause it's better when you havin' shit
Dollar signs is on my mind
Look into my fuckin' eyes
Gettin' you hypnotized
Lettin' you know that Prophet is on the rise
Why you fantasizin'
Visualize me as you mrs.
I'm somewhere on that mowett
And smokin' blunts
Is how I kick it
So niggas recognize that in this here niggas
So don't you see
Comin' hard as thunder
Ready to rumble
What's it gonna be

Come on a journey
On to the world
Or do you know about where the nigga be hearin'
This house of Scarecrow make headin'
to make it back home in the 21st century
We niggas keep letchin' the duration
The Three 6 (??) I punish
Your facin' the ready to place the grace behave
We leavin' no traces
Were paperchasin'
Don't maybe get to rockin'
Whit this motherfuckin' stock and facin' to the stock

And open sesame my forty thieves done a chop
Know what they croppin'
When we ride grand larceny tonight
You best be slidin' through Three 6 murderers
Creep form the black side
I got this plan
This plan to rob a man
Tell him we got plenty of white
Get a nigga a key of sand
Take his fuckin' cheese
Count them g's
Then go overseas
To them damn Columbians make them drop it off
Say nigga please
Back to the hood
With them good
From my niggas dope
Nothin' but the pure
And that chronic that'll make you choke
I'm stugglin' in that paperchase
From day to day
All in the crime
For you niggas snitchin'
Proppin' dimes
I'm takin' care of mine

[Chorus 4X]

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