

Silkk The Shocker F/ C-Murder, Master P

"Time and Money"

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(Young Bleed)

See, we can make it happen and keep em jumpin like
jacks

If ya know that's a nigga aphrodesiac

Nigga, where the geez be at?

You can catch me chillin steady feelin' like what what
what

Y'all niggas get the feelin' huh

Willin' and able to snatch the money off the table and
keep bailin'

and hailin' them twigs, nigga ain't no tellin'

Steady hustlin' high it's do or die for a hustla

Do your thing remain same and loyal customers

Pack your things with mufflers and watch yo back

It's like that, we gon' ice that

But if they strike back is you ready for me?

Better be, some hoes will never be

Slippin' in this game, nigga never me

Nigga, don't give a fuck if ya bigger

The zag zipper got it off the hook

Know the bitches, no look haters don't wanna crumble
the crook

Leave em shook, keep flippin' em

See that's the past time, but nigga, your boys follow
me,

I'm gonna blast mine

Nigga huh, nigga what

Chorus: Young Bleed (repeat 2X)

Time is money, money is time,

that Nigga Bleed and Too Short done hopped on the
grind,

call it a crime, that's the life of a hustla,

anything in my way, I'm comin' for your jugular

(*Too Short says "Bitch!" throughout repeat*)

(Too \$hort)

Now where you think you goin' bitch, I ain't through with
you

I ain't seen no other hoes I wanna do it to

got you hella drunk, so I might as well keep you
take you to a hotel and freak you bitch
Short Dogg gettin' at that ass
I stripped her butt naked then I tapped that ass
I could tell the way she dance, she like to fuck
Gotta get her out the pants, I like em up
Punk bitches stare, they can't compare to you
These fake hoes don't know what real players do, bitch
I popped in the nudey tape, bitch
I love the way the booty shakes
So when I hit it from the backside say oh shit
Gotta get it like that while I stroke the clit
Roll a big fat joint start smokin' it
Cuz I'm a real ass nigga I ain't jokin' Bitch, bitch, bitch,
BEOTCH

Chorus: Too \$hort

Time is money, money is time,
that Nigga Bleed and Too Short done hopped on the
grind,
call it a crime, that's the life of a hustla,
and if ya get in my way, you gettin' fucked up BITCH

(Young Bleed)

Lookin' at the sunshine and it's about that time
Fo a nigga like me to get down for mine
From the heavens to the clouds, for the sky to the
earth, Breakin' dirt
for whatever it's worth
You know, gotta take it slow though
People gonna wanna take my photo
You don't know though, that's why I stay solo
Hounded like a mad man, kickin' up dust
Ready to bust on whoever wanna get in my way
No more discussion, what's the repercussion?
When it really don't matter, niggas get shattered
dreams,
when they see the buckshots scatter
Save the chatter for the mama, you ain't bout no drama
I can see it in ya eyes, your just another number
Welcome to the world of the hustlas, playas, and pimps
Where if it don't make dollars, then it don't make sense
That's evidence, I touched the game and no left no
fingerprints
And dug up the grave of slaves, flippin' dead
presidents, ya heard me

Chorus: Young Bleed (solo 2X)

(Young Bleed)

Young Bleed, Too Short, 99, know what I'm sayin, one
time nigga

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