

SWV F/ TLC

"Make Munne"

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(One two y'all, ya don't stop) --> KRS-One

[VERSE 1: Buckshot Shorty]

Back in the days we used to hit Pitkin Av
Knapsack strapped on my back cause everything got
bagged
In sight, when I got put out put up a fight
Then I took flight, all you seen was a streak of light
Ghost, you didn't catch me if you wanted to
I broke, it's time to catch some wreck, where's my
crew?
Hit up the ball (?), fill up the pad with ease
Pump shit on the block and make at least two g's
Sometimes I even hit the pocket, I got knocked
One time, two times, shit, they couldn't stop it
I had to make my loot, I had to make my dough
So I took my 'Lo and Guess, then bumped the rest
On the ave, it's all about the green
And niggas who make mad green know what I mean
So if you in the house and you know what it's about
Gettin paid, come on, let me hear you shout

[CHORUS]

Make money, money, make money, money, money
(4X)
Take money, money, take money, money, money (4X)

[VERSE 2: Buckshot Shorty]

I got to get paid, and I mean quick fast
And if it ain't the cash then that ass get blast
Livin in New York nowadays is like damn
Cause if you're broke nobody wants to be your man
Especially the girls when it come to gettin game
You got to have the loot plus the gear to maintain
I can't take the heat, there's a strain on my brain
And when my pockets are broke my heart feels the pain
I gotta get a grip cause I might just flip
I'm thinkin of a vic, where's my crew and my clip?
It's a jack, take your fuckin hand off the wheel
Turn around slowly, bitch, you know the deal
(Shorty, you crazy) Nah, I need dough

And I'ma do what I gotta do, where's my flow?
I wanna grab the mic, flip the script and get paid
But if I puff a daydream, damn, I'm gettin played
Word to my meals, no frills, gotta go
And if you wanna bump makin dough let me know
I rather get paid with the paid program
You can keep your fame and fuck who's the man
I scheme and I scheme till I go get the green
And if you want a scene of the money fiend
Niggas (?) hit the screen
Everybody in the house, if you want dough
You gots to let me know

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Buckshot Shorty]

I'm gettin kinda old, now my moms wanna flip
Up out the crib, damn, I gotta hit a fuckin lick
The house ain't clean and the rent's overdue
I hear the same line, yeah, "I do it all for you"
You do it all for me but all I want is my own
I wanna represent, so I keep shit known
That I'm for the dough and nothin but the dead pres
Fuck Uncle Sam and the bullshit he says
You got to get paid says the man on the corner
See a fly shortie lookin good, push up on her
Now I'm like the man cause I bring home the bacon
Shit is mad real, kid, ain't no move-fakin
On the streets of New York, whatever you talk
It seems like only poor people eat pork
Word to my herb, make your loot in the spot
If you wanna get paid, let me see you lick one shot

[CHORUS]

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