

The National Anthem of Holland

"I Need Money"

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What's up homey
I just got out the joint
Is that right
You ready to do this
It don't matter homey
Alright
Gotta get my feria ese
211 in progress
I ain't going back homey

The world is a ghetto waiting to explode
Filled with wicked women telling fortunes that will fold
So let no one get you down
In addition get a vision, makes me hold it down
Formulate the program, stipulate the prism
Special thoughts equivalent to wisdom
Yield to get more, point blank eradicate
Hit so quick couldn't catch it in the frame
Damn, I used to be a stick up kick
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did
I got this far cuz I had a fatal hustle
To back my plate, yes I had a fatal muscle
I reach for the avix then I tax the silence
I captivate the crowd when I speak my violence
Elimination, ese terminate these games
Anticipate the worst, stand back and refrain

[Chorus]

I need money, I used to be a stick up kid
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did
I need money, I used to be a stick up kid
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did
I need money, I used to be a stick up kid
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did
I need money, I used to be a stick up kid
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did

I grew up and I came up in the West part of Los
Drogas, locas, enemigas get the floor
Shots were random, so access permitted
Everyone is fully packing so no one knew who did it

Now that I'm older, ese now that I'm bolder
No longer am I a pawn, I'm a heavyweight soldier
Composure is something that is kept
Something that is done when you live by the gun
Get down, the shots went bang
It wasn't planned this way, just meet my demand
And things will go smooth
I hope that I am heard, I hope I'm understood
Where's the motherfucking coca
All of the feria from selling all them drogas
En las calles it's the Wild West
Bullets penetrating right through the vato's vest

[Chorus]

You gotta know what you're doing
Three strikes ain't no joke
My mind's fucking with me perro
Ain't no coming home after that
I know what you're talking about, que no
That's right
I need money, I used to be a stick up kid
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did
I need money, I used to be a stick up kid
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did
This Conejo right here
Where the mic remains homey
Yo controlo
You know the way it's going down
The return
Check it out
I need money, I used to be a stick up kid
So I think of all the crimen and the jales I did
This goes out to all the vatos out there doing tiempo
Murder robbery
Q-Vo

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