

Youngbloodz "It's The Money / Fake ID Interlude"

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Now it's the money that make this here world 'round
And it's the money that make you wanna lay niggas
down
And it's the money that make you and your best buddy
fight
But when you ain't got shit, everything is tight

'Cause it's the money that make you wanna flex for
them hoes
And it's the money that's keepin' your nose full of that
blow
And it's the money that make you think that you
bulletproof
But niggas'll do what it takes, just to come up on loot

I came in this thang, a little short on change
All I had was a dime, couple rhymes and my name
Tryin' to get in where I fit, stuck in this red dirt
Plannin' a way to get this money but I can't get no work

See some niggas live and some niggas die
I was hip to the game, can't let no time fly by
And though it's the money that make you wanna shine
But believe it's the money that make you want mine

Now nigga for real, got to pay them bills
Money got you fucked up, lay em' down for his
But homeboy still, you ain't even came up
The same way you got it, see your ass gonna get stuck

That's taught from me, straight from a young buck
If your shoes ain't tied, then you bound to trip up
This money here is a dangerous weapon, never get
attached
You'd better count your blessings nigga

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Uh, ever since them first red and black Jordan
Till when you couldn't get nothin' for that little girl that
you were courting'
And done always been 'bout how much paper you got
That money can get you a little twat, if you ain't gettin'
off your rock

That money can make you or break you
Them police shake you 'cause you're ridin' big-boy six
hundred
Like a nigga ain't supposed to have nuttin', that's worth
a lil' somethin'
The reason niggas gettin' chickens in and kickin' in
doors

Flippin' Jags and Burbans, living life dirty
You gotta get it in, the only way you know how
Whether you click-click-pow or you delivering flowers
Let the bullet rain showers on the nigga who you know
got that flow

Then took his ass straight out the door for a few G's
A couple of Oz's and now you broke next week
Them little green court papers'll get you caught up in
capers
Gone sour, money got niggas dying by the hour

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Now is it me or is it that you can't take it like a man
And stand in these streets and hold your own like a
man
And man, ain't it sad that your man hid and ran
From the time you started talkin' that shit, just like a
man

So do what you can 'cause see you lookin' kinda
shawty'
'Cause indeed you gone bleed on your knees for now
you've lost
In this maze, tryin' to find another way just to escape all
them filthy ways
So shake it off and shake it loose, just as I've come to
say

This ain't no dream, as you gleam, just as you cross
between
Them foolish things for that ol' green got you seein'
things
So what you mean, it's the money that got you in this
thang
From gettin' squirreled for a buck out in this world

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