

Yukmouth "Money & Power"

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[Verse 1]

Struggle til you bubble, hustle til you make your money
double

Triple, quadruple, it's crucial out here

Business as usual, we'll shoot you

Pistol whip abuse you, that's what the loot do, killa
salute you

The feeling's mutual, a quarter million on the kitchen
floor

One nigga breakin down chickens another nigga
whippin raw

One half of the click is hittin banks the other half is
hittin stores

We gettin more, paper, feds ain't seen no shit like this
before

They wanna hit us all and give us all double life

But fuck em, we ride Benz's wit bubble lights and
hustle white

And hire Johnny Cochran, quick to fight the double
strikes

Any nigga mobbin wit this click must have his hustle
right

My dude did ten in the pen and didn't snitch

So we gave him ten bricks to get on his feet again and
breathe again

Tossed the keys to a Benz, it's yo shit, he was a made
man

Part of a mafia organization who got

[Hook]

Money and the power, money and the power

I'm mobbin wit my niggaz I got money and the power

Money and the power, money and the power

Full of drug dealas and killas who got money and the
power

Money and the power, money and the power

No niggaz ever cross us we got money and the power

Money and the power, money and the power

A organization of bosses wit money and the power

[Verse 2]

Get the money first, the power and the hoes come wit it

Push ya powder, puff ya dro, come wit it

Jackas and the police at yo do, come wit it

Come to my dough, I come wit it, the gun split it, you
gone get it
And if you got a plan then run wit it, my niggaz done
did it
From many mansions to 6 huneds kitted
And kick it wit atleast a hundred bitches
Move a hundred bridnicks with the quickness, that's
how we live it
My niggaz get it straight from Guala Mala
Fold over in camouflage helicopters undetected by the
stealth bombers
We take trips to the Bahamas with our baby mamas
Then take trips to St. Thomas with our business patnas
Oscar from Phoenix, Arizona got the cheapest,
greenest marijauna
Help me sew up each and every corner
My workers sold weed, my other workers sold boy
I'm tryin to flip that new fansome Rolls Royce, oh boy
[Hook]
[Verse 3]
Go to jail, bail out, go to court, fight the case, beat it
I walk out the court house conceited then repeated,
weeded
The cops can't believe it, the block I bleed it, the glock I
squeeze it
We plot strategic, pop and leave a nigga paraplegic
Send yo Christmas carols to Jesus
We operated like Pharoahs in Egypt
The double barrel rip yo flesh and bone marrow to
pieces
Our thesis take money together, each fellow is even
That means we all eatin, we call meetings
Greetings wit bosses, any losses niggaz catch a hard
beating
The mob meetings at the four seasons
Our mission fly them pies down to Chi-Town, N.Y,
Detroit and Cleveland
And have them East Coast boys grieving
They sell em for 28, we sell em for 65, me and my boys
scheming
The blast the glock at cowards, drop like the towers
Flood the block wit powder, we got the money and the
power
[Hook]

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