

Tool F/ Maynard

"Won't Ez Up Tonight"

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Chorus

Scandalous,scandalous,scandalous
Scandalous niggas wont ease up tonight
Niggas on the street dont sleep until we eat it
We won't ease up tonight
even if it means we got to pop 'em
For the profit,we drop 'em
They,they,they die,they die,they die
Murda mo'
Kill some more
Murda mo'
Gotta kill some more

Scandalous,scandalous,scandalous
Scandalous niggas wont ease up tonight
All my niggas better get that cash
until we get the cash
we wont ease up tonight
even if it means we got to pop 'em
For the profit we drop 'em
They,they,they die,they die,they die
Murda mo'
Kill some more
Murda mo'
Gotta kill some mo'

verse 1:

Oh,we dont have no money
We gotta get money for food on the table
For feedin the youngins
We steadily strugglin thuggin
Broke and we sellin more dope
Both the dummies and dum-dums
Come on back
Purchase some more
Now whether we mobbin or stick up a store
Fin to get us some dough
My niggas desperate
We aint ate shit since yesterday
but we got a gauge and plenty of shells
I'm smellin money--cash money

(money,money,money)
First baller we see
We run and buck him
Don't give him a chance to reach
all up under his seat
Now,what if he pull out some heat?
Shit,then we really got to kill him
Aint even worth it my nigga
Give up the dough
Dont flex!
My nigga dont try to be no hero
and be glad we only shot you in your legs
Could have been your head
Now what if that there victim was me?
Gettin robbed by these niggas that we
used to be
Id be muthafuckin dead!

Chorus

Verse 2:

You know what we doin up on them police?
We never did love them
Muthafucka we buck 'em
We lucky they die
pullin that heat and beat 'em
Get your pump and we kill 'em all until we rise
If youre feelin me
Pick up your shit,nigga
Cause it's realer than realer,
than realer,than realer,than realer than
most of them niggas
Youre rollin with them niggas,hoes
And im knowin this
Pump up the revolution
Nigga,we go when you come
Join us in a battle and victory
Go down in history
This aint no mystery
Fuck 'em
Let the law end
Cause we simply get the raw end
Coffins open
Dump 'em all in
We can get down on them po-po
When we finished
They aint trippin no more
Get ready
Leave one of us (?)
So my troopers got something to hope for
When we rumble,crash,collide

Now we lockin up the enemy
What that guy did to me was crude and rude
And dont give a fuck about rules
We done been screwed
Been runnin the streets to long
We know every corner, cut, and alley
So when youre patrollin
Dont pull over the wrong Caddy
Never knowin whats on our minds
Were steadily bustin at these po-po
For the hard times

Chorus

Money, money, money
Shit dont be funny when you aint got no
money (money, money)
Bein rich is the shit cause you live so
lovely (lovely, lovely)
Never have to worry
About where you gon sleep or be hungry
(hungry, hungry)
But that's only if you got money
(money, money)
Ooh, ooh, ooh
If murda makes me richer
Then ill be a killa

Chorus

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