

## Zager and Evans

### "Money on my Brain"

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Ninety-five, keep it live  
Yeah to make papers, knahmsayin?  
Motherfuckin Kool G. Rap and B1  
and my motherfuckin man Grimm  
Just comin with somethin to keep the brainstem

..

[B1]  
It's Big 1 son, Jamaica Queens is the turf  
And I'ma exploit, heaven and earth, for what it's worth  
It's the MC extrordinaire, the jewels glare  
The God is rare, I'm takin bitches back to my lair  
I want mines and yours, strippin niggaz to they drawers  
No probable cause, with the chrome double 4's  
It's the Queens New Yorker with a bulletproof parka  
In eighty-four, it was Calvins and British Walkers  
Now I'm sippin Harvey's Bristol Cream with the glock 17  
as the sirens race to the scene  
Tryin to get dough, like Pablo, today, fuck tomorrow  
Seats for carro, as I recline in Monte Carlo  
I got the game down to a science, it's the clients  
that turn small time hustlers into giants  
Three course meal, waitin for my appetizer  
Blowin like a geyser, time only makes me wiser  
Paraphenalia, and material, makes the crew imperial  
I put the fear in you, sippin beer with two  
Handlin business properly, form a monopoly  
Storefront property, if not, another robbery  
I'm puttin forth the effort, murder's the method  
The steak is peppered  
Son when I let off you meet your Lord and shepherd  
Bloody money gets niggaz deaded and wetted  
Don't forget it, money's the metal and my hand is  
magnetic

Chorus: Grimm, B1

I gotta flip these bricks  
cause bein broke drive me insane  
Money's on my motherfuckin brain

From O-Z's to ki's  
the triple beam brings fame to my name  
Money's on my motherfuckin brain  
Niggaz be schemin and teamin  
but still I maintain  
Money's on my motherfuckin brain  
Cause money and murder go hand in hand  
It ain't nothin but a game  
Money's on my motherfuckin brain son

[Grimm]

Cryin hopin God forgive me for the ones I killed  
But until still, I dry my eyes with hundred dollar bills  
Like McDonald's, makin mills servin  
Fuck a Landcruiser now, pulls a ? to Suburban  
Stressed out, sittin thinkin past bed time  
Scared can't sleep, nightmares about fed time  
Diamonds, linens, ostrich and all that  
Fat shit I'm talkin code cause my phone's tapped  
Crackheads worship me like I'm Jesus  
Uncle Sam can't stand me cause I'm fuckin all his  
nieces  
Cuties every colour, who I wanna fuck next?  
Buy a new car, maybe Lamborghini trunk next  
Look at the jealousy in the eyes of the roughnecks  
Bulletproof glass just in case they wanna buck Tecs  
A large ratio in this game dies  
But I'm flippin pies, til the Senate legalize

Chorus: Grimm, G. Rap (same lines)

[Kool G. Rap]

I'm sportin flavors and Timbs, a ninety-five Bezn with  
the chrome rims  
Presedential Rolex, two carat diamonds with the stone  
gems  
Pockets filled with lucci leather wallets designed by  
Gucci  
Parlay in resteraunts, eatin shrimp, scampi and sushi  
Fly minks, with icicles that blink inside cuban links  
Lookin ?, brothers stink, got loot like I'm doin banks  
Hundred dollar bottles of chammy, condos in Miami  
Front row seats up at the Grammy's, the broke niggaz  
can't stand me  
Hold the flame low, hotel suites inside the Flamingo  
Just home by the dingos, I step up in em rockin Kangols  
Straight up fakin no jacks, cause all my crackshacks  
are jam packed  
My mad stacks, show that I'm on the right track, like  
Amtrak  
So stand back, cause I'ma make whatever it takes

to shake Jakes, and shoot snakes, and bake more  
snowflake cakes than Drake's  
Cut up your grill like I'm the Barber of Seville  
Still like Gotti bodies are found inside the harbor cause  
I'm ill  
It's war, but no more kids are bein kidnapped, matter  
of fact  
ain't with the shit black, I was young when I did that  
There's dope in the Copa Cabanas, cock back the  
hammers  
So niggaz in pajamas get they wigs split like bananas  
Stable of hotties, niggaz with shotties catchin bodies  
Neighborhood John Gotti with more notes than Pavarotti  
Yeah, paid as a motherfuckin bank teller  
The Goodfella, I stay a motherfuckin drug seller

Chorus: Grimm, G. Rap, B1 (G and B alternate)

[ad-lib to outro]

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