

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"Mind On Our Money"

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(Hook - Krayzie) 2x

People ask me how do you maintain
You got to keep your mind on money (T-H-U-G)
Don't let the snakes ever short you for ya change
Nigga, let 'em know how much you want it

(Krayzie)

Nigga 1993, hooked up with Eazy-E
1994, rushin through the door with the Bone flow
Nigga was creepin on a come up, doin it for the love of money
1995 we really let 'em know, Cleveland is the city where we come from
Brought styles muthafuckas never heard before
But we never got our props
'til we dropped that said song, see you at the crossroad
But the man know, Eazy runnin with the lost souls, rest in peace
That was 1996, we back in the mix
I guess they thought that we'd gon' quit but we got love for this shit
But everything started changin, business rearangin
Then the time when Bone and Ruthless wasn't vibin
Tried to keep my mind together through that industry shit
Somehow I'm feelin like what I deserve I didn't get
But I'ma stick it out, believe I'ma keep my head up
And show my loyalty for Eazy E, even though I'm fed up
1997 hey, everybody grab ya weapon, its the art of war
It don't stop, it won't stop until we drop, body rott
Not to mention when we venture through the family scriptures
1999 nigga, still strugglin
Tryna get some money with this mastermind I'm jugglin
Sharpen up ya thug mentality
And by the year 2000 I'll be thuggin, but so immaculate
I gotta get some money, blast if I get hungry
So if you read that I done flipped, then you know the story, about me

(Hook)

(Ed. note-I'm not too sure about any of this verse)

Take a good look into my eyes, and all over my face
your bloody death

With a bloody bloody, mess, I'm servin you none the
less

??? ???? that crazy muthafucka from the world's
most dangerous group

Mo Thugs Nation, ??? ??? on your life

That's absolutley what I'm gon' do

Blast at them niggas who thought they knew me

Now I'm that muthafucka that be ??? ???, the nigga that
bust all y'all

My mission in life to be the coldest nigga that ever spit
shit on the mic

I'm comin in smooth, rockin this hip-hop music just the
way you like

Tellin all biters to please stop tryin

Let it go fry fool, when I make my move all y'all gonna
die

Split up and fry, open his eyes ??? ??? ??? ??? pop,
shot one through his head

Oh my, oh my, now look what you made me do, this
nigga dead

It ain't my fault, you niggas too soft, ain't got no skill

Now look through the ???, stop steel

Y'all some fake-thug livin tryna get notice by hangin
with stars

No need to say no names, niggas know who the fuck
you are

We all true sound, nigga united gatherin souls, how we
roll

And that's love for the paper, foldin, I saw these hoes

But I had my ??? ???, nah nigga that's my nuts ??? ???
??? don't touch that

And then he won't hesitate to buck for the love

You can't dust on these bustas, so they die

They only got love for those who love me

In the meanwhile I main to keepin my mind on my
money

And no, this shit that we spit ain't funny

Especially when you hungry, nigga

With no hustle, nigga, to get them funds

(Hook)

(Bizzy)

In '91 I'm runnin from the fuckin cops, don't ya know it

That bitch was tryna' find a hidin spot, he show it

Know niggas that'd had no pussy
Said that would never read or get to L.A.
And niggas went cannibal on 'em, either
Smokin that reefer, niggas know how I'm livin
'Cause I was havin children when y'all was lookin for
women
But mine aside, so why you tellin your same ???
When niggas ain't have shit, tell me who's the one that
ride
We gon' ride ride though, you can call me Mr. Murda-
mo
Get ???, burn the whole store down all by myself
??? ??? ??? for fuckin with the Bone flow
Heaven and Earth, God and my loved one, and ya
gotta roll
And what you want my people to hear, that I'm a fuckin
sell-out?
But who's the one on solo shit, and who want me the
hell out?
I'll bail out with a ???, that pussy makes me change
Or expansion on the mansion or acres in the shooting
range
Shootin thangs (shootin thangs), it don't make you a
villain
The villain is chillin with his children
Bitch, I keeps it real!

(Hook)

(Layzie)

I keep my mind on my money, my money on my mind
A straight up soldier in the field out here pushin my line
Nigga designed a gold crime as I'm racin through this
obstacle
007, Layzie Bone, knew it was possible
Got shot, got out the hospital, started on my mission
Listen, nigga pay attention
Oh, and did I mention, had a tape before I crept on a
come up, Faces of Death
Blessin 40 o-z's, Lay and Leatherface and double z's
(???)
Niggas often wonder why my mind on my money
Nigga these bitches all up on me, and half the industry
phoney
It's like this nigga, I don't even fuck around
If a nigga ain't got no money for Lay, I'll come around
Ain't it funny how niggas turn funny-style
When they think they fall in trinkets, ain't even ran a
mile
See my niggas doin a damn thing, Flesh
Trues Humbly United Gatherin Souls, just to let you

know
Heaven'z Movie, yours truly, Mr. Gambini
(Kraaaaayzie)It's the mentality, and next to the baddest,
little Stevie
And when you ask me how I maintain
I watch my niggas rule, act a fool, and ace the game
Mo Thug one, witness the Family Scriptures
Mo Thug two, Family Reunion comin to get ya
Mo Thug three, presentation of the mothership
Niggas on some other shit, by smoke and maintain

(Hook)

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