

## Color Me Bad

### "It's the Money"

Visit "[It's the Money](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

hook

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, thats 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  
Thats tough 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 blessin's nigga

hook

Uh, ever since them first red and black Jordans  
Till' when you couldn't get nothin'  
for that little girl that you were courtin'  
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 your ridin' big-boy six  
hundred  
Like a nigga ain't supposed to have nuttin', thats 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

hook

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 hud (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 shawt'  
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, its the money that got you in this  
thang  
From gettin' squirreled for a buck out in this world

hook

Visit [Color Me Bad](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.