

## Color Me Bad

### "Mind on My Money"

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[Chorus - Sean Paul]

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind  
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)

I got my mind on my money, money on my mind  
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind  
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind  
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)

[Verse 1 - Sean Paul]

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind  
The thing I got I sell it, to get it all the time  
A nickle or a dime, a half or a pound  
Long as my bitch ridin', I'll put a nigga down  
Im a playa from the jump, a hustler from the start  
Something in your chest, then open up your heart  
Im bouta bet it, like Memphis 10, they get it get it  
Gotta have it have it, take it all, man if they let me  
Ima run it, put somethin' on it, instead of bet it  
It's that money, don't make no money, buddy I'm ready  
Can I get it? It's win or lose, you know the rules  
We rollin', we didn't hit it, now pay your dues

[J-Bo]

Now when it comes to gettin' that cash flow  
Im all about that paper, no credit, just straight dough  
And for all who don't know, there's money out to be made  
So get it while you can, and still it's just a phase  
In the eyes of a hustler nigga, you'd be amazed  
That time waits for no one, so God, I pray  
Try hard not to fall thru life stuck unemployed  
So instead I keep on livin' what's given within my void  
Put a end after hours scrapin' up all my change  
From quarters to dimes, as you see, this ain't no game  
So pick up on your pimpin', get on it and never slip

Cuz all on my mind is my money fully gripped (fully gripped)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Sean Paul]

Just call me, the money maker, bread taker  
Nigga Breaker, the pocket raper, money scraper  
May do me a favor, stay the fuck up out my way-a  
The rock that I can take it buddy to collect my paper  
That might save ya, think of no anger, no player hater  
No bumpin' heads, when it come to gettin' this paper  
Im a player, runnin' wit the, hand that was dealt  
Flippin' my work, ridin' the left, fully equipped  
Aint fuckin' wit hoes, unless talkin 'bout bread  
Duckin' these streets, givin' these strangers some head  
Bringin' it back, makin' sho', my pockets swole  
Workin' the streets, now they know they my hoes

[J-Bo]

I must ain't had it, I gotta get it  
Nothin' to lose, shoot me a quarter, and watch me flip it  
Shakin' these haters down the line, they somethin' wicked  
You on a roll then pay yo' dues, then buy a ticket  
Gather your cheddar 'round this world, there's nothin' better  
But keep it boomin' like a system, thru any weather  
Stackin' my green, that's somethin good, I'm on a mission  
Trappin' hard just like I should, no penny pinchin'  
And for the gold, we steady missin', and reminisin'  
Buy some S, ain't even hittin', so stop yo' flippin'  
Cuz when I pull in all my cheese you besta know  
There ain't no playin' wit my thang when you see my foe  
Act like ya know

[Chorus - x2]

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