

## Common F/ Q Tip

### "For the Love of Money"

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[Black Thought]

Yo yo, what the fuck, give us space  
See ya'll up in the place and shit, fuck  
Yo we 'bout to set it  
We got my man DJ Cash Money on the one and two's  
Knowmsayin, we 'bout to take ya'll back into the realm  
It's like this yo yo, check it out, hold up yo  
It's like yo  
One to make you scream, two to make you shout  
Come on Cash Money, let's rock yo well it's the

[Malik B]

M-A-L-the-I-K-B  
Doin this since the early '80s  
You try to play me, well I'ma play ya back  
You know it's tipper-tap when I pay you back

[Black Thought]

Well it's the B-L-A-the-C-K Thought  
It grab crab niggas on life support  
I don't know what the fuck ya'll thought or what ya'll  
snort  
Any rapper Steppin Into the Realm will get caught

[Malik B]

You got caught off-guard in the yard while you was  
buzzin  
You worked your way outta the puzzle, all of a sudden  
This shit, we hit you like Sixth and Bristol  
We put it in your body till it make you disco

[Black Thought]

Aiyyo, Philly mine for my passion, the city line  
From Cheltenham to 69th Street to beyond  
Want to lap around the map and then pass the baton  
To my man, between me and Mal-ik is a thin line

[Malik B]

I'ma pull the pins all out the grenade  
Radical renegade, let's get paid  
I won't be around when they start the raid

Baricade your town like the Mummer's Parade

[Black Thought]

Aiyyo I here you M-ill, we the jawn for real  
Rip shit from the valleys to the top of the hill  
Leave a nigga in a dip like a J-Street pill  
The killer feel from South Phil, they better chill

[Malik B]

We got my man Cash Money on the cut  
Takin niggas back to the days of King Tut  
You king of ampfier, you know I can't forget  
For all you bachelors and all you bachelorettes

[Black Thought and Malik B]

Via satellite, chatter like Sean ? and them  
And keep the fly young ladies all tremblin  
We outta Philly and rock The Fifth emblem  
Walk upon water, maintain a dry Timberland  
Roots Crew, remember them, still stunnin you  
In the flesh wit Cash Money on the one and two  
And to the the shorty that's out past your curfew  
It's X-rated, I don't wear the purple \*mumblin\*  
Well if you're on the wheels, Cash get on----

[?uestlove]

We regret to inform you that due to the asinine  
Leech-like Wall Street-ified sampling publishing laws  
That plague hip hop music...  
You'll be unable to witness the miracles that Cash  
Money creates  
On the one and two's...  
Unfortunately, we have to leave you wit this...

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