

Atlanta Rhythm Section

"Foe Tha Love Of \$"

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Foe tha' love of money
Gotta make that money man
It's still the same now

Gotta get on the grind
Pop in the clip of my nine
And bitch if you slip
You hit the chalk and fall in the night time
Gotta get mine
Ain't takin no shorts or no losses
Hop on the phone
Callin' my nigga sin at home
Polishin' that MAC-10 crome
Gotta a lick so bring yo shit
Cause once again it's on
To the dome with a fifth of burb
we wig to the curb so we swerve
And rolled out to pick up the triple six thug
And follow the murder for robbin the dooehouse
Smoke jump outta me bong
So high, now comin' to slay with four grenades and a
gauge
I'm a play, watch all 'em fall in the grave and lay
Pullin' in the driveway, Wish spotted the place and
quickly rolled up
Bulldozed through the living room
Hopped out of the car and started to blow up
Buck, Buck, and a kaboom
Me blew all them bodies all over the room
Them doomed
And gotta move fast, why?
The po-po's comin'
Snatch up me yummy
So nigga don't think it's funny
I'm comin' up quick in the niine-quat
Cause Flesh be lovin' this money

I'm given uo love to the hustlas
All them St.Clair thugstas makin' that money stayin' on
your feet
And you better believe gotta have that cheese

For the green leaves, never catch me sleep
Stay on the grind, get mine
Stayin' down for mine crime, and I hit up the nine-nine
Givin' up that llelo, makin' me sale, twenties nickles
and dimes
Beat up and stick up a lick up, that two-eleven
Gotta get what's mine, then bailin'
Me kickin' up dust, I'm trailin'
Feelin one-eight-seven
That's how it is, and I gotsta have it in the nine-quat
Mission to check a mill and still be real
Thuggin' on the glock-glock, creepin on a come up
Won't sleep till I'm done up
Gotta blaze me blunt up, hunt up another plot and
scheme
Gotta make some green, cause soldiers nut up, What
up?
Gotta get that buisness on, even though the buddah
run me, stun me
Feelin' lovely, but I'm just in it for he love of the money

Chorus

Standin' on the corner straight slangin' rocks
Aw ahit! Here comes the muthafuckin' cops!
So I dash, I ducks, and I hides behind a tree
Makin' sure the muthafuckas don't see me
Now my fat sack of rocks hell yeah i stuffed 'em
Police on my draws, i had to pause
And yeah, it's still muthafuck 'em
Now my game is tight, tight as fuck is my game
Easy muthafuckin E or Eric Wright it's all the same
Now niggas might trip on how I stash my grip
I gotta have it bitch
For the love of this shit
MUTHAFUCKA!!

Chorus

When dough got me thugsta, thuggish ways, down for
my crime everytime
Follow me down the nine-nine, and you will find all of
me kind
Check out the ripsta, now, drop down
Run 'em up outta me hood
Rip's straight when makin' me grip wiht me click
Rollin' with Ruthless, the thug I be
Me put 'em in mud, buck 'em, and pump blood
Got nothing to lose, bitch
Ya beter respect Rip, or ya best check this slug
It's goin' down steady pump and peel rounds, gunnin'

with a me gang
Bang, gotta make that money man
It's still the same
Steady runnin' thang wild, and follow me now
While I take you up into a barrel of a gun, see
For the dub you're done
For the bud, I run, for the love of my money

Nigga down for my thug off in this game
So peep as me creep and me crawlin' off on the
mission to back in the
days
When niggas was bailin' with sawed-offs and wanted to
get paid
Runnin' to my side, lil' nigga, Ripsta, both on the
mission for money
You give u the cash, oh, that was your ass
Cause me and me nigga was hungary
And bitch, if you're stallin' you might just catch one to
the temple
And um, Bone raw doggin', so nigga just make tha shit
simple and run
To catch one nigga me fill 'em with bullets and dump
'em in rivers
Remember, me killa now
For money, me dig ya six feet in a ditch and get richer
Cause bitch you were slippin'
I'll cut ya, then rip ya, then buck ya down
Steady rodin' and stealin' makin' a killin'
Nigga drugdealin', needin a million
Hustlin' drugs when the thugs be chillin'
For the money, these niggas be sellin' off in the cut
Where you find a nigga thuggin' off in braids and
skullies
And when I stick ya and lick ya, remember
I get 'em up for the love of the money
For the love of money

Yeah, Bone in the muthafuckin' house for the nine-
quats nigga
Yeah, rollin' with Ruthless records in this bitch
My niggas, Layzie Bone, Bizzy Bine, Wish Bone, And
Flesh-n-Bone
And I'm that nigga, Krayzie Bone, in the muthafuckin'
house

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