

Beyonce

"Money or Love"

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INTRO

Is he, is he wild? Yes he, yes he is
Is he, is he wild? Yes he, yes he is
Is he, is he wild? Yes he, yes he is
Over here
Let me tell it for a minute
Back at you now
Yo

Dollar, dollar bill y'all
Are these the hardest shoes to fill y'all
Take it in, as far as money's concerned, I'mma break it
in
Your golden glove too stiff player? Break it in
Never heard of surplus, the way we touch
Was like two, two gets this busy this much
Severed all my ties and burnt all my bridges
With the art of being broke, leaving y'all folks
suspicious
Like who's that? Cool cat move back
Y'all focus on one's, I'll let twos stack
I'mma prove that, the funk run in my veins
And finance run in my brain, so they one in the same
My definition is success, keep 'em running from my
reign
Acid, it's classic, stresses of the game
Moving past it, save it for drastic measures
Turn the common paper chaser seeking plastic
pleasures
Smart card, my heart bogs to define pressure
The lowest I go is 50/50 split no lesser
Ride with me man, while we conquer this Earth
Squeezing pennies out this thing called rap for what it's
worth
I'mma still get by

CHORUS (R&B singer)

The worst will bet ya, is this money or love
Wild bout will get ya, is this money or love

Yo, I'll keep my change over there, see it?

Never touch it, besides my maffy(?) he play the
crutches
Ever since I got the know how, sugar
No change for ya, I'll throw this brain to ya
before I feel some shame for ya
And breakdown 'fess up, feel some pain for ya
A mile in my shoes will prove this ain't strange to ya
I see my world through the eyes of envious
First question, can he bust? Fo' sure I can
Bet my {motherfuckin} last penny know I can
Y'all {niggaz} know it the way y'all hold mic stands
Still do it for the love, my {niggaz} stay above
Sea level, feeling the highs like treble
Even if the rule is fight fair, embezel
And rock at navy blue six, no time to revel
In light of their riches, still hitting switches
Before you throw your criticism, wash your dishes
The black magic rap lady go me spittin' vicious
Swimming with sharks, hitting the charts, mind your
business
I got to go

CHORUS X2

Every now and then I'm looking at my pen
Thinking are we really friends, or
Or am I just {fucked} up something like pretend
Would I hold my honey tighter even if she had no ends
Or turn the {bitch} out and cop a 600 Benz, oh lord
** silent line **
Shake her ass worldwide and throw the cheese to me
From ho to housewife, satisfy my needs
She'll do wonders for my hunger, while massaging my
greed
Ya HEARD me?
We bring every last John to his bloody knees
While she wax off, I get my wax on
Ya Hot 97 and your Power 106
Peep my property and throw Saukrates these chips
I got to go

CHORUS X4

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