

Balaam And The Angel

"6 Figures And Up"

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"Money money money money, c'mon y'all.." -> repeat
4X

[D-Wyze]

Wait a minute I got you, now let D-Wyze rock you
At a party all night, I make the bitches go crazy right
I got the rhymes to make the niggaz roll up the blunts -
tight
You can't hit what you can't see
It's me - D the barber, MC
Hard hittin to represent the hell where I'm from
I get live like a forty-five pumpin straight out Oakland
I'm nasty - like snot check the fifty-fifth block
Where all around the city, every kid got a glock
But tell me shorty, sittin on the porch with a 40
I gotta find a way to make the money (bang - money)
A fast lick, and I gotta do the shit quick
Call up my nucca DJ, the latin Joe Quixx
So tell me brother - I need six figures and up
I've been workin nine to five, and I'm shit outta luck
My wife is gonna leave me cause my pockets ain't fat
I never break myself for a bitch again so FUCK THAT
.. it's time to go for self, no frontin
There's no cash in my register, and my shop is always
open
Linked up with Sway back in 1988
Ninety-four I'm Under Madness and I just can't wait, so
uhh
Tie up your Timb boots, and rustle up a few troops
All City's got flavor and yes, I'm the bad scoop
for ME, D-Wyze the habitual liar
If my records don't sell, my crew'll set me on fire
I need six figures and up..

[Chorus]

"Money money money money, c'mon y'all.." -> repeat
7X

"I get money - money I got" -> Audio Two

[E-Vocalist]

Whether East or Westbound when I step through your

town

Like sixteen ounces I get a pound
Niggaz know I'm down and don't fuck around plus I
carry the sound, like feces in a baby's diaper
Packin weed inside of my harris(?) tweed sniper
I'm the type of, nigga that's determined
For the cash, turn my ass green like Erick Sermon
I take cash out to play at a church sermon
Eyes burnin, cause I'm up on tour
I need dough for the show, and ten percent off the
door
Before; steppin to hoes was a gamble
Now I got cash they wanna talk like Tevin Campbell
I got game like Payton, at Lambeaux
Break like eggs and I'll leave your brains scrambled
The don, layin your girl like a futon
Tossed her like a salad then squashed it like a cruton
Only my folks respond when I male bond
And duck-ass niggaz, waddle back to your pond
Sway provides the shot like a pump
Ninety-four's my year to come up like Donald Trump

[Chorus]

[D-Wyze]

Now that we're pumpin six figures and up
A lot of suckers always front that we made it by luck,
but listen
Every rapper got the spunk when it comes for the
.. "money money money money, c'mon y'all" - it's true
The Brothas from the All City group
Priority's the label, that keeps my pockets stable
Now, D-Wyze the mic stalker
I'm in control of my goal so I'll, skip the barber
I'll, save it, put it in my pocket for later
Daps if you're my troop maybe I'll fade that ass later
but still, I gotta have the top dollar bill or buck
I need six figures and up

[E-Vocalist]

Not two, not three, not four, not five
Six figures and up, is what I need to survive
Never hung with a crew, cause niggaz change like ya
climate
Spent most of my time in solitary, confinement
Back in eighty-nine I wrote rhymes on the down low
Now I feel verbal to heat the world like Chernobyl
Niggaz know my name throughout the universe
I bust rhymes like a nine to watch your whole crew
disperse
As my name blooms it's safe to assume

I'm in the back room, puffin on blunts like a vacuum
Consume, the boom puts my mind in tune
and pretty soon, niggaz on my nuts like Fruit of the
Loom
This is to whom it may concern
Mics are burned so the cash that I get is earned

[Chorus] - {*last line echoes out before finishing*}

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