

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"Foe tha Love of"

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For the love of money.
Gotta make that money, man.
That money, man.
It's still the same, now.

Flesh:

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
nighttime. Gotta get mine,
ain't takin' no shorts or no losses. Hop on the phone,
callin' my nigga, Sin, at home, polishin' the MAC-10
chrome. Gotta lick
we can hit, so bring your shit, 'cause once again, it's
on. To the dome with a fifth of (burb), my wig to the
curb, so we swerve
and rolled out to pick up the triple-six thug and follow
the murder for robbin' the dopehouse. 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 kabloom, 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
nine-quat, 'cause
Flesh be lovin' this money, this money.

Layzie:

I'm givin' up 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 my
crime, and I hit
up the nine nine, givin' up that 1lello, makin' me sale--
twenties, nickels 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 'til 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 business on, even
though the buddah run me, stun me, feelin' lovely, but
I'm just in it for the
love of the money.

For the love of money.
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Eazy-E:
Standin' on the corner, straight slangin' rocks. Aw, shit!
Here comes the muthafuckin' cops, so I dash, I duck,
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.
Eazy-muthafuckin'-E or Eric Wright it's all the same.
Now, niggas might trip on how I stacks my grip. I gotta
have it, bitch.
for the love of this shit. Muthafucka!

Gotta make that money, man.
That money, man.
It's still the same, now.

Bizzy:
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 I'm makin'
me grip with a
me click, rollin' with Ruthless, the thug I be. Me put 'em
in mud, buck 'em, and pump blood. Got nothin' to lose,
bitch. Ya
better respect Rip, or ya best just 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' thangs wild. And follow me now, while I
take ya 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.

Krayzie:

Nigga down for my thang off in this thug 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 up the cash, oh, that was your ass,
'cause me and my nigga was hungry. And, bitch, if
you're stallin', you
might just catch one to the temple, and um, Bone raw
doggin', so nigga just make this 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 robbin' 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 money.

For the love of money.

Krayzie:

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

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