

Bone Thugs N Harmony

"For 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

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