

## **Busta Rhymes**

# **"Things We Be Doin' For Money"**

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[rampage]:

Yo, it's 3:25 in the morning  
My baby mom still yawning  
Kiss my little daughter on the forehead  
'nuf said, beeper goes off  
Five hundred, it's busta bust  
In God we trust another one bites the dust  
[busta]:

Hey ramp, fuck that!  
I was 'bout to see this cat  
Some niggas pulled up in a black suburban jumped out  
the back  
Tried to put it on me while we fighting over the gat  
The way them niggas tried to play me son, them  
niggas is wack  
Aeiyo, ramp, yo, you know it's only right to react  
Call the whole squad, let's lay these niggas down - face  
flat  
Aeiyo, bust, chill, calm down  
I'll be there in twenty minutes  
Uptown 1-51 at st. nick  
I'm there quick  
I tell my baby mom I got's to go  
I walked out the do' then grabbed the two nines out the  
flo'  
Driving through south, yo, we takin' niggas war  
Still on the run  
Always running for cover when it's necessary  
I'm out numbered for now  
But all that shit is temporary  
Fuck with the wrong klik, the way we get down  
If your violatin', leavin you lost, you never be found  
Number whatever on missing persons  
Any minute them niggas gon' feel blast of my squads  
gats bursting  
I through the tri-borough bridge  
In my fat land with my two nines and my mans  
I'ma second from the spot  
I cross the street from the parking lot  
My trigger finger is hot

I'm seeing bust in a phone booth  
Niggas on the roofs  
Spiff star is in the range  
The atmosphere change  
Lord's in the forerunner with machine guns, big ones  
Now we 'bout to have mad fun  
Me and the whole squad meet up,  
Know shit about to heat up  
Went the whole entire street up  
Blast from the car seat-er  
My enemies wouldn't even wanna be you  
I see you, hunting me down  
I knowing that my crew arrive

We gon' see who be the last alive  
While we creep all over the place  
Looking for space  
In case, see him, rinse my whole clip up in his face  
As my squad hold they post down  
We patiently waiting for them to pass through  
Carefully timing the way we put it on their whole crew  
Aeiyo, bust give me the queue  
I'm here for you, close to you  
Blood in and blood out  
We goin' all out, bullets just ringing out  
Guns is just spraying out  
Yo bust, hit the dirt layflat  
You my nigga to the end I gotcha back  
Turn around quick  
Oh shit!  
You started blasting, grazed me on the hip  
Lord have mercy dumped five on a nigga  
Suck his whole shit, his whole crew busting  
Shit ain't going according to plan  
Goddamn, my shit jam  
Nigga standing right behind me  
I think I'm caught up on a creep  
I think I need to prayer to lord, my soul to keep  
Dis nigga about to fry my head  
My crew burst into a rage  
Spliff lifted this nigga, putting two inside his rib cage  
Yo, rampage  
Aeiyo, I see them niggas coming, now I'm dumbing  
We dead three niggas already the next two we leaving  
bloody  
So much drama over this fucking money  
The way this situation end it wasn't even funny  
Trying to rob this nigga because I was fucking hungry  
But if you try to test let's blast a nigga in a hurry  
Me and my squad bounce and left the fucking scene  
ugly

[anthony hamilton & the chosen generation]:

Things we be doin' for money  
Livin' in the street when you're hungry  
The way you start to live it ain't funny, no, no  
Living day to day but don't live for tomorrow  
Things we be doin' for money  
Livin' in the street when you're hungry  
The way you start to live it ain't funny, no, no  
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