

Cassia Eller

"Money Money"

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Money, money, money, money
The price extra low
Money, money, money, money
This is moving extra slow
Money, money, money, money
So I'm about to let you know
What people do for the money
Money, money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money, money
Money, money, money, money, money
Money
What people do for the money

First it was hard to rob a bank
But easy to rob a bull
Making the withdraw
As soon as he come outside the bank
What people do for the money
It leave you traumatized
Little dudes still in middle school committing homicide
Instead of rumble they a blast gas
Instead of struggle they arrive behind the bundle when
they ass crash
Chicks are stripping
Get their ass smacked
Do splits
Do tricks
On the pole
And make the ass clap
Cats bag crack
Your dad checks in cash that
Risk having the feds on him
Just to have some bread on him
It ain't no telling
What the felon did
Instead of jail
Niggers would tell the pigs
On their own relatives
Real rack
Grind work
Got my mind worked

I sell coke to a smoker
That stole the money out the mom's purse
Before I go broke
I commit a crime first
To get a dollar
You do what you got to do
Money
...

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Niggers would kill their own men
Just to get the...
To get the paper for the porsche
And go skip them with that
Bitches will suck the whole thing
For a do bag
Look at the elders in the hood
Yea, they all sad
Look at the young one in the hood
Yea, they all mad
I'm looking for a spot
Take a g off that
You'll come around here front
Nigger we off that
They kill broad day
For some bullshit change
Niggers that get it in for a bullshit chain
Tired of the clothes with the bullshit stains
Niggers a put a bullet in you bullshit brain
Dope heads running for the h and they chain
Selling the kids shit
And whatever for the pain
I know what a student
Would they want cocaine
Under the black cloud
But we all seen the change
The demons that chase you
For a green piece of paper

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The weighing
The rocks
Those things lean off doo
Get the green
Get the m16 to you tooth
The cream
Get the triple beam for the coop
For nightmare
You had bad dreams when you grew
I keep a raisin and a laser beam on the toast
Making a murder scene
And your spleen can get poof
Niggers that take your life for some green
They get smoked for
A little bit of purple
My low niggers will murk you
Six feet dirt shit
Pawn box turn shit
Then kill your brothers
And your mother that burped you
My life's like a movie
No commercials
That's why a line I rhyme is controversial
Yea, to get that chick
The niggers will try to earth you
You going to need that bitch in the hospital
To nurse you
Time's money
They say patience is a virtue
But to get the dollar
You do what you got to do

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