

# Do Or Die "Money Flow"

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**(feat. Tung Twista)**

Now for some typical reason  
I'm rollin up some hoes, and pattin my back seat, hah  
My pimpin lyrical tactics, is like a dirty kid flippin on a  
mattress  
Now flex this

*[Verse One: Tung Twista]*

Now I just be  
On the front porch, with a torch, ready to scorch  
Two women peepin me cause really I'm gone  
In the zone they havin thoughts of freakin me  
Keepin me company bumpin me for the privacy I'm on  
They can see I'm a cool muhfucka kickin the petty  
Down with a tango on my razor fade  
Peanut butter complexion to silly processions  
Of bitties a fifty sack got some reefers and a razor  
blade  
Like a game of Spades, crack the bullshit  
These days was made for me to devise strictly games  
that paid  
Women freakin me greedy lickin me doin body graffiti  
Throwin they panties up on the stage, are you up on the  
age?  
Two players in the Chi, you're thinkin Do Or Die  
You and I can be naked cause I'm the love that you've  
been thinkin of  
The style of flow is a vocal calico  
To show you with the mic I be speakin love, what's the  
words, weak and numb  
Go to my crib, no need to bring a mask and glock  
Try not to pass the block, gettin more hot than the  
astronauts  
Sippin After Shock  
I ball cause I see you all on Rap-a-Lot  
Let's get parley and then crack the spot  
Plenty Henny for my crew and I ain't even broke up half  
a knot  
Keep on holdin me while I roll to be we can smoke or  
ride

And you can play with me to keep the passion hot  
Don't you know how the money flow

*[Chorus:]*

Don't you know, how the money flow  
Don't you know, how the money flow

*[Verse Two: Belo]*

Mmmm, now they peep a brother Rolex  
Try and get race car, heavy on the skin tech  
Money clean like Windex  
Givin up the ave like a brother gonna pass, but the hoe  
check  
Hoe flex I'm on the avenue, lay it back sip a half a brew  
So I see if I can have a fruit  
A peep show like the hoe when she thinkin bout me  
havin you  
She laughin too, and pass a few, beads around  
Smokin trees till the leaves come down  
She be clothed ain't a skeezer now, show em the paper  
That be caught up at your crib with your pantses down  
But money maker want a triple take  
Look at the nigga with the endless dividends of  
heavyweight  
See him ridin in the C-A, D-I, double-L, A-C  
Always checkin paper in tall ways  
Pull em off the sprawlways  
Herd a couple hoes in clothes and I'm supposed to be  
all day  
Parley parley, dog that's how the money flow

*[Chorus:]*

Don't you know, how the money flow  
Don't you know, how we do it in the 'O  
Don't you know

*[Verse Three: AK-47]*

Bend the block with the indo, blowin out my window  
Rolex on my side do', lean back in the slow flow  
Gettin paid as the night go  
I see some fly hoe, tell me where you crib at  
Where's the place that you live at?  
Hit you on the phone till you be all alone  
So we can get it on baby just kick back  
Swiggin brews and Perrier  
Thick chick with a booty like a plizayer do  
AK (to where) to the pen

And to tell all my niggaz to keep it strong  
They ain't got long (to what) to see  
Where the niggaz is kick it where a nigga kick it  
Go where I go Cadillac to the show  
Po Pimp fuck the dough hit the stage and become  
wicked  
Get the money and ride out, go back to the hideout  
Take a woman to the bed and spread them thighs out  
I'ma pull my surprise out  
Then my boys was flyin out, but two girls were chasin  
Deep in Chicago, been doin this since the nine-oh  
Comin up put a number on fryin hoes  
Let the money flow

*[Chorus:]*

Don't you know, how the money flow  
Don't you know, how the money flow  
Don't you know, how the money flow  
Don't you know, how we do it in the 'O

*[Verse Four: Nard]*

Now for some typical reason I'm rollin up with a hoe  
And I'm pattin my back seat  
I pimp lyrical tactics like a dirty kid flippin on a mat  
Never could I come flexless, when I wreck shit  
Then be dip through the Chi and enjoy my Lexus  
Better blow when you bob your head, to the fed shit  
Why you waitin for the next kid, motherfucker  
Makin money just wanted to take a little get the dick  
wet  
Get my girl in bed  
Spend my money in the Southern, motherfuckers  
That's thuggerin, but I'ma come from the heart for start  
To stop all the niggaz the bigger the trigger the larger  
the dividends  
Pimpin and paperin leavin sugar in  
Till money flow like a dreamland  
But really though, could you tell me how the money  
flow?

*[Chorus:]*

Don't you know, how the money flow  
Don't you know, how we do it in the 'O  
Don't you know, how the money flow  
Don't you know, how we do it in the 'O

