

Blackfoot

"Money"

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Cydal!
One Step Beyond.
Cydal!
One Step Beyond.
Cydal!

Chorus

Money!
(Money found, but broke right now, this Cydal, Mobb.)
Is my everything!
(Money found, but broke right now, this Cydal, Mobb.)
Money!
Ohhoohhh.
(Money found, but broke right now, this Cydal Mobb.)
Is my everything!

Verse 1 *(Mr. Eklipze of Cydal)*

Time is simply passin
got me diggin dead Presidents up
livin corrupted
so fuck it, there's forfittin
juss more grippin, how to trap it
no cops attracted
never fuckin wit telecommunications
so they can't tap it
no fingerprints
no balistics juss tryin to trace on
game laced on drug free zones
thugs be on
some hot power
rifle tower to rip yo head off
for bread or soak in a puddle of brokenness and stress.

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth of the Luniz)*

Now.
Who wanna test the "Champion" like Buju Banton?
Plan to leave very few standin when you hand that
cannon to me

been in Dangerous Music like Bohannon
What you mean souljah?!
Ya betta off drinkin King Cobra
went to clean over there on 8-8
fo tryin ta playa hate
the straight laced Triple Gold
break, break gripple holds
I told
that bitch like Joe
ya bitch
lil bitch
lil, lil bitch
lil bitch!!

Verse 3 *(Numskull of the Luniz)*

I need to stop fuckin bitches for points
drinkin loochie
coochie juss ain't my thang now
hoes in all 50 states got AIDS now
I ain't fuckin wit nothin that's gon' show stop
money is the root to all evil so I need that to begin
Spend money on hoochies?
Yeah right mutha fucka!
Splittin pussies for free
bitch, juss to say I'm me
be the one stackin
I'm backpackin it to school
What you thought?
That I would play the fool?
Bitch I need money!

(Chorus)

Verse 4 *(Dru Down)*

Been in an out of traffic
hella long since I seen a mattress
knots don't stop on the turf
wearin some 5's, Nike's and a T-Shirt
little G
became to be a shark (What?!)
Won't let you fuck wit me
specialize into that greenery
meanin to do
whatever the fuck I wanna do
even if it means settin up shop by a pre-school
(Progress)
have them bustas waitin to plot an plan
(Money)
hangin out the window, bustin pumps wit Tech's.

Verse 5 *(T-Luni of Cydal)*

Raised how it sounds
for every portion
every fortune
believe a nigga needed some thousands
proceed
juss smokin weed an pullin G's runnin from housin
you thought of consequences
when the coppas visit
got me hoppin fences
droppin rocks, but I'm survivin from these snitches
and ain't no coppin knots, juss coppin Yola
youngsta caught up in that street life
700 block of soldiers
but I'm surrounded in this world
where I'm loved by many
and hated by few
respected by ya'll
an those that don't they can fall.

(Chorus) 2x

Money.
One Step Beyond.

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