

Blaze ya Dead Homie "Monay"

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[King T]

I never wanted to work for muthafuckas
That told me what to do, so I did my own thing
Sometimes shit got thick, but I made it through
Now I'm stackin chips everytime the phone ring
I'm in a world of liars and carnivores
Caught between fires, dope dealin suppliers
But I must maintain, think on a level much higher
This shit ain't worth a 25 to lifer
People always askin me how I made it in this trade
Papparazzi got my biz front page
Well, all I gotta say is it's a good livin'
Beside cars and women this shit gets the bills paid

[CHORUS]

(People of the world, what we're livin for?)
That money (money) fast money (money) yeah
(People of the world, what we're dyin for?)
That money (money) fast money (money) yeah
(Everybody's goin crazy for)
That money (money) fast money (money) yeah
(Fuckin with your head, I can get some of yo)
Money (money) cash money (money) yeah

[Dr. Dre]

How many niggas can say they got they own
Got they shit together, got a a nice stash to do
whatever
Ah, you're sittin at home, hatin on the next man
That's makin cheddar, tryin to get his shit together
I dreamed of hittin licks when I first got in the mix
Way back when DJ's was heavy in the crates for breaks
And ain't a damn thing changed
But me movin out the firin range to a plushed out
estate
Small technicalities y'all heard for years
Niggas with the problems always out to battle me
But I gets my swerve on, don't give a fuck
It's just a nigga talkin shit about his bullshit salary

[CHORUS]

[King T]

Since talk is extra it's cut short like Webster's
Show me the money or invest this
I'm street smart, fuck a lecture
Messin with mine'll get you put on a stretcher
Lock your jaw like a pitbull apply the pressure
Straight bout it, buildin ideas with self-made
millionaires
To get the dancefloors crowded
Hah, how's that black, limousine pull up on the scene
Ladies clean, deja-vu's of a wet dream
I got enough cream to cater women
For any chick that can fade me more than Henny
Plus the remedy to make that hard shit
At the end of each quarter I'm reapin the largeset
harvest
If I ain't in L.A. sippin Alizã©
Plottin how to make a meal ticket in a day
All I gotta say it's a good livin
Besides cars and women this shit gets the bills paid

[CHORUS 2X]

The root of all evil
And I got a gang of that shit
Whaaaat!

(Money makes the world go round
Money makes the world go round)

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