

## Exhumation

### "For The Money"

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Ladies and gentlemen, flight 1-0 from LAX is now arriving into JFK International.

[ODB talking]  
What? What? (...?... ) about that money, nigga.  
How many, hey yo, how many niggas is really making money now,  
now what I'm saying?  
This 98, I'ma tell y'all cats somethin.  
This is the year of do it, or don't.  
If you gon do it, you better roll on with this crew cat,  
juggyyyyy!!!!

[Mack 10] (ODB)  
People call me crazy, but that's alright with me (It's alright!)  
They ask me why I'm hustlin, (We hustlin!) I say for the money (Yeah!)  
I duck down with Buckshot, Hoo Bang with Wu-Tang (Oooooo!)  
Won't hesiate to slang, so money ain't a thang (Ahhhhh!)  
Called Buck and Dirty, asked em what they need  
They said send me two thangs and some LA weed  
So my belief is fuck the beef, all money the same  
And when I get to New York, I'ma show you the whoop game  
I make a bitch stay down, cuz I'm that type of guy  
Put the work on the Greyhound and fly to the NY  
Hit the east coast with a pocket fulla cheddar  
Tan khakis on with a thick red sweater (Oh yeah!)  
They see me with some hoes, couldn't be better timing  
Cuz though a nigga g'd up, I got on big diamonds, so nigga what?  
(Tell it to em cat!)

[Hook] [Mack 10] (ODB)  
People call me crazy, but that's alright with me  
They ask me why I'm hustlin, I say for the money  
(Yo, I am comin over, to your spot tonight

I promise you my baby, that I'm gon do you right!)

[Buckshot] (ODB) {Mack 10}

Through the gusty wind, I roll with fifty men  
Ready to get nifty and shifty and low  
So what's the movements, yo? Let me know  
Cuz when I come for motherfuckers, I'm comin for  
throats  
It was sad I bled, but the red in my eyes shed  
Light on the dark, I led the blind in sight  
Now I got all of them inside  
It's the reason why I do this, and I night ride  
(For the moneyyyyyy!!!!!!)  
If you and a nigga outside, say the word  
And I'm a spruge with my flight team soarin like birds  
Missed it on the Friday with my nigga Cube  
But the bomb blew Saturday when Mack lit the fuse  
Who other than Buckshot come pick up the pieces  
And straighten niggas out like creases  
{Speak on it} Yeah nigga  
(It's for the moneyyyyyy!!!!!!)  
Buckshot, ODB, Mack 10, back at it again

[Hook]

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Hey yo, most of you know me, some of you don't  
When it comes to challengin, none of you won't  
Arrange this battle to improve your style  
It's a brother with a totally different profile  
Most of you play cold front in your face  
Hesitatin on the rhymes, shoulda been Memorex  
But, you forgot, you's an amatuer  
Mystery worshipper, yo I prefer  
I mind you, tease you, who's the boss?  
Sucka amneisa, memory loss, wellllll  
Hit this, just quiet as kept  
Mmmmm C's on the charts from the start had slept  
Leeeeet's take them, wake them  
You should be woke  
Cuz you take MC'in for a practical joke, Hmmmmm  
I present myself to be a similar nightmare of an  
Amazing Story

[Hook]

[ODB talking]

Yo, you ain't hearin nothing but a drop of the dime.  
Know what I'm saying?  
To all my dogs, I wanna give a shout out.  
You got my nigga, Mack 10.

You got my nigga, Buckshot shorty.  
And you got the one, dirt dog.  
Know what I'm saying?  
And we gon do it like sweat hogs, my nigga.  
This how we get down!

[Mack 10 talking]  
People call me crazy, but that's alright with me  
They ask me why I'm hustlin, I say for the money  
Haha, Hoo Bangin records, pushin weight in 98.  
Cookin nothing but the bomb.  
You know what I'm sayin?  
Cuz we got the Recipe, fo sho!

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