

## Blumfeld

### "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 forfeitin  
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 brokeness 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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