

Flickerstick

"It'z All About That Money"

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[Intro - Daz]

Man, nigga (?) is tore up, knahmsayin?
Shh, hop in the car, yo-yo-yo turn that music down
Yeah-yeah, y'knahmsayin?
Let's jack these niggaz for what they got, knahmsayin?
Heard these niggaz got some big paper on them
Dope sacks and all that shit
Get the gauge nigga, c'mon, let's go, we out!

[Daz]

It's another bad day in the hood
My clientele's doin small, my profits ain't nuttin good
Hit a couple licks (hit 'em up!) in a matter of seconds
we rich
Now it's all about kimo bricks, and fresh toxics to get is
in the mix
It ain't hard to tell my clientele by makin mayor
but fuck the cops and these feds tryin to take this rack
to jail
Hop the gate (hit 'em up!) to get away, this pack ain't
gon' catch us
and a undercover G, ahh, our plates is from Texas
Got the bombers, fuck the moto that niggaz never
smoke
Got the weed that when you take a tote you gonna
choke
Out of town, we put it down in a major way
Never knew or had a clue that we could make some
major pay
Load up by Rucker's
gettin step and never know who gon' get shady doin
business
So we never slept in powder box and hot, snitches
and fiends, and cops, makin niggaz shit hot, so we
relocate the spot
We got some bitches doin dirty work, outta down (?)
the work
Come back wit our bread, break a nigga or some hands
(BIATCH!)
That's the way I love it, you know I love that shit
The way I fucks a bitch and clock the green

[sung] Because it's all about the money man
[Daz] You can't get nuttin without it
[sung] It's all about the money, money, money, money
[Daz] That's what the ballers got
[sung] Said it's all about the money man
[Daz] Yeah, yeah, yeah
[sung] Said it's all about the money, money, money,
money
[Daz] Cash dollar
[sung] Said it's all about the money man
[Daz] You can't get nuttin without it
[sung] Said it's all about the money, money, money,
money
[Daz] Get it, get it, get it
[sung] Said it's all about the money man
[Daz] Aww
[sung] Said it's all about the money, money, money,
money
[Daz] Run it, run it, run it

[Daz]
Fresh broads and five hundred thousand dollars
homes
and mobile phones (yeah!) better play the coke
Smokin weed by the zones (the pound)
Got a down ass bitch to help me get through shit
When times get rough at times you know you can't trust
no bitch
Keep my eye for them high, and a motherfucker tune it
out
Zulu's out, livin life homey, that's what it's all about
Bustin niggaz, dustin niggaz, fo' all out, respect
Sprayin niggaz down wit the tec, aww shit
Maintainin bangin me mad, still I do my thang
Fly my niggaz in stadium style, from the gang
Three-fifty-seven's, forty-fives, get the party live
Get the dumpin the niggaz that runnin for they lives
(FUCKER!) Me and my potnahs in the town, slang dick
deep
Through twenty pieces, quarter pound to support the
kings
Whatchu need is what we got
from the break you diss me to your favorite block
We be settin up shottin what's mine, tec wit a glock
To let you know, motherfucker that it don't stop
Makin bills for a quarter mill', this life we live is way to
real
From hustin rock to fuckin bitches that's top knotch
(biatch!)
This fast life made Shaq crazy, at actin outta control

To let you know-know what the fuck we rollin, ganja,
ganja rolls
Swoopin through the streets to let you motherfuckers
know (know) ..

[sung] .. that it's all about the money man
[Daz] Can't do nuttin without it
[sung] It's all about the money, money, money, money
[Daz] Yeah (??)
[sung] Said it's all about the money man
[Daz] Can't be cheap
[sung] Said it's all about the money, money, money,
money
[Daz] Yeah, yeah, yeah
[sung] Said it's all about the money man
[Daz] Money, money, cash money
[sung] Said it's all about the money, money, money,
money
[Daz] Cash scrilla
[sung] Said it's all about the money man
[Daz] Can't be cheap
[sung] Said it's all about the money, money, money,
money
[Daz] Money, money

[Outro - Daz]
Yeah, keep your motherfuckin head up and watch yo'
back
Cause everywhere you go some nigga out there tryin
to, jack on yo' ass
Y'knaht'msayin? Ain't nuttin nice about these streets,
y'knaht'msayin?
Every G out there for they selves, that's how it goes
down, y'know?
So y'all check game, peep game so y'all understand
It's all about that money mayn, that cheddar
y'knaht'msayin?
Fuck these sucker ass niggaz out there my nigga!

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