

Flipmode Squad "Money Talks"

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Yeah , see , see , nowadays , young niggas get allot of money

See, the fact is that young niggas, is self employed, now

We livin' in a time-frame, where it's all big business

We gotta understand that the young niggas, is runnin' big business

This is how we gon do it, check it out

Before I sing another song, ha

Nigga, owe me money, I take away your belonging, ha

No prolonging, hoo

'Till you give me my money you see me every mornin',

ha

Got somethin' wicked for all the niggas, you callin', ha

Fuck with the stallin', ha

Split a nigga, till his shit, leave him a little boy, hoo

Watch a nigga, crawlin', ha

Pay my money or you better keep, you hall in, ha

Dig up, on my, get money, niggas, so keep fallin', ha

Cheers makin' you happy, keepin' your bubble pourin',

ha

Gettin' money on corners or even if you tourin', hoo

Older cats used to do the big money, scorin'

Now they, once upon time, money, niggas who start

fallin', hoo

Niggas, wanna analyze my money like a hawk

Money talks, bullshit won't

A lotta' jealous niggas, wanna see me outlined in chalk

Money talks, bullshit won't

Flipmode, get money, stay holdin' down the fort

Money talks, bullshit won't

Bless every livin' soul, we got playin' the money sport

Money talks, bullshit won't

I work so hard to get what I got, number one spot

Now, I'm hot, hot, hot

(What?, What?)

I'm hot, hot, hot

What?, What?

I'm hot, hot, hot, yeah

Mansion and a yacht, Baby Blue Nav in the lot
Ice on my hands, I got future plans, travelin' to distant
lands

A hundred G', cash, money comin' out my ass, first to
first class

Now, I'm a rap nigga, livin' like fast

Keep my enemies close, watch what I gross

That's why I pack my toast, nowadays cats, adios, uno,
dos

You fall off and you can't come back

You get the hit single, your album sound, wack

I give you the leeway, you sound like us, rock like us

Squad like us, yeah

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Niggas killin' me, talkin' that, 'hope you don't change',
shit

Hell, yeah, bitch, from the door, I get on some mad
gear, shit

Type Vibe, carry studs in my ear, shit

Who the fuck type 'yellin'?, Say 'crud sellin'

Ain't said, 'Hi', in years think I'ma pay they bail and

The nine-eight, people get this right

I be a diamond in the rough like the Arabian night

Goin' after, ends only keepin' friends

Makin' they own moves, drivin' their own Benz

I'm supposed to change, you just didn't

Stuck in low income homes, blamin' Clinton

Bitch like me, gon rock till my last batch of breath

With a grade full of ascap checks

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Money talks, bullshit won't

A lotta' jealous niggas, wanna see me outlined in chalk

Money talks, bullshit won't

Flipmode, get money, stay holdin' down the fort

Money talks, bullshit won't
Bless every livin' soul, we got playin' the money sport
Money talks, bullshit won't
Corporate niggas want my money, gotta take me to
court

Yo, Spliff doin things, pursuin' things, I'm gettin' money
Chop the hand of the man, who try to take from me
My guns go 'pow' from Brook to Moscow
Tear a hole in your biddad for messin' wit my triddad
Stack ones into lump sums, you know the motto
See me on your block with black rob throwin' bottles

I'ma hard act to follow, love girls that swallow
So crazy, I don't know where I'ma be at tomorrow
Yeah, I heard that money talks, so I wrote this
commentary
Every move that I make for sure is monetary
Our squad, legendary, I'ma bump it, till you hear me
Spliff, doin' love scenes on big screens with Halle Berry

See, it's a serious, serious, serious thing, now
Big business, allows young niggas, to comfortably eat
Every motherfucking day, now, hee hee, aight
Struggle process is now kept to a minimum, hee hee

Yeah, I think I'm about to go buy me a couple of
motherfucking
Sneakers, a couple bags of weed, a motherfucking,
500s-98cl, version
And a couple of bitches, ah ha ha

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