

G. Dep**"If You Want This Money"**

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You are now entering a Bad Boy zone (3x)
Yeah!

[Morock]This is for the niggas who ain't got shit to love
I cripple thugs, just because
You not Jada but you could, kiss the slugs
Until your place hit up
Rap niggas in the studio, wasting bucks
You're better off making sure papi know your name
well
Guess who ghostwrite for me, my brain sails/sells
Now believe it, better place checks
Bad Boy, big things nigga, HF

[Classy Freddie Blassy]I put it down for mine, my crew
live a life of crime
Constantly non-stop, when they on the climb
And BK, no such thing, it's dark
The sun go down, the tool start to spark
Outline in chalk, moms lift the part
Cases handle in the street, motherfuck the court
Shouldn't talk the talk, you can't walk the walk
It's The Hoodfellaz, what the fuck y'all thought?

[G. Dep - Chorus]Now if you want this money baby
Then I guess you in the right place
And if your mind ain't right sugar
Then you need to get up outta my face
So what's the deal?
Cant' ya see how a nigga feel?
And let me know if you gon' ride tonight
Cause this paper we makin' is real, all day

[Verse]It's like that y'all (that y'all)
Don't get it twisted with the rap y'all (rap y'all)
Still walk around with the gat y'all (gat y'all)
Don't make me have to point it at y'all (at y'all)
And clap y'all (clap y'all)
That's how I see things goin'

Chains showin', rings glowin', Range Rovin'

And my nigga push ki's like Beethoven
It's gonna stay like that till the pearly gates open

[P. Diddy]And here we go {overlaps Verse's last line}
Aiiyo, let's get it where it needs to be
Tuned in to the, P-the-D, please believe
I told y'all it's on for life
The only bars I ever be behind is the one's I co-write
Hold it down, hold the crown
What I gotta brag for? Y'all should know by now
Cats talk this and that, so we rip the track
This a fact, it's a wrap, uh!

(Chorus)

[G. Dep]Yo, yo
Niggas mad at the fact we bad
Man I won't stop like a New York taxicab
If your shit wack, we burn
If you got beef, we come back like a tax return
We get money, hold money, no quotas
We gon' fuck around and do this murder, no motive
Aiiyo, I burn more
Wait till I drop it, then you can learn more (Why?)
Cause you a turn-off

[Poppa Sims]Numb in my veins
And bought enough to numbin' the brain
Lovin' the brain, let a slob till it's come and arrange
Strollin' the block, honey holdin' the glock
1-9, come on baby, it's crunch time
In a truck blue, yellin' my fuck you's
Doin' a buck-2, circle hoods like Doug Ghoul's
Huggin' the piece, ha ha, Sim is the word on the street
Come on, I can make dessert outta beef

(Chorus - till fade)

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