

Game "Money"

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[The Game]

Kanye told me that "Jesus Walks" in '04
But I grew up around Impala's and drug lords
Welcome to Los Angeles, palm trees and drug stores
All we know is rocks and presidents like Mount
Rushmore
Fuck the police, they hop out and bust doors
I ain't goin' back to jail, nigga that's what I flush for
My money or my glock, who do I trust more?
I don't know, it's probably the one that I touch more
Guess it's the green, 'cause paper motivate niggaz
And my Rolex racist 'cause it hate niggaz
I used to only sell 8's like that Laker nigga
Now I'm movin' 24's like I play at the Staples Center
You might miss The Game so nigga don't blink
My Phantom stand out like Frank Lucas' mink
So go ahead and think, like Frank Lucas think
Somebody'll find your brains on the fuckin' kitchen sink
about

[Chorus]

Dead presidents, big paper ("for the money")
Benjamins, skyscrapers, my niggaz get ("money")
My bitches get ("money") like the strippers get
From the block to the club I'll make it rain ("money")
In California niggaz die ("for the money")
From the South to New York, them bullets fly for the
("money")
Don't stop gettin' ("money") It don't matter where you
from
If you hustle motherfucker keep gettin' that ("money")

[The Game]

I get it, that Baby and Slim, Cash Money
All the jewelry on your whole crew, that's my tax money
That Pablo Escobar crack money
That LeBron first Nike contract money
That make it rain, all my niggaz throw a stack money
Stack it to the ceilin' then call it Shaq money
That walk in the club, straight to the back money
Flavor of Love, Deelishis sittin' on my lap money
That rap money, niggaz get clapped money

Air Force One's don't bend when I trap money
Ooooh, I'm Rich like Porter
Havin' Alpo nightmares whippin' that water
Like McDonald's, I was flippin' them orders
In that '02 Porche truck, whizzin' through borders

I was through flippin' quarters when I made my first
mill'
I'm about a dollar, 50 Cent ain't real?

[Chorus]

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[The Game]

Somebody tell Snoop to pop open them briefcases
Order that Patron, tell 'em we want three cases
Fuck a black car, you see these green faces?
Look at my chest, now you seen fakers
Treat my money like the Cristal that we wastin'
Cause I'm a money machine, I could re-make it
You a fool thinkin' that Freddy could see Jason
I've been iced out, like who the fuck need Jacob
The doc told me to be patient, but I want
money like Dwight Howard, next time he a free agent
I'm tryin' to make enough money so I could feed Asia
Have Asians in the kitchen cookin' in Louis V. aprons
Word to Martha Stewart, if I could park a Buick
Then I could flip a Brink's truck, I got the heart to do it
Ball like the nigga Tony Parker do it
Speak no engles but dinero I talk it fluent

[Chorus]

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