

## Brotha Lynch Hung

### "Money, Power, Respect"

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C-Bo, Floss B, hehe yeah money, power, respect  
Yeah yeah uh huh, uh huh West Coast uh huh West  
Coast uh huh  
Other side you know how we ride, uh what?

[Verse One]

Oh my god, times here are so hard  
Baby brothers in trouble and mothers got no cards  
The oldest of the pack got to bring the food back  
I'm packin a magnum on one of the hottest corners,  
movin sacks  
Duckin from one-times, life in the blind got me pointin  
9's  
Squeezing triggers for freedom and dimes  
My homie Tone caught a bullet in his chest  
They said they heard he was pullin in the west  
Retaliation is a must that we run em down  
Wit fully loaded high powered rifles and gun em down  
Everyday in my city some where someone bites the  
dust  
If you here hope you with a city nigga you be trust

[Chorus 2x]

We down for Money, Power, Respect  
How much you hold on yo neck?  
How much you roll on that Lex?

[Verse Two]

You know it's crackin on the Southside so I hopped in  
my Reagle  
With the homie Lil Stoke and ofcourse my Desert  
Eagles  
And it's like an All-Star Game I mean we 10 to 1 with  
business  
And we platinum down surrounded by killers sittin on  
switches  
Ain't that a bitch? You set trip you bound to get set  
I'ma get my respect nigga I don't give a fuck what town  
it is  
Cuz I'ma respect yours and you gon' respect mines  
And if it ain't correct I'ma check with the tech 9

Nigga I'm a Thug Lord ask my mama  
Yeah these niggas got it made but they don't want no  
mutha fuckin mama  
No fuckin drama, no comma  
As I bounce in my rounce with a mirror on the trunk of  
my big black ass

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Three]

Connect the dots I done shot through my enemies spot  
Then you can plot to get half of the stripes that I got  
My Chuck T's tounes tucked, hung for the sprung  
clubs  
Duck or get struck, no luck with this young buck  
Young truck, how the fuck I look in the sell stuck?  
Dick in a man's hands gettin my nuts sucked  
I'm bossed bangin, leavin all those crossed hangin  
Slangin death at a high cost, that's nina ross hangin  
Do, re, me, fa, so, la, say hola to the misses  
Bow down and kiss this pistola  
Run up wit ya gun up and get done up  
I'm one up, from sun down to sun up I ain't givin none  
up

[Chorus 4x]

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