

## Hersh Kristin

### "Money Makes"

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[Uzi talkin']

Prime Suspects, Kane & Abel, Silkk The shocker about  
that money

Chorus: Uzi & (Kane & Abel)

Money Makes a nigga do some strange thangs (I  
admit)

Over change, niggas lose they brains (ain't that some  
shit)

If you got it when then niggas hungry brah (what, what)  
Keep your glock cocked & your eyes up on ya stuff (ya  
heard me)

[Repeat]

[Uzi]

Just remember it takes a bitch to play wit a real a real  
nigga

Glock knockin' 'em while they chop 'em down for  
figures

While money makes a nigga do some strange thangs, I  
admit

Over change, niggas lose they brains, ain't that some  
shit

Come equipped as we still quick in tha Lands

Niggas get dealt wit in his back while shakin' hands

While plans get spoiled by niggas want furl trips

Rather they snort, bang, or either sell tha shit

I hold my dick & let my nuts sag

Niggas act bad behind tha cash actin' like it last  
forever

Any kind of weather nigga get tha job done

Block hotter than tha sun, niggas still pack a gun

But I ain't tha one to get done wit behind some dumb  
shit

I pack a gun bitch & ain't scared to let tha bullets flip

I said enough, either get scuffed or roughed up

If you got it when then niggas hungry keep your eyes  
up on ya stuff

Chorus:(2X)

[Kane & Abel]

Runnin' up on niggas like finish lines, wit cocked nines  
Give a fuck if niggas wit dimes, get flatlined for tryna  
take mines  
In broad daylight, lose yo life for tha paper  
Haters a waste ya, meat ya maker, coroner gonna have  
to scrape ya  
Off tha concrete  
My street hotter than fish grease  
For big face bills, niggas kills wit big heat  
Niggas dressed in all black or army fatigues  
Killas perform like pussy poppers wit choppers,  
squeeze 2-2-3's  
Put your face on TV's, for less than a quarter ki  
Leave a clip empty, now watch you muthafuckin'  
enemies  
Murda's like a disease, catch it, ain't no comin' back  
Rest in peace, yo wig split, hit by niggas on a jack  
Gangstafied Kane & Abel watch the Suspects back  
Niggas do strange thangs fo' paper, I feel that  
Take tha money, take tha Benz, but hustle never ends  
Put us on tha block wit one rock, an we'll make a million  
again (ha ha)

Chorus:(2X)

[Silkk the Shocker]

Now look nigga, it's 5-4-3-2 to tha muthafuckin' 1, it's a  
countdown  
Well this nigga Silkk The Shocker  
Known for breakin' O-Z's down to muthafuckin' pounds  
That's my nigga Glock, that's my nigga Uzi,  
That's a brand new muthafuckin' nine millimeter  
Off tha top, you know we come strapped, bitch watch  
ya back  
Cause all of us always got heaters  
Now look fuck tha money cause we gonna ball wit or wit  
out tha shit  
I need a down ass girl but I'm gonna ball look wit or wit  
out tha bitch  
Drive my Benz look wit or wit out tha fuckin' kit  
Yall busta ass niggas faggets walkin' wit or wit out tha  
switch  
I still could pull hoes look nigga wit or wit out tha six  
While yall niggas stuntin' & frontin'  
Why don't you break yoself & get up out my shit  
Now yall know my steelo, on tha D-low, have a kilo on  
tha D-L  
Even though I rap bitch I still do a couple of crack sells  
Look if it don't make dollas then it don't make sense  
Now my niggas Prime Suspects gonna get me high

An all of us get fried & get bent  
An we No Limit Soldiers bitch so all of us represent  
Think we won't bust yo head for some muthafuckin'  
dead presidents bitch

Chorus:(4X)

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