

## Horace Brown

### "One For The Money"

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[Intro: Foxy Brown]

Uh, what, c'mon

Foxy Brown, uh, Horace Brown, what, remix, uh

[Foxy Brown]

And y'all all see me, frontin' in a Z iced out  
with all my Firm bino's nigga, bet we diced out and on  
the low

My steez, consists of three's and triple three's  
and six figures of three's, and chromed SE's  
Chillin' on the villa, stackin' my swilla  
with a luga luga, the nine Rugar  
Italiano, with some Columbian cats, bubblin' my stacks  
The richest, Mr and Mrs, the double Browns

[Chorus: Horace Brown]

One for the money ("one, one, one one")

Two for the show ("two, two, two two ")

Three to get the honeys ("three, three, three three")

Here we go ("hit, hit, hit me")

One for the money ("one, one, one one")

Two for the show ("two, two, two two")

Three to get the honeys ("three, three, three three")

Here we go ("hit, hit, hit me")

[Verse One: Horace Brown]

M-O-N-E-Y, it's all good with me

Cause finally I can afford the life of luxury

And I remember in the day, mamma had to work so  
hard

just to pay, all the money spent, had to get another job

And now we're living in a (Eight room mansion, on the  
hill)

And we sippin' on (Sippin' on champagne, when we  
chill)

And we ridin' (Lex, Coupe, Beamers and the Benz)

All over the world (From the East to the West coast,  
makin' ends)

See, we do it

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Verse Two: Horace Brown]

It's true, it's what we live for  
We love to sing, we gonna freak you up and down  
It's how we do our thing  
And to the ladies in the house tonight, lookin' fly  
You got it right, it's gonna be an after party

And I've got to have somebody and take em to my  
(Eight room mansion, on the hill)  
We'll be sippin champagne (Sippin' on champagne,  
when we chill)  
And we're ridin', ohh (Lex, Coupe, Beamers and the  
Benz)  
All the playas from the East, to the West coast  
(From the East to the West coast, makin' ends)  
Ohhh, this is why we do it

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Foxy Brown]

(Uh huh) Oh God I went from (uh) Avirex's and  
Goretex's (wha)  
The Lexus's, nigga high beam chrome (word)  
From bubble gooses to deuce juice, wha  
From niggaz rockin' gazelles to bitches rockin' Chanel,  
wha (uh huh)  
Now I keep my niggaz fresh  
Genuine snakes and shit, plus the Firm keep me laced  
Incognito, true baller  
Ill Na Na, nigga, stay frontin' in Pah-rada, wha

[Horace Brown]

Why we sing, it's the joy it brings (why we sing, joy it  
bring)  
You know that you like our style (reason why)  
Reason why, we do what we do

See we got a love for the music  
Simple as one, two, three, sing it

[Chorus] - repeat til fade w/ ad libs

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