

## India

### "Monay"

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[ King T ]

I never wanted to work for muthafuckas  
That told me what to do, so I did my own thing  
Sometimes shit got thick, but I made it through  
Now I'm stackin chips everytime the phone ring  
I'm in a world of liars and carnivores  
Caught between fires, dope dealin suppliers  
But I must maintain, think on a level much higher  
This shit ain't worth a 25 to lifer  
People always askin me how I made it in this trade  
Papparazzi got my biz front page  
Well, all I gotta say is it's a good livin'  
Beside cars and women this shit gets the bills paid

[ CHORUS ]

(People of the world, what we're livin for?)  
That money (money) fast money (money) yeah  
(People of the world, what we're dyin for?)  
That money (money) fast money (money) yeah  
(Everybody's goin crazy for)  
That money (money) fast money (money) yeah  
(Fuckin with your head, I can get some of yo)  
Money (money) cash money (money) yeah

[ Dr. Dre ]

How many niggas can say they got they own  
Got they shit together, got a a nice stash to do  
whatever  
Ah, you're sittin at home, hatin on the next man  
That's makin cheddar, tryin to get his shit together  
I dreamed of hittin licks when I first got in the mix  
Way back when DJ's was heavy in the crates for breaks  
And ain't a damn thing changed  
But me movin out the firin range to a plushed out  
estate  
Small technicalities y'all heard for years  
Niggas with the problems always out to battle me  
But I gets my swerve on, don't give a fuck  
It's just a nigga talkin shit about his bullshit salary

[ CHORUS ]

[ King T ]

Since talk is extra it's cut short like Webster's  
Show me the money or invest this  
I'm street smart, fuck a lecture  
Messin with mine'll get you put on a stretcher  
Lock your jaw like a pitbull apply the pressure  
Straight bout it, buildin ideas with self-made  
millionaires  
To get the dancefloors crowded  
Hah, how's that black, limousine pull up on the scene  
Ladies clean, deja-vu's of a wet dream  
I got enough cream to cater women  
For any chick that can fade me more than Henny  
Plus the remedy to make that hard shit  
At the end of each quarter I'm reapin the largeset  
harvest  
If I ain't in L.A. sippin Alizã©  
Plottin how to make a meal ticket in a day  
All I gotta say it's a good livin  
Besides cars and women this shit gets the bills paid

[ CHORUS 2X ]

The root of all evil  
And I got a gang of that shit  
Whaaaat!

(Money makes the world go round  
Money makes the world go round)

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