

## Jay

# "Money On My Mind"

Visit "[Money On My Mind](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

### Hook

You know I've been here before  
Kick in the door waving my fo' fo'  
I've got money on my mind  
Money, money on my mind

You know what I am here for  
Don't act like you don't know sir  
I've got money on my mind  
Money, money on my mind

### Verse 1

Money on my mind so I stay on my grind  
Money on my mind so I put together rhymes  
Money on my mind so I move them dimes  
And I crossed that line that Blair witch sign.  
Money on my mind so did that crime  
Made my demo signed on the dotted line  
Money on my mind my fav color is green  
In love with dead prez big up to Jay-z  
If money is power I'm the man of the hour  
Of the days, of the weeks, of the month  
I'ont smoke blunt  
Keep a cool head so I always stay ahead  
And never use lead use my head like pre-med  
Never pre meditate never hesitate  
When it comes to beef man I just regulate  
When it comes to gat play I just delegate  
And lift my gloves man like heavyweights

### Verse 2

Money on my mind all the time it's crazy  
Money so long man long like my arm sleeves  
I want to take vacation with the palm trees  
So I cooperate hustle and stack mad cheese  
Frank locus mentality  
But I'ont sit ring side I sit way up in the nose bleed  
And I'ont likes fur  
Nice black suit white shirt black tie is what I prefer  
I ask the lord for forgiveness I'm a sinner

Did a lot of wrong things just to be a winner  
If you judge me then you trying to him  
I'm in the church on my knees signing hymns  
I'm to N.Y what wheeze is to N.O  
I'm on the cellular phone talking to my p.o  
Go to hop state yea I go to go  
So let me go  
Cause I go to go

Verse 3

To be a king pin you need a strong team  
And I'm true to my religion man check the jeans  
And I stay real fresh I'm veggie green  
And I stay in white T. like Mr. clean  
Y'all dudes in the crib playing around boy  
And I'm getting cake like the Pillsbury Dow boy  
More bread, more cheese, more lettuce  
Stack 'em please  
I had to go do what I go to do  
Like life in these streets moving through these avenues  
I'm serving the game like Federer  
It's a ace man, that a metaphor  
Stays on my grind get money my line  
Living in the fast lane it's nothing but red lines  
And I'm gone in sixty  
Turn a new leaf now I'm getting money like fifty

Visit [Jay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.