

Jay-A

"Money On My Mind"

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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

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