

Jay-Z

"Foe tha Love of \$ - Bone Thugs-N-Harmony"

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Foe tha love of \$
Gotta make that money, man
That money, man
It's still the same, now

Gotta get on the grind, pop in the clip of my nine
And bitch, if you slip, you hit the chalk
And fall in the nighttime
Gotta get mine, ain't takin' no shorts or no losses

Hop on the phone, callin' my nigga, Sin, at home
Polishin' the MAC-10 chrome
Gotta lick, we can hit, so bring your shit
'Cause once again, it's on to the dome with a fifth of
(Burb)
My wig to the curb, so we swerve

And rolled out to pick up the triple-six thug
And follow the murder for robbin' the dope house
Smoke jump outta me bong, so high, now comin'
To slay with four grenades and a gauge

I'm a play, watch all 'em fall in the grave and lay
Pullin' in the driveway, Wish spotted the place
And quickly rolled up, bulldozed through the livin' room
Hopped out of the car and started to blow up

Buck, buck and a kabloom, me blew
All them bodies all over the room, them doomed
And gotta move fast, why? The po-po's comin'
Snatch up me yummy, so nigga, don't think it's funny
I'm comin' up quick in the nine-quat, 'cause
Flesh be lovin' this money, this money

I'm givin' up love to the hustlas, all them St.Clair
thugstas
Makin' that money, stayin' on your feet
And you better believe gotta have that cheese
For the green leaves, never catch me sleep

Stay on the grind, get mine, stayin' down for my crime
And I hit up the nine nine, givin' up that 1llo

Makin' me sale, twenties, nickels and dimes
Beat up and stick up a lick up

That two-eleven, gotta get what's mine, then bailin'
Me kickin' up dust, I'm trailin', feelin' one-eight-seven
That's how it is and I gotsta have it in the nine-quat
Mission, to check a mill and still be real

Thuggin' on the glock-glock, creepin' on a come up
Won't sleep 'til I'm done up, gotta blaze me blunt up
Hunt up another plot and scheme, gotta make some
green
'Cause soldiers nut up, what up?

Gotta get that business on
Even though the buddah run me
Stun me, feelin' lovely but I'm just in it for the
Foe tha love of \$

Foe tha love of \$
Gotta make that money, man
That money, man
It's still the same, now

Standin' on the corner, straight slingin' rocks
Aw, shit, here comes the muthafuckin' cops
So I dash, I duck and I hides behind a tree
Makin' sure the muthafuckas don't see me

Now my fat sack of rocks, hell, yeah, I stuffed 'em
Police on my draws, I had to pause and yeah
It's still muthafuck 'em, now my game is tight
Tight as fuck is my game

Eazy-muthafuckin'-E or Eric Wright it's all the same
Now, niggas might trip on how I stacks my grip
I gotta have it, bitch
For the love of this shit, muthafucka

Gotta make that money, man
That money, man
It's still the same, now

When dough got me thugsta, thuggish ways
Down for my crime everytime, follow me down the nine
nine
And you will find all of me kind
Check out the Ripsta, now, drop down

Run 'em up outta me hood, rip's straight
When I'm makin' me grip with a me click

Rollin' with Ruthless, the thug I be
Me put 'em in mud, buck 'em and pump blood

Got nothin' to lose, bitch, ya better respect Rip
Or ya best just check this slug, it's goin' down
Steady pump and peel rounds, gunnin' with a me gang
Bang, gotta make that money, man

It's still the same, steady runnin' thangs wild
And follow me now, while I take ya up into a barrel of a
gun, see
For the dub, you're done, for the bud, I run
For the love of my money

Nigga down for my thang off in this thug game
So peep as me creep and me crawlin' off
On the mission to back in the days
When niggas was bailin' with sawed-offs

And wanted to get paid, runnin' to my side,
Lil' nigga, Ripsta, both on the mission for money
You give up the cash, oh, that was your ass
'Cause me and my nigga was hungry

And, bitch, if you're stallin', you might just catch one
To the temple and um, Bone raw doggin'
So nigga just make this shit simple and run
To catch one nigga, me fill 'em with bullets

And dump 'em in rivers, remember, me killa, now
For money, me dig ya six feet in a ditch and get richer
'Cause bitch, you were slippin', I'll cut ya, then rip ya
Then buck ya down, steady robbin' and stealin', makin'
a killin'

Nigga drugdealin', needin' a million
Hustlin' drugs when the thugs be chillin'
For the money, these niggas be sellin'
Off in the cut, where you find a nigga thuggin'

Off in braids and skullies and when I stick ya
And lick ya, remember
I get 'em up foe tha love of \$
Foe tha love of \$

Yeah, Bone in the muthafuckin' house
For the nine-quats, nigga, yeah, rollin'
With Ruthless Records in this bitch
My niggas, Layzie Bone, Bizzy Bone, Wish Bone
And Flesh-n-Bone and I'm that nigga, Krayzie Bone
In the muthafuckin' house

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