

Juvenile

"Money On Tha Couch"

Visit "[Money On Tha Couch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Money On Tha Couch"

[First Verse:]

I went through with the plan, now the man sendin' me grams,
My coke organization still infestin' the land,
No joke, built my Mama an estate in the Bahamas,
Crops of marijuana protected by Big Timers,
Hand, full of ice, it's gangsta's paradise,
Expensive merchandise, I had to sacrifice for the glamorous life,
Don P. for breakfast, Benz, stretches, and Lexus,
Distribution of coke from Louisiana to Texas,
Some fabricated, but fascinated by the way that I made it,
Now my name is implicated with the greatest
Wearin' the latest, leather fatigues and B.B.H.,
Brand new Mercedes, parked in front of my new estate,
Twelve o' clock we gave him, caviar, is what we ate,
Party with killas, paraphrenalia full of projects,
Dope snorters or prospects, the rob your shop necks,
But I gets pissed and send hits, don't fuck with my shit
Wig split, the heel, whoever he roll with,
Admit it, you did it, tongue too tied? Well say somethin'
Nine's bustin', bringin' your platoon to destruction,
Continue to hustlin', givin' up nothin' where the dope at?
Crackers can get the Bauds at, because I'm pro Black,
Think I'm a foreigner, he wasn't holdin' up his side of his deal,
Alien gotta be killed, sent to the coroner,
I'm sure he would have gone before the judge
With somethin' concrete, to send me, cuz
He was holdin' a grudge, fuckin' over a thug,
Told my bitch I want him dead,
Bring me his head, fill him with lead,
Heard what I said? Don't betray me,
I'll put you on the streets and make you weak,
With carrots and stones up on fingers and your teeth,
And built you a home next to the beach,
And luxury cars we creep
Here's the nine, I don't have time, make it discreet

[Chorus:]

Money on the couch, nigga
Gimme everything, I'll pay your house, nigga
Shut'cha mouth, nigga
Put the money on the couch, nigga
Gimme everything, I'll pay your house, nigga
Shut'cha mouth, nigga
Put the money on the couch shut'cha mouth, nigga

[Second Verse:]

I know that my cousin Lil' Kerzaw,
He sold up outta his backyard,
And sold up shit, from the seventeen all the way up to
the Ninth Ward,
You know he rolls up in the caddy,
It's about that time to go roasts and vogue,
I'ma go on the passenger side, fuckin' with every last
hoe,
Nigga Russ was up in that car shop,
Ready to get all the seats fixed,
Let me go scope me a kneefit, so I can go out to the
Freaknik,
Shit, I'm the lyrical genius,
Drop down on your knees to the penis,
The nigga be talkin' the shit about my family, but I
never did see it
I'm larger than large, if you came home with two heroin
charges,
And I still got somethin' stashed in the garages,
Y'all is petty, it's gone take two to fill my stamina,
When I pass the camera, flash, fuck the amateurs,
Ya better be top notch, or I'ma cock my rhyme glock,
To wound ya, and paint your death with my autograph
on your tumor,

[Chorus]

[Third Verse:]

I'm straight from the ghetto, the Mac they make the
foes shake,
Then I left that spot and I went to the T, where the
triflin' hoes play,
They comin' to me and, they blowin' that funky fire,
I'm grabbin' a beer and, them blunts be gettin' me
higher,
Due to my clique I walked to the front door,
Hope it ain't them po-po's,
I looked through the blinds, it went through my mind,
"What I have to run for?",
Nobody would want to test me,

Especially comin' to arrest me,
Old body and soul, it's a must I leave you cold,
Keep it chilly chilly, when I'm jigglin' jigglin' money,
Some niggas say okay, but you can say no way,
I'm drinkin' for honey,
If I wouldn't be kickin' these rhymes so funky,
You and your crew would never have bought my shit
like junkies,
A part of a "ki" is all that I need,
To get on my feet, up outta the weed,
The capital "C", I do it for weed, and even a "G" for
slangin' them kis,
I'm puttin' in it your face, Juvenile lookin' for a bitch
now,
Don't have no time for no foreplay, I'm simply gonna
lay this dick down
Niggas be comin' with dope lines,
Gimme the chance I'ma flow mine,
I'm tearin' this bitch up in no time,
No fuckin' ya up cuz you know I'm,
Funky like a club that's filled up with fat men fartin',
And never a bad thought in my mind, cuz I'm steadily
plottin'

[Chorus]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.