

Kool G Rap

"Money On My Brain"

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Ninety-five, keep it live
Yeah, to make papers, know I'm sayin'?
Motherfuckin' Kool G. Rap and B1
And my motherfuckin' man Grimm
Just comin' with somethin' to keep the brain stem

It's Big 1, son, Jamaica Queens is the turf
And I'ma exploit, heaven and earth for what it's worth
It's the MC extraordinaire, the jewels glare
The God is rare, I'm takin' bitches back to my lair

I want mines and yours, strippin' niggaz to they
drawers
No probable cause, with the chrome double 4's
It's the Queens New Yorker with a bulletproof parka
In eighty-four, it was Calvins and British Walkers

Now, I'm sippin' Harvey's Bristol Cream with the glock
17
As the sirens race to the scene
Tryin' to get dough, like Pablo, today, fuck tomorrow
Seats for Carro, as I recline in Monte Carlo

I got the game down to a science, it's the clients
That turn small time hustlers into giants
Three course meal, waitin' for my appetizer
Blowin' like a geyser, time only makes me wiser

Paraphernalia and material, makes the crew imperial
I put the fear in you, sippin' beer with two
Handlin' business properly, form a monopoly
Storefront property, if not, another robbery

I'm puttin' forth the effort, murder's the method, the
steak is peppered
Son, when I let off you meet your Lord and shepherd
Bloody money gets niggaz deaded and wetted
Don't forget it, money's the metal and my hand is
magnetic

I gotta flip these bricks
'Cause bein' broke drive me insane

(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain)
From O-Z's to ki's
The triple beam brings fame to my name
(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain)

Niggaz be schemin' and teamin' but still I maintain
(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain)
'Cause money and murder go hand in hand
It ain't nothin' but a game
(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain, son)

Cryin', hopin' God forgive me for the ones I killed
But until still, I dry my eyes with hundred dollar bills
Like McDonald's makin' mills servin'
Fuck a Landcruiser, now, pulls a cab to Suburbans

Stressed out, sittin', thinkin' past bed time
Scared, can't sleep, nightmares about fed time
Diamonds, linens, ostrich and all that
Fat shit, I'm talkin' code 'cause my phone's tapped

Crack heads worship me like I'm Jesus
Uncle Sam can't stand me 'cause I'm fuckin' all his
nieces
Cuties every color, who I wanna fuck next?
Buy a new car, maybe Lamborghini trunk next

Look at the jealousy in the eyes of the roughnecks
Bulletproof glass just in case they wanna buck Tecs
A large ratio in this game dies
But I'm flippin' pies til the Senate legalize

I gotta flip these bricks
'Cause bein' broke drive me insane
(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain, you know?)
From O-Z's to ki's
The triple beam brings fame to my name
(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain)

Niggaz be schemin' and teamin' but still I maintain
(Money's on my fuckin' brain)
'Cause money and murder go hand in hand
It ain't nothin' but a game
(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain)

I'm sportin' flavors and Timbs, a ninety-five Benz with
the chrome rims
Presidential Rolex, two carat diamonds with the stone
gems
Pockets filled with lucci, leather wallets designed by
Gucci

Parlay in restaurants, eatin' shrimp, scampi and sushi

Fly minks, with icicles that blink inside Cuban links
Lookin' [Incomprehensible], brothers stink
Got loot like I'm doin' banks
Hundred dollar bottles of chammy, condos in Miami
Front row seats up at the Grammys, the broke niggaz
can't stand me

Hold the flame low, hotel suites inside the Flamingo
Just home by the dingos, I step up in 'em rockin'
Kangols
Straight up fakin' no jacks 'cause all my crack shacks
are jam packed
My mad stacks, show that I'm on the right track like
Amtrak

So stand back 'cause I'ma make whatever it takes
To shake Jakes and shoot snakes
And bake more snowflake cakes than Drake's
Cut up your grill like I'm the Barber of Seville
Still like Gotti bodies are found inside the harbor 'cause
I'm ill

It's war but no more kids are bein' kidnapped, matter of
fact
Ain't with the shit black, I was young when I did that
There's dope in the Copa Cabanas, cock back the
hammers
So niggaz in pajamas get they wigs, split like bananas

Stable of hotties, niggaz with shotties catchin' bodies
Neighborhood John Gotti with more notes than Pavarotti
Yeah, paid as a motherfuckin' bank teller
The Goodfella, I stay a motherfuckin' drug seller

I gotta flip these bricks
'Cause bein' broke drive me insane
(Money's on my motherfuckin' brain)
From O-Z's to ki's
The triple beam brings fame to my name
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Niggaz be schemin' and teamin' but still I maintain
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