Lloyd Banks "Make Money"

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You need it, go get it 7 days committed You need it, go get it 7 days committed, n-gga

make money, make money, make money make money, make money, make money make money, make money, make money make money, make money

Make money, damn if they gon take it from me super swag, bet I get ya naked hunny you know my stump ground, South Jamaica dummy aint no comp round, 6 or 7 acres counting they made I got in, never shoot or let me do body full of diamonds, hoppin' out the Bentley coupe crime high, I'm climbin', the other pockets empty crew n-ggas thought I died then, call me Mackavelli blue red and green stripes, diamond ear squares screaming twin pumps, right off the Lear stairs I give a f-cka bout a b-tch you a care bear heart pumpin', anti freeze as I stand here punch a Cotto, nightclubs bunch of photos run up on me like a dolo when I'm thumping dolo (?), bigger dollar signs than lowlow twenty stacks off a Polo when I go on promo

make money, even though it don't make me it takes me somewhere you gon need an AC they chase me, cause my neck is clear as HD you can't see, baby I'm in money waist deep you should f-ck with me, I'mma be that n-gga how ya gon start acting funny when I get bigger f-ck the awards, I'd rather buy me a coupe nothing needed, do it all for the loot we here to make money make money make money, make money take money, take money great money, in and out of state money weight mopney, Benjamin's straight money

Flat party, I'm steamrolling everybody

Maserati, riding is my kind of hobby

white Ferrari, player pressed for p-ssy hardy aint no probably, she leave's I'ma get a doggy Bank's aka ya got nothing for me,

show me 30 40 more MC's later they will bore me delivery semi auti, styles I'll never story bout a thousand they will call me I'ma different category

you playing big, riding round in your family crib look at your rib, roc boys understand the kid we handle sh-t, play with me get your candles lit, smoked

ashes out the window of a brand new six don't look behind me, move me, you and what army armed with Armani, Christian Dior whole army you owe me sorry's, making money, living calmly Nicki got me f-cking Barbies, cousin's and aunt's

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