

Lloyd Banks

"Money Chase"

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Million dollars richer u can tell that by the picture/ coogi
green twister so i'm smelling like the crop/ pop by the
bucket, liquor by the pitcher/ bitches by the borough
bet a bottle imma pop/ i'm giving y'all new styles, boy
don't bite that hand/ your'e local as your corner, they
know lloyd out Japan/ i'm too ghetto in a day bring the
porno out a fan/ Mr Hefner swagger on auto i'm the
man/ why your clothes still on? girl don't turn me off/
fly nigga, reason you already know the cost/ i'm a
southside nigga from one hundred thirty fourth
(134th)/ try hold all in my mind fly 730 porche/ i'm a
stunner during the spring n summer/ you know i got the
pussy from her if i got the number/ i ain nothing but a
lover you can have her if u want her/ cause pretty
bitches ain shit to me today i have another

[chorus]

We counting money all night, keep it G erday/ real
nigga on sight, with my demons away/ i got beautiful
bitch n i walk like i'm rich/ jus my morals and word, i
don't break em for shit/ ain't no foot on the brake, now
am making em sick/ you see the hood on my face,
niggas want me to slip/ name a time and a place, i'll be
in line for the race/ marijuan by the case and my mind
on the money chase

[verse 2 - fabulous]

Failure's not an option, charlie sheen edition/never saw
em like us, you prolly seen who isn't/ i'm hardly seen
for dissing, i follow things up different/ masked up at
your house Halloween tradition/ treat but never
tricking, throw it in the bag/ bout twenty of em rose'
moets on the the tab/ im up in perfections, where
nobody's perfect/ but they pay attention, cause they
know am worth it/ cash cures ADD, thats what the study
show/ my nina give it up, i love that slutty ho/ uh,
running your mouth like a bloody nose/ fake rapper,
who does live what he flows/ call me bbm bad bitch
magnet/ if she with me she's a fablous ad lib...

nice/gettn to the money, final destination, why the hesitation?

[chorus]

We counting money all night, keep it G erday/ real nigga on sight, with my demons away/ i got beautiful bitch n i walk like i'm rich/ jus my morals and word, i don't break em for shit/ ain't no foot on the brake, now am making em sick/ you see the hood on my face, niggas want me to slip/ name a time and a place, i'll be in line for the race/ marijuan by the case and my mind on the money chase

[verse 3]

Christian, louie, gucci, coochie like it just came out/ daddy was mack that suit me to take the same route/ counting money cut in coupe and thats what my day bout/ ghetto license plate says stupid, cuban chain out/ i'm shitting, n every diamonds sitting/ i spend a bunch a money on the vehicle i sit in/ when u start doin better everybody treat you different/ but i ain big on attention so the shit don't got me tripping/ i'm new dollars addicted, hundreds got my twitching/ cumming on your baby mama with the baby kicking/ flying down long island, full one eighty whipping/ pull the role reversal got the pretty ladies tricking/ blue... they dont make em like they use to do/ they see me slipping suicidal C notes like the musical/ don't matter they class i cut em like the students do/ fuck i care they beautiful macking is a usual

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