

Macy Gray

"Money"

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money
for the money
money
money
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
money

Kanye told me that Jesus walks in 04
But I grew up around impalas and drug lords
Welcome to los angeles palm trees and drug stores
All we know is rocks and presidents like mount
rushmore
Fuck the police they hop out and bust doors
I ain't goin back to jail nigga that's what I flush for
My money or my glock. Who do I trust more?
I don't know it's prolly the one that I touch more
Guess It's the green cuz paper motivate niggas
And my rolex races cuz it hate niggas
I used to only sell eighths
Like that laker nigga
and now I'm movin twenty fours like I play at the staples
center
you might miss the game so nigga don't blink
my phantom stand out like frank lucas mink
so go ahead and think
like frank lucas think
somebody'll find your brains on the fuckin kitchen sink

money
dead presidents big paper money
benjamins skyscrapers my niggas get
money
my bitches get
money
like the strippers get
ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
from the block to the club I make it rain
money
in California niggas die
for the money
from the south to New York them bullets fly for the
money

don't stop gettin
money
it don't matter where you're from if you hustle
motherfucker keep getting that
money

yeahhh I get at that baby and slim cash money
all the jewelry on your whole crew-thats my tax money
and That Pablo Escobar crack money
that labron first nike contract money
that make it rain on my nigga throw it stack money
stack it to the ceiling then call it shaq money
that walk in the club straight to the back money
flavor of love delicious sittin on my lap money
that rap money niggas get clap money
air force ones don't bend when I trap money
ohhhhh I'm rich like porter
havin alpo nightmares whippin that border
like mcdonalds I was flippin them orders
in that 02 porsche truck
with and through borders
I was through flippin quarters when I made my first mil
I'm about a dollar
fifty cent ain't real

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somebody tell snoop to pop open them briefcases
order that patron tell em we want three cases
fuck a black card. You see these green faces
look at my chest

now you've seen vegas
I treat my money like the cristal that we wasted
Cuz I'm a money machine I can remake it
You a fool thinkin that freddy could see jason
I been iced out like who the fuck need Jacob?
The doc told me to be patient but I want money like the
Dwight Howard
Next time he a free agent
I'm tryna make enough money so I can feed asia
and have Asians in the kitchen cookin in Louis V aprons
Word to Martha stewart
If I could park a buick
Then I could flip a brinx truck
I got the heart to do it
Ball like the nigga tony parker do it
Speak no ingles but dinero I talk it fluent

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get get get get getcha paper boy
get get get get getcha paper boy
get get get get getcha paper boy
get get get get get get GET!

Money
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Money
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
Money

