

# Magic

## "Money Don't Make Me"

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Chorus: [c-murder]

Money don't make me, I make money  
Yeah, them niggas can't take me, 'cause I ain't runnin  
When it's time for me to make a move, I'm a make it  
Leave a motherfucker standin' in his shoes, a born  
killer (x2)

Verse 1: [c-murder]

No limit soldier for life, nigga give me my props  
I come a long fuckin' way from pullin jacks ( ? ) and  
slangin' rocks  
7 digit figures can't make me soft  
I be the same motherfucker ready to blow a nigga head  
off  
Bury him, before he bury me  
Become a memory, motherfuckers talkin' bout  
remember c  
Nigga, is you crazy, I don't know what death is  
The reaper don't fuck with a nigga like me, I'm a  
handle my biz  
Like 4 more, I'm sick with it, you know what I'm sayin'  
Don't play no games boy, you know c-murder ain't  
playin'  
I go to clubs, mean mug, ain't shit gon' happen  
I'm a motherfuckin gangsta, niggaz know I ain't just  
rappin'  
Can't stop a crazy motherfucker from doin' what he  
wanna  
I'm still facin' ten years on an open charge in california  
So believe if you see me on the corner it really don't  
matter  
And respect a real nigga, or watch your fuckin' brains  
scatter

Chorus x 2

Verse 2: [soulja slim]

Now c-murder told you bitches don't play no games  
And since I got a little paper bitch you think I changed?

? at all times respect my mind  
I'd rather be caught with it than without it, I ain't lyin'

'cause soldier haters come in all shapes and sizes  
They act like they your people wearin' them different  
disguises

You get a little baby and you get some fame  
They be all in ya face just because of ya name  
I'm worldwide, southside is what I claim  
Uptown, magnolia, that's whose bringin' the pain  
I'm gettin sick and tired, sick and tired of this shit  
Life's a bitch, even when you bitch niggaz and hoes  
snitch  
So tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do  
I run with real niggaz and trill niggaz that's bout it and  
tru

Chorus x1

Verse 3: [magic]

It's mr. magic, I'm take my time, I'm a handle my  
business  
Either thuggin or rappin, I refuse to leave a witness  
Nigga, money don't make me, I make the money  
And you niggaz don't scare me, that's why I ain't runnin  
I was in the lower nine, it's best you back up bitch  
Kidnappers and killas y'all niggaz makin' me homesick  
My mind is full of battle scars because I ball  
And servin' time in the graveyard, times is hard  
But my world still remains the same  
Infested with anger, that's why I ride with probably one  
in the chamber  
I'm with million dollar minded niggaz  
Between the screen we worth more figures than the  
world got gravediggaz  
We made niggaz, picture us for some years  
Throwin a' finger to our foes, and givin' love to our  
friends

Chorus x2

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