

## Copywrite

# "Money For Nuthin"

Visit "[Money For Nuthin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

(The League Crew!)

Yeah!

Chris Sholar, whatup?

O.C! Been a long time coming!

Here now, I ain't going nowhere!

Ya'll could fuck off, I'm staying right the fuck here

I ain't moving a God damn foot

Ya'll gonna have to move the Earth under me, man

C. Write!

[1st verse]

What I gotta do to put the city on the map?

Feature Fifty on the track with Diddy in the back?

Fuck that, I ain't doing any of that crap

I'mma get me a fifty sack and shoot a video with titties  
in the back

Most unknown with a fold up phone

And a couple celebrities in it, so what though?

They ain't throwing us dough

So the muthafucking middle fingers going up slow for  
the O-1-O

Whoa, sloooowww, down. let em catch up

Once they get a little close I'mma speed it back up

Hate, but I told ya, got the weight of my state on my  
shoulders

So when it's over I'm gonna need a back rub

Cleveland (what up?)

Columbus (what up?)

Matter fact, the whole O, we run and shut up

And we wanna come up

But the powers that be been trying to hold us down for  
300 summers

[chorus x2]

This is the way we do it, we do it till haters lose it

Get money for nuthin (money for nuthin)

Just laying music, yeah

Ain't it stupid the way that we make our loot

If you woulda been late in school you coulda made it  
too

Ya hate it do ya?

[verse 2]

All my, fans wanna know, how the fuck is he not  
signed?  
When he's stuck, at the Top 5, cuz they want me to not  
shine  
And they don't wanna really gimme the credit that I  
deserve  
They wanna send me back to the Earth, I'mma giant  
merge  
They wanna carry me inside a church  
And bury me alive inside a cemetery under piles of dirt  
Mispell my name on the block  
Stead of 'Ris, he put a K on the count, place all my  
props  
But that ain't going on Pac, cuz the day I'mma stop  
Is the day that Kanye can drop Jay from the Roc  
Rock, rock star with a blonde babe on stage  
Enemies think, the women they bring are safe  
To the backstage, swallowing a tall Rock Star like they  
chuggin on an energy drink

[chorus]

[verse 3]

Fuck it, I'mma quit....  
PSYCHE  
But ya'll would love it if I did cuz ya'll ain't fucking with  
the kid  
No obstacle possible to stop Cop from doing what I got  
to do  
I'm too hot to cool, plus you can't stop the dude  
Skinny as a rail but I'm still Big Poppa Smooth  
Huhhhh? Now who the FOCK are you?  
I'm Doctor Dude, bitch you Dr. Seuss  
You rhyiming A-B-C  
I'm rhyiming D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P  
Bet him with a G, he ain't fuckin with the rhythm of the  
C  
If he did I gave him a ribbon and a G  
It's a money back gurantee, all you funny rap parakeets  
If you wanna rap, there's a seat  
I'mma teach you muthafuckas how the double wrap  
barrels speed  
Where's the beef?

[chorus]

