## Corey Hart "Don't Let The Money Make You"

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Intro: [An interview with Xzibit] [I] I want to ask you, what is more important to you guys? All the money that you guys are talkin' about? Or the artform? Or, what is more important? The Lyrics? Or the leather sized stuff? [X] I think, what we tryin' to do is device a way that the artform and the money is like on a equal level. You know what I mean, that, that like he said, is a fine line where gotta pleas the crowd or pleas the artists that are listenin' to you. And pleas the real hip-hop underground people that, that, that is looking for that you know, that real shit. It's only a certain way that that you can go up and doin' it Verse 1: [Xzibit] Xzibit keep it on deck Live, vinyl, CD or cassette Whatever you select I keep you bouncin' like a bad cheque See I should have a trigger tattooed on my neck

To represent the heat that I repeat Now you can take the highs out of the beat But never take the rucked out of the rhyme Or tribalize, look into the eyes of the emotional Your whole style is promotional A dead giveaway to me is just another business day Xzibit here to stay My life, a tribute to the A.K, you wanna play A situation only one man can walk away from The same way he came When I spit flame, it spits flames like your middlename So why do I say fuck the fame

Because it come and go

The industry's a pet without refused to be that gigolo

I put the dope in, got fo's and tatoos

Niggas make ya money

But let the money make you

Hook: [King T] x2

Take's money to survive The meanin' of life with statted chips is stay alive Cause it's all about the C-notes Gonna be fuckin' when you're rollin' this too Don't let the money make you Verse 2: [Soopafly] It's Soopafly, comin' with that gangsta shit That shit that only gangstas be gettin' gangsta with The pimps, hustlers and the players know the rank I get Never have to get no money from the bank, I get shit I Stomp down your whole compound Takin' all the shots Device from the few I'm rise Let the others drop I elevate Who drop when a dime never got me straight I'm still goin' for broke I push you to the stroke And one man loc and say high Smokin' to keep an open, mind Focus on military time provokin' The G in me, nigga (?) when he tried to step the Soopafly AZ you are shit Now gettin' down with the Pound Now who can shake it till it break ground Many motherfuckers are greedy There's only one thing needed like E.D.I, Amin / I mean business When it comes to the cash, I'm movin' quick (Xzibit: Any other nigga eat a dick) Fuck type shit Make ya step back Soopafly, hit like crack Life is a jet Maintainin' the top figures deliver The raw, rugged likwidation that be runnin' the river Now, whether if a nigga step up Be prepared to kick your rap up Try to die in line for you cheque, huh nigga

We make, make money, money

## Hook: [King T] x2

Verse 3: [Xzibit] So when I die, bury me upside-down So the whole world can kiss my ass Live fast

Sippin' from my bottomless glass of Hennessy, straight So I catch you (?) Xzibit comin' down like a saint So prepare for the judgement day Be careful what the fuck you say Rhyme these parts Amadeus and Mozart, the love for the arts and crash Paragraphs to bust niggas in half That's what I fuck with (?) time to get my duck sit Miss me if you try to make a buck with I mean a quick buck, only got bad luck Black cash every black trash Never relax, never get attached to anything That's not gonna hand so life I come back like Christ Pacific natural ice With Sharif makin' sure R&B, was well done Might live by the gun, but keep livin' through my livin' son

Hook: [King T] x4

Outro: [King T] We make, make, money, money, make, money, money, money (x4) We take money, take money, take money, money, money (x4) [Soopafly] Don't let this money make you

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