

## Nas

# "Money Is My Bitch"

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I love you so much  
Don't never leave me  
I won't let you leave

The ho turned me out, green eyes, had a crush on her  
Since five years old, met her, fell in love wit her  
I saved that ho 'cause she bring more hoes  
She major yo, the way she left them other dudes cold  
Heartbroken she walked right out of mad nigga's life  
So when I bagged her up right, I had to make her my  
wife  
And I ain't gonna loose her like those other lames did  
I keep a stash safe kid, when I proposed it made her  
face big  
She keep me jugg, glorifying Medallions  
Got me in clothes made by Italians, feed me lobster  
and scallions  
Watching her pile on my bed, her body feel stacked  
She been around for years, know the hustlers, pimps,  
and Macks  
Bankers and diplomats  
She the scratch on my back  
Her cream I lust, now I got her I dont know how to act  
When she not around, I'm heated, 'bout to lay  
somethin' flat  
Know how to treat it, never take for granted, she got  
me trapped

My money, money, money  
My bitch is my money  
Ohh money, you my honey  
Money is my bitch  
Aah money, money, money  
Love her 'cause she keep a nigga rich  
Ohh money, you my honey  
But I think she got me pussy whipped  
My money, money, money  
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Ohh money, you my honey  
Money is my bitch  
Aah money, money, money  
Yeah, that bitch treat me like a trick

Ohh money, you my honey  
She says without her I can't be rich

All the fun we have together, I keep you in my pocket  
Its so much of you I share you and speak to you in  
private  
You got me karats on my wrist  
I'm a savage for your kiss  
Embarrassed when I'm not with you, I'm off guard  
Niggas always expect to see us two together, stable  
The best couple they seen since Trump and Marla  
Maple  
Don't need no pre nup  
'Cause when we hump we do it up  
Make sure we both will bust a doller sign nut  
Before I got to know you, my life I say was mediocre  
Break of day, slingin' all night long, fienin' to stroke ya  
Seeing niggas wit you I wasn't happy  
Wanted to stick them up to get you, heard you calling  
for Daddy  
And gladly I take you as my lawfully wedded wife  
Never divorce me, I promise to treat you right  
Keep you satisfied never lie help you grow  
My legal tender, lovely Federal Reserve note

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I won't sell my soul to you  
What do I owe to you?  
My cars, my house, my flow to you  
Screw you  
Before you  
Real niggas said I was cool, now I got you  
They envy me cause I'm wit you  
You floss too much  
Turn niggas out, one touch

For you, my guns bust  
You always said in God we trust  
Its hard enough to keep counting on you  
You cheat wit Government thugs, got the IRS pounding  
on you  
I think I like'd you better when you where illegal  
But you had to get professional  
Musical  
Now when we fuck we use profalactic, hard plastic  
Stick you in ATM's, limited cash quick  
Said you'd give me luxury, when I asked it  
Fucking me, I gave you back shots in ya assets  
Promised happiness but really did nothing for me  
I guess, bitches like you just grow on trees

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