

## Cruachan

# "Just Getting My Money"

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Hook:

Just getting my money  
All the girls in the world wanna ride wit me  
Just getting my money  
I'm a Chi-town playa can't you see  
Just getting my money  
Mack all the way what can I say  
Just getting my money  
I'm the prince of the funk  
And it sounds this way

Verse 1: Cold Hard, Kilo

Introducing myself as the chief-king Cold Hard  
Looking cold like the blow  
Of wind smoke like a bodyguard  
Slick as the slickest  
Slicker you can thinka  
Screw me ya goofy trick  
And then I'll switch ya  
Got me all hot when haters be at me  
Tryin' ta kick off something cause I be jazzy  
But I don't trip at all, I keep on macking  
Sit back relax as my ends keep on stacking

[Kilo]

Check it out I strut  
Peeping all the good butts  
Can I get it on you can have a cut  
Of a potent raw dope party  
That have you peeped in one hit  
Of the key to mack, have you freaking  
Straight game from the Chi-town  
The fly town, stop fighting all you fat girls  
I'm a thousand grammes so act clown  
Playas hated looking faded  
Ain't that funny, dummy,  
Yo girl be giving up the money

Hook

Verse 2: Neverless

Brothers like me you know I have ta ball a bit  
Out wit the Conflict and you know we runnin' it  
My fellas told me there's a gang hanging on the road  
Rolling down the window macking on these 3-0-4's  
They creeping peeping to the game but they all the  
same  
Rolling round wid me this trying ta get up in yo brain  
But I maintain mine, and I gotta claim mine  
Running wid them renegades stepping in between lines  
We rolling up the vibes, stepping in the 9-5  
Kilo, Cold Hard and the Never wid the Wild Style  
Freaks in Deca-T Westside and Chi-Town the best  
Cause we westbound put 2 up on ya chest now  
Bow down, bow-wow yo yippee-yay  
Crucial Conflict's got 'em in the barn smoking on hay  
But still it's on to the break a dawn, dawn of the day  
As I chill wid the Conflict, just getting my money!

Hook

Verse 3: WildStyle

Straight for the hood I be live 4-5 by my side  
As I ride on the funky track bumpin' yo back  
In the 'Lac we be like snicking a mix like this  
Every single day when I play my way  
Cause it ain't no thing for me ta just chill  
Got my money in my pocket everything is real  
Who is me? What is me? Could you be like me?  
Creepin' it's the weekend and I'll be sneaking  
Bass penetrate my chest when I'm off the cess-sime  
Ya see the mack make it easy,  
All a y'all freaks we can party all night  
Throw ya hands in the s-k-y put 'em up high  
Sweet, beet, good enough ta eat,  
Get ya champagne glasses drink is on me  
To all you MCs, playas indeed, it's the wicked WildStyle  
And I'd like ta say peace

Hook (til' fade)

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