

Crucial Conflict "Just Getting My Money"

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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

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

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

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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 West side 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!

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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 Wild Style
And I'd like ta say peace

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