

Cypress Hill "Money"

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Yo, I got this plan to make some money
I want you to keep this shit to yourself
At 6:15 a.m, the truck pulls out of the
Post office on Lankershin and Wilsher
Now it makes one stop before it goes to Sacramento
Which is a mail drop-off at First Federal Loan and
Savings

I did whatever I could to get by
Slang dope, jack people, hands in the sky
When you livin' on the edge, yeah homie it's a high
You get caught up in the drama and eventually you die

Livin' in a hard world, some are livin' lies
Son you better wise up and open up your eyes
Shit it never easy homie people will connive
Better have a hustle, if you mean to survive

Why you're so greedy, can you tell us all why?
Look homie believe me you're fuckin' metal ply
For the dollar everybody is a target that's real
Talkin' is smog you're fate's signed and sealed

You could be the next one cross 'em in the path
What maybe if you do the math you can avoid the
blood bath
All the money that we stole too weak to take greed
Give it to an honest man the money is still deep

Dollar bill y'all
Dollar bill y'all
Dollar, dollar, dollar
Dollar, dollar bill y'all

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I ain't got through all my life

Fiend for the mean green
Never get enough is a mother fuckin' gangsta dream
For the love on a cash flow
You could live fast and you could die slow

Show where's the can bet your ass you believe it
'Cause niggas that you know try hard to be schemin'
Work hard is fuck for everything to rock
You a dead mother fucker 'fore I get got

Fools got game floss and drop names
My move's faster than a runaway train
Fuck the world don't ask me for shit
Catch you on your knees and you want some dick

Spot a gold nigga with a hairline trigger
Each root they make, their reputations get bigger
For the love of the money, pussy, and drug
Fools change and get all twisted up

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Only if ya better keep your eyes peeled
'Cause you were talkin' for jacks and that's real

Whether you rap or do biz or drug deal
Homie for the dollar, you can get yourself killed

He decided to jet it, could happen with no discussion
Straps of all pain fools fuckin' eruptin'
For the green little papers jackin' your neighbors
But what if your neighbor put the arms in his favor?

Picked up the heater to mash you punk bitches
Don't wanna earn shit you wanna jack for the riches
Nothin' in life's for free my nigga learn that
You burn someone they might just burn back

Scorchin' nigga to the third degree
Auh y'all trigger deserve to be
Put out of you misery, you're history son
When your body disappears, then the mystery come

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