

## Real Live "Money & Shows"

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[Larry-O]

The K made the brotherly hit I be enhancing  
The predator editor wigsplita like Manson  
Who wanna see if they can bang with me?  
Ya'll people ain't got enough D-O-E  
As sure as a thousand grams equals a key  
I be the all metro from the E-A-S-T  
You got a pistol and scared to pull  
Your zig-zagging I'm hittin with a barrage of bullets  
My technique freaks when I speak  
I do phenomenal feats with astronomical beats  
I'm certified insane  
My vocab will stab any rapper in the brain  
(Hey player what you workin with?)  
I got four broads they all wanna get hit  
Plus a fifth of Remy a quarter pound of good shit  
We off the K's crib time to split

[Larry-O]

I got a shorty in my scope I'm brown like dope  
Coming back like good coke I smoke til I choke  
The pimp with the walk and the talk  
Cartel from New Jers well connected in New York  
Freaks I like to fool em punks I like to tool em  
Before I roll my dice you know a player gotta school em  
Streetwise dramatical lyrically mathematical  
I'm mentally equipped I'm in a cage combatical  
When I stack cream chickens attract like magnets  
Plus brothers be open and only hit by fragments  
Of platinum shrapnel I consume the whole room  
A coliseum I'm turning the joints into my museum  
Your more mad cos I rated well planned  
It's the rap scene was puzzled cos I hit em full blast  
I got a concept that everybody know  
Its all about the money and shows so here we go

[Larry-O]

I've been official from day 1 I'm stacking my bank son  
I make the joints for the killers that spray guns  
And all the shorties running game acting naughty  
Taking rookies for their stock in every city and every  
block

The stage is set for me to rock  
Quick sound check the street sweepers on cock  
Crabs like to test the stretch  
I got the pearl handled .45 and camouflage vest  
Stop, think cop a cold drink  
Kick it with a freak but do your dirt on the sneak  
Why?Groupies like to tell mad lies  
Loot is on your mind and I can see it in your eye  
You ain't said nothing slick yo  
You used to play the dime roll now your sweating KNO  
Cos a player got bagged an shit  
Ripping up shit and we refuse to quit

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