

The Game "Money"

Visit "[Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Money

For the money

Money, Money

[Verse 1]

Kanye told me that Jesus walks in '04

But I grew up around Impalas and drug lords

Welcome to Los Angeles

Palm trees and drug stores

All we know is rocks and Presidents like Mount

Rushmore

Fuck the police

They hop out and bust doors

I ain't goin back to jail, nigga

That's what I flush for

My money or my glock, Who do I trust more?

I don't know, It's prolly the one that I touch more

Guess It's the green cause paper motivate niggaz

And my Rolex's racist cause it hate niggaz

I used to only sell 8th's

Like that Laker nigga

Now I'm movin 24's like I play at the Staples Center

You might miss The Game

So nigga, Don't blink

My Phantom stand out like Frank Lucas' mink

So go ahead and think like Frank Lucas think

Somebody'll find your brains on the fuckin' kitchen sink

About

[Hook]

(Money)

Dead presidents, Big paper

(For the money)

Benjamins, Skyscrapers, My niggaz get (Money)

My bitches get (Money) like the strippers get

From the block to the club, I'll make it rain (Money)

In California niggaz die (For the money)

From the south to New York them bullets fly for the
(Money)

Don't stop gettin' (Money)

It don't matter where you're from

If you hustle muthafucka, Keep gettin' that (Money)

[Verse 2]

Yeah, I get at that Baby and Slim Cash money
All the jewelry on your whole crew
That's my tax money
That Pablo Escobar crack money
That Lebron, First Nike contract money
That make it rain
All my niggaz throw a stack money
Stack it to the ceiling then call it Shaq money
That walk in the club, Straight to the back money
Flava of Love, Deelishis sittin on my lap money
That rap money
Niggaz get clapped money
Air Force Ones don't bend when I trap money
Ooh, I'm Rich like Porter
Havin Alpo nightmares
Whippin' that water
Like McDonalds, I was flippin them orders
In that '02 Porsche truck
Whizzin' through borders
I was through flippin quarters when I made my first mill
I'm about a dollar, 50 Cent ain't real

[Hook]

(Money)

Dead presidents, Big paper
(For the money)
Benamins, Skyscrapers, My niggaz get (Money)
My bitches get (Money) like the strippers get
From the block to the club, I'll make it rain (Money)
In California niggaz die (For the money)
From the South to New York them bullets fly for the
(Money)
Don't stop gettin' (Money)
It don't matter where you're from
If you hustle muthafucka, Keep gettin' that (Money)

[Verse 3]

Somebody tell Snoop to pop open them briefcases
Order that Patron
Tell 'em we want three cases
Fuck a Black Card, You see these green faces
Look at my chest, Now you've seen Vegas
Treat my money like the Crystal that we wasted
Cause I'm a money machine
I could remake it
You a fool thinkin that Freddy could see Jayceon
I been iced out like who the fuck need Jacob
The Doc told me to be patient

But I want money like Dwight Howard
Next time he a free agent
I'm tryin' to make enough money so I can feed Asia
And have Asians in the kitchen cookin in Louis V aprons
Word to Martha Stewart
If I could park a Buick
Then I could flip a Brinks truck
I got the heart to do it
Ball like the nigga Tony Parker do it
Speak no inglÃ©s but Dinero, I talk it fluent

[Hook]
(Money)
Dead presidents, Big paper
(For the money)
Benjamins, Skyscrapers, My niggaz get (Money)
My bitches get (Money) like the strippers get
From the block to the club, I'll make it rain (Money)
In California niggaz die (For the money)
From the South to New York them bullets fly for the
(Money)
Don't stop gettin' (Money)
It don't matter where you're from
If you hustle muthafucka, Keep gettin' that (Money)

Get get get get g-get ya paper boy [3X]

Get get get get get get GET!

[2X]
Money
For the money
Money, Money

Visit [The Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.