

## Third Eye Blind

### "Money"

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Dollar dollar bills  
Dotes, marks, franks, yens and pounds  
I rock the chopped up sounds from devinger dounds  
Out the Ford Rover, up top in the boogie  
I be loyal to my peps just like pooh to stud doogie  
Never bearer bad news  
Paying crazy dues  
I'm blowing out crews and taming mad shrews  
Like Bill Shakespeare, the fakes will disappear  
The flavor in your ear is strong like everclear  
200 proofs will put the match to the roof  
And set this bitch on fire  
Get rich to empire  
About to strike back if you rock the mic whack  
And thats the way it is cause yo its like that

(Sadat X) Money money y'all  
It be the root of all evil  
(Sadat X) Money money y'all  
It makes you popular with people

I go back to the '80's  
Like "Three Times A Lady"  
When it was pussy for free  
And crack for currency  
It just occurred to me  
Its time for surgery  
I remove emcees like tumors  
The lies and the rumors got me thinking of this dove  
About time made social club  
Yo word to my mama  
I'm high off the trauma  
Whitey Ford gets deeper than a subway train  
And I serve lazy fools like fast food chains  
All pain no gain makes the brain insane  
Life in the fast lane deflates the cash gain

Chorus x2

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

(Sadat X) Everlast  
It takes money  
(To get that fly ass hoe)  
It takes money  
(To see me rock a live show)  
It takes money  
(To get that last bag of smoke cause ???)  
Hey I'm about to gee off just like my name was Edo  
Black kids call me Whitey  
Spanish kids Whito  
White kids call me king of this b-boy thing  
If its broke than he fix it  
If its wack the mix it  
Can't none of you emcees ever fuck with these  
You be crazy on my dick like some porno chick  
For the style that I'm blessing  
Ain't no second guessing  
Can't heed the lesson, subtraction addition  
The war for submission  
Ain't no debate  
Won't stop until I've eaten off a platinum plate  
I want stocks and bonds  
Plus the real estate  
I want the iron gates and low interest rates  
Plus a fly little spot  
To bring all my dates  
A little stash of cash, to put inside the safe  
When times get lean  
Y'all know what I mean

(Money money y'all)  
Some be calling it cream  
(Money money y'all)  
Some be calling it feti  
(Money money y'all)  
But once I get it I'm jeti

Chorus x5

I want cash and checks  
I want diamond rings  
I want jewels on my neck and mad fly things  
I want stacks of fat chips so I can take long trips  
I want to sail the Bahamas on my own cruise ships  
I want acres of land  
I want papers in hand  
I want stocks and bonds  
All pros no cons  
Hey if it smells funny then pack it up honey  
I want the money y'all  
I need the money y'all

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