

Streetz & Young Deuces**"Money on Deck"**

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[Streetz]

I got hustle
Shots Lift ya Chest Cavities wit no muscle
Pitbull, Rockwilderd no muzzle
Bitches don't drink my kids they guzzle
Gem star, A-R turn ya Puzzle
Arm over their, Leg over their
Nigga be ware
Ima beast on the loose, I need a stray jacket
I'm insane in da coupe, I switch lanes poof
No where to be found, you know I gets down
These other niggaz frontin they aint runnin the town
Outside of the Milly you's a nobody
Jump stupid and you get bodied, that's for anybody
Duck down when the hammer spit
Black fur got a nigga feelin panda-ish
Pose for the cam-e-ras, ima star
You lookin for the best nigga yea we are (ha ha)

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Money On Deck (Check), Money On Deck (Check)
Money On Deck (Check), Money On Deck
I need all dat guap, All dat Money
If you aint bout paper you can fall back dummy
I got

[Young Deuces]

Heart of a lion, buily like an ape, face of a refugee
They put me in da game, winded, wit no referee
And since a lot of niggaz stressin me
I'ma fight till I'm gone, ima give em all what's left of me
I rep da Brew, nigga city I love
I stay bent, blowin sticky what you expect ima thug
I came straight from the crack of the slumz
When you talk about the greatest out the milly nigga I
am the one, one
You see the pain in m eyes from past crisis
I don't wana talk or cry so I writes it
Young boy, hustle, survive in five vices
A rebel wit a cause, I'm twisted so I fights it
I like it, Mikey, who he might be

Killain da booth where da mic be
You need geikee, geico, psycho
Deuces be dat nigga on point like a rifle

[Chorus]

[Bridge: repeat 2X]
We gettin Money over here and shit over dere
E'ry body put cha fuckin hands in dere
We got (Money on Deck) got (Money On Deck)
Got (Money On Deck) Got (Money On Deck)

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