

Alcazar**"Money in the Bank"**

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"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"
"Rocked and rolled, but then you rolled and rocked"
"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"
"Rocked and rolled, but then you rolled and rocked"

[Large Professor]

Listen

You get upset, when you hear the Large Professor
on your girl's cassette, deck, expect
nothin comin soft, cause I'll never throw weaker blows
I'll kick you in your [ass] and your breath'll smell like
sneaker soles
Now how's that for a fixin?
You'd better rather go to Roy's, cause I ain't kickin
science fiction
I kick a size nine sneaker or boot
Chop chumps to stumps, and they remain mi-nute
The Sheik, I get deep, and always leave with the wet
meat
Because of my technique, I'm the one you let speak
I collect crops and props like spinach
I'm vintage, your single sums up to a ten inch
My soul brother Van Paul and Pete Rock
keep the funk flowin until the last beat stops
The soul man, can't have you leavin on a stretcher
Probably, have you leavin in leather, I catch a body
from wreckin slum rappers, but to be frank
I don't give a [fuck] I got money in the bank

"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"
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[Freddie Foxxx]

This is the stage of triple-X
when you're sittin by your radio, screamin, "Freddie
Foxxx goes next"
Those beholdin the words of a master

find mental disaster, as I kick it faster
Whoever opposes me, and what I feel
might find their legs bein replaced by steel
This is a brand new year, and the penalty is death
so there won't be a lot of suckers left
I grab the mic, and I load it like a long four-fifth
huh, and dare you to riff
or even sneeze as I blow you to your knees, have you
curled up
in a corner like a dog, with hoof in mouth disease
Spittin razor blades, cuttin veins you can't stitch
I got you screamin like a [bitch]
I took your microphone, you can't get it back
because your rap was wack
I'm comin fifty strong in an armored tank
and takin money to the bank

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"Rocked and rolled, but then you rolled and rocked"
"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"
"Rocked and rolled, but then you ro.. rolled.."

[Kool G. Rap]
Kool G. Rap for your first selection, get up on it
To my opponents, let me just demonstrate for a minute
Crooks gettin hooked, to my book, just like an addiction
Stop your diction you drop, the science fiction
Let's get specific you can't get with it
I'm too terrific and scientific, forget it
don't even try to limp it, you're not ready to make hits
You still got a learner's permit
Poppin that [shit], you better sit
Here's a word, of a third degree burn, so listen and
learn
You're missin a turn, so you better get, concerned
my challenger, check the calendar
I'm as live as a .45 caliber, Colt
with a silencer, wettin up, suckers I be settin up
Button up, while I'm cuttin up, never lettin up
I don't link up, with suckers with raps that shrank
Thanks sonny, I'm takin money to the bank

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[Ant Live]

One in the chamber, eight in the clip
Pull out a razor, watch your rhyme book rip
It's Ant Live, liver and deliveries get liver
with G. Rap, and we're the sole survivors
MC's wanna try me, but can't escape, my clutch
Too much, caught in the ropes, like double dutch
You wanna run up, you better run up light
Cause like a whorehouse shippin out [pussy] tonight
Believe me I ain't goin out like a brick parachute
or a fruit, or a guy that wears Brut
cologne, I'm violent prone, so leave me alone
I'm about to set fire to the microphone
and leave the mic so hot you need potholders for this
Due to burnt wires it's cordless
(Yo Ant Live make suckers walk off the plank)
Not now, I'm takin money to the bank

"Money in the bank, yeahhhh"

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