

The Roots

"For the Love of Money"

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[Black Thought]

Yo yo, what the fuck, give us space
See ya'll up in the place and shit, fuck
Yo we 'bout to set it
We got my man DJ Cash Money on the one and two's
Knowmsayin, we 'bout to take ya'll back into the realm
It's like this yo yo, check it out, hold up yo
It's like yo
One to make you scream, two to make you shout
Come on Cash Money, let's rock yo well it's the

[Malik B]

M-A-L-the-I-K-B
Doin this since the early '80s
You try to play me, well I'ma play ya back
You know it's tipper-tap when I pay you back

[Black Thought]

Well it's the B-L-A-the-C-K Thought
It grab crab niggas on life support
I don't know what the fuck ya'll thought or what ya'll
snort
Any rapper Steppin Into the Realm will get caught

[Malik B]

You got caught off-guard in the yard while you was
buzzin
You worked your way outta the puzzle, all of a sudden
This shit, we hit you like Sixth and Bristol
We put it in your body till it make you disco

[Black Thought]

Aiyyo, Philly mine for my passion, the city line
From Cheltenham to 69th Street to beyond
Want to lap around the map and then pass the baton
To my man, between me and Mal-ik is a thin line

[Malik B]

I'ma pull the pins all out the grenade
Radical renegade, let's get paid
I won't be around when they start the raid
Baricade your town like the Mummer's Parade

[Black Thought]

Aiyyo I here you M-ill, we the jawn for real
Rip shit from the valleys to the top of the hill
Leave a nigga in a dip like a J-Street pill
The killer feel from South Phil, they better chill

[Malik B]

We got my man Cash Money on the cut
Takin niggas back to the days of King Tut
You king of ampfier, you know I can't forget
For all you bachelors and all you bachelorettes

[Black Thought and Malik B]

Via satellite, chatter like Sean ? and them
And keep the fly young ladies all tremblin
We outta Philly and rock The Fifth emblem
Walk upon water, maintain a dry Timberland
Roots Crew, remember them, still stunnin you
In the flesh wit Cash Money on the one and two
And to the the shorty that's out past your curfew
It's X-rated, I don't wear the purple *mumbling*
Well if you're on the wheels, Cash get on----

[?uestlove]

We regret to inform you that due to the asinine
Leech-like Wall Street-ified sampling publishing laws
That plague hip hop music...
You'll be unable to witness the miracles that Cash
Money creates
On the one and two's...
Unfortunately, we have to leave you wit this...

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