

RZA

"Money Don't Own Me"

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(feat. Christbearer, Monk, Stone Mecca)

[Chorus: Tru James]

My woman, and my money, don't own me...
I've got to, keep holding, my own

[RZA]

Heaven, heaven...
The dangerous dynamite dosage, mind full of
explosives
Digital brain is the closest to Moses
Civilizing came, the flame inside the hoister
Revitalize the game, the names on the poster
The mask with no cape, the flash'll crush grapes
The dancer on the lap, the ass wit no face
It's shaped like an ace, say your grace before you taste
it
Haste makes waste, slow down or you ain't wait
The bunny in the car look like an Indian squall
The honey's in the jar, the money's in the bra
It's funny hahaha, how dummies, hahaha
Think cuz we call 'em sunny, they can be a star
I implement the instrument, disintegrate the 10 percent
You entered the square, but you don't know where the
circle went
You ain't worth the cent, you cursed, I Birthed the
Prince
Drenched the baby from creators that the nurses sent
You can't still convent, don't have seven cents
Grave the raven, my birds are heaven sent
Where the brethren went? where the Reverend went?

I told you these words are heaven sent

[Chorus]

[Monk]

It's time to show you how them rugged MC's rock
If that's steel you see, it's that steel I pop
If that Benz I walk, it's that Benz I cop
Who rock them white tees first, get a West Coast props
Can't nobody it better than, the West Coast veteran

Three six letterman, Monk's the name
Black Knights the gang, I'll ignite the flames
Strike my hood up on the wall, and cross out your name
With a K on the end of it, that won't be the end of it
Til them guns is drawn, and you standing on the end of
it
Poof be gone, I'mma write that wrong
I'm the shit all by myself, nobody writes my song
Peep my technique, strictly gangsta classics
Gun talk, nigga, muthafuck theatrics
My flow is matchless, ain't no way you can surpass this
Level I'm on, better go home, and try to practice

[Christbearer]

Why yes, am I next to impress
D-T-S, bless the best, no cess
Stress, from guess to gold press
The quest to protest, we head the Pro Keds
But this is the new improved shit
'08 from the AMG, '92, bitch

[Chorus]

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