

## O-Band

### "Made Man"

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Yo

I gotta story, about money, women, and power  
And who truly has it

Her name, seems to slip my mind  
But her face is stuck in my brain  
Can vaguely remember the day we met, see it had  
rained  
The road over, on Soppovada was wet  
And my car wasn't, huggin the terrain  
So there I came into her lane  
I was to blame but stopped my headlight in the front  
Cos I ran into her back  
But she didn't, over-react, cos her cruiser wasn't even  
scratched  
In fact, now that I think, back, I was gettin macked  
By a tender, oh yeah now I remember  
Vanessa from Maryland, aggressive and tanned  
It was December, of '94 and she was finding O  
attractive  
Lookin like an actress, skilled in the art of macktress  
She asked if I was cool, I said "Sure  
But damn I fell like manure because baby I ain't  
insured"  
Her reply - "Poor baby, don't worry, I understand  
But man makes the money, money never makes the  
man  
She said

[Hook x2]

Man makes the money, money never makes the man  
Man makes the money, money never makes the man  
Man makes the money, money never makes the man  
And that's real, and that's real

We started chillin, it was all the way live  
She flipped me a downtown highrise in 1995  
8-50i, no more sess highs, strictly chronic and thai  
Rolled in place in a gold cigarette case  
Liquorice papers for sweeter taste, my pockets was  
laced

With big head Benjamins, crushed in cinnamon, linen  
and black Gators  
Platinum, chains, rings and bracelets  
Found out she was a mule for the Mob  
Had plans to rob, and wanted me in on the job  
Bust this, disgusted, one night in the middle of sex  
She asked O-Press - "Are you down for this?"  
And I said "YES! Baby yes!", ugh  
I must confess it was a bit risky this way  
But when she hugged and kissed me, uhh, I didn't care  
Got to the point I didn't even wear underwear  
Cos she would want it everywhere and anywhere  
(Man makes the money, money never makes the  
money)

[Hook: w/ variations x2]

The matriarch was established, we was after the  
cabbage  
To continue livin lavish she had a plan - hit her ex-man  
For three hundred grand, I just put him to sleep  
And keep it movin to a spot where, we used to creep  
Agreed, greed, bubbled up inside me indeed  
So on Friday when he received loot, I walked in and  
proceeded to shoot  
Nigga's in they knees, fuck 'freeze', yeah yeah  
There's the money, oh shit and seventeen keys  
Stashed up and shit, shot to the designated spot  
At the designated time, she was late I had to wait  
Escalated my mind to stop the shakes  
I had just shot niggas up, like a scene out of Carlito's  
Way  
She walked in around ten  
I was in the corner with my 9 sayin "I thought eight was  
the time  
We had agreed upon" but I noticed she was nervous  
I said "What's goin on?", that's when she blurted  
"? heard about the Mob, how we did it, the money - give  
it  
Trust me baby, I'll be back in a minute"  
Then she kissed me on my face, grabbed me up under  
my waist  
And left, I sat for three hours and still not a trace  
Soft nigga, I got the seventeen, I'ma just dip  
That's when the cops showed up, talkin bout an  
anonymous tip  
They got the dirty cookers and the pure uncooked  
Took me and my attorneys hell just to get me one L  
With no possibilities of parole I was lost  
Vanessa made me made loot and made off  
Uh, what?

I said Vanessa made me, made loot and made off

[Hook to fade]

Man makes the money, money never makes the man

Man makes the money, money never makes the man

She said she said

Man makes the money, money never makes the man

Man makes the money, money never makes the man

What what, what what

[Outro: over top of hook]

That's what she told me

But remember, the lips of strange women, soft like

honeycomb

Her mouth drippin in poison oil

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