

Ray Luv

"Get My Money On!"

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"Here's a little story I got to tell" (Beastie Boys)

Straight from the streets and the alleys of Cali, mo'

Hits and bits from the depths of the Vallejo

The highs to mids, here's a kid from the Rosetown

Nigga Ray Luv is at this with the dope sound

(Here to tell you a tale about a man and his money)

Young brother straight broke, ain't a damn thing funny

Girlies had stripes, Dickey slacks is how the macks
stroll

Gold when he flex, his Rolex when he roll

Oh, damn how I wanted to live large

Private jet lease when Ray Luv is in charge

Hard is how I live my life

Thank God I never smoked the pipe

I need money, streets can't last me

And keep a eye out for brothers tryina blast, G

And in the past I never planned on seein the pen

It was a place I knew I never wanted to be in, my friend

I'ma clock, I knew it down deep in my heart

Hoes jock, I'ma do it cuz I'm down from the start

I'm serious 'bout mine, more than just the same ol'
song

Cuz I'm in there, and I'm out to get my money on

(Check this out)

1991 - the year Ray changed up

1992 - the year Ray Luv came up

I been around, now I'm headed to the top brand

Knowledge from Jah (right) ?????????

Anyway, back to my temple of my hustle

If you ain't got no clout or grip you ain't got no muscle

I do not be the one, call me Mr. Assed-Out

Niggas planned to do me so I packed em and mashed
out

Grandma's tryin to keep me out the streets cuz they
after me

But she don't understand where I'm at, see

You know, I pack a pistol when I aim to out-run 'em

And if they pull a hoe move I won't hesitate to gun 'em

God damn, I'm mo' broke than I ever been

Rock bottom through with me cuz it's a place I've never
been

My ace boon's locked up in a jail do'

Now my gat's got my back while I get my mail on

Daily I get calls from the P.D.

Around the clock jockin, that Santa Rosa police

Real about my motive, it's the same ol' song

Cuz I'm in there, and I'm out to get my money on

Now in '93, black, a mack upon the scene

They know me in the Bay, now nationwide I'm stackin

green

Cash m-o-n-e-y, just wanted to make it

Never really had much but always used to fake it

Hung with the boys slingin d, but no time fo' it

God had graced a plan for me and now in 1992 I know it

Police don't respect me: "Why you gots a pager

Where did you get this money, Mr. Young Black Teenager?"

Got it from your daughter, she came to my concert

Makin my record platinum, wearin a Ray Luv t-shirt

Blame somebody, blame yourself

Cuz you give her the money and she give it to somebody else

Me - now it's in my bank account

So Mr. Five-o, here's somethin to think about

And to you brothers, you used to talk drag when they see me

Now you wanna be me on 'MTV

Raps', the young black mack with the video

Kick it with the boys from the Rose, but you don't hear me though

On ?????? I began to strive

But I learned to be a playa in the 415

I used to dream of C.C.'s and Impalas

Now I want a Benz and ends to spend dollars

Yeah

Cuz I'm out to get my money on

Yo, what's up

This is Ray Luv in the house

Check this out, baby boy

This shout out goes out to all the playas in the whole
Bay Area

All the Richmond playas

All the Oakland playas

All the Frisco playas

East Palo Alto playas

All the Santa Rosa playas

All the Moreno City playas

All the Vallejo playas

All the Sacramento playas

And all the playas in the whole world

Yo, check this out, mayn

We need to come up, mayn

Stop chillin each other

All that ol' silly stupid black on black violence junk,
mayn

Y'all better get yo money on, mayn!

Come up, mayn, come up!

Yo Khayree, mayn

(What's up?)

They better get they money on!

[Khayree]

That's right, that's right

Check this out

We got Ray Luv in the house

(What's up nigga)

DJ Cee's in the house

(That's right)

We tryina check a grip like this in '92

Cuz brothers wanna get they money on

(Word)

Now check this out

Like to send a shout out to Mac-ass Dre

(Yeah, he gettin his money on)

C-double o-l-i-o Coolio

(Ha-ha, he gets his money on)

Yeah

And last but not least

Much love to all the young black brothers

Tryina come up in 1992 and check a grip

(Nuff respect!)

It ain't about jackin, it's about mackin the system

And gettin what you got comin to you

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