

Bone Thugs N Harmony F/ Eazy-E

"Foe Tha Love Of \$"

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Hook: [Satasha] For the love of money [Bizzy] Gotta make that money, man [Krayzie] That money, mayne, it's still the same now [Bizzy] Gotta make that money, man [Krayzie] That money, mayne, it's still the same now (Verse 1) [Flesh-N-Bone] Gotta get on the grind Givin' it up to the nine-nine, don't be stupid cause y'all get falled In the night time, gotta get mine Ain't takin' no shorts or no losses Hop on the phone, call up my homie, Tay at home, polishin' his Mack 10 chrome Got a lick, we can hit, so call the clique, cause once again, it's on To the dome, with a fifth of Bourb' More wig to the curb, so I swerve and rolled out To pick up the rest of my thugs, then sprayed on the mission for callin' up more, now Choke, when I hit the bong, fill the ride like everyday With four Mo Thugs I'm a roll with and stroll with Til we get up on the grave and lay Pulling in me driveway Wish spotted the place and quickly rolled up Gotta make that money, mayne, hopped out of the ride, then Flesh done showed up Buck, buck, and a kaboom, so drop it all down when I'm into the room Then doom I'm a shakin' the dice and hittin' me naturals on them fools And I'm looking lovely You better not think it's funny I'm comin' up quick in the nine-quads, cause Flesh be lovin' this money [Layzie Bone] I'm givin' up love To the hustlers, all them St. Clair dusters Makin' that money stayin' on your feet And you better believe, gotta have that cheese for the green leaves, never catch me sleep Steady on the grind, get mine, stand down for my crime, and I hit up the nine-nine Gotta keep that bankroll, makin' me sale, twenties, nickles and dimes Hit up and stick up a lick up, that 211 Gotta get what's mine, then bailin' Me kickin' up dust, I'm a trailin', feelin' 187 That's how it is, and I gots to have it in the nine quad Mission to check a mil and still be real, thuggin' on the glock, glock Creeping on a come up Won't sleep til I'm done up Gotta blaze me blunt up Hunt up another plot and scheme, gotta make some green, cause soldiers nut up What up Gotta get that buisness on, even though the buddah run me Stunned, me feelin' lovely, but I'm just in it for the love of the money Repeat Hook [Verse

2: Eazy-E] Standin' on the corner, straight slangin' rocks Aw, man, here comes the crooked ass cops So I dash, I ducks And I hides behind a tree Makin' sure the popos don't see me Now my fat sack of rocks, hell yeah, I stuffed 'em Police on my drawers, I had to pause And yeah I still don't trust 'em Now my game is tight Tight as hell is my game Eazy-E, CPT, or Eric Wright, it's all the same Now those might trip, on how I stacks my grip I got to have it, yeah Repeat Hook Twice (Verse 3) [Bizzy Bone] Been down in the thugster, thuggish ways Down for my crime, everytime, follow me down The nine-nine, and you will find, all of me kind Check out the Ripsta Now, drop down, run 'em up outta me hood Rip's, straight when I makin' me grip With a me clique Rollin' with Ruthless, the thug I be Me, put 'em in mud, buck 'em, me pump up, for the love of money With nothin' to lose, rollin' with trues, rollin' with Thug It's goin' down Steady pump and peel rounds, runnin' a with a me gang Bang, gotta make that money, mayne, it's still the same, steady runnin' thangs wild Then follow me now While I take you up into the dark side of me run See For the dub, you're done, for the bud, I run, for the love of my money [Krayzie Bone] Gotta be down for my thang Up in this thug game, so peep as me creep and me crawlin' off On a mission to back in the days, Krayzie was bailin' with thugs that wanna get payed Runnin' to me side, little thugster Ripsta, both on the mission for money You give up the cash, now drop it, don't fast, cause me and my partner was hungry And if you was stallin', you might get to go to the temple in dumb Bone raw doggin' Just make this lick as simple and run To hell, we send ya Me fill 'em with bang, then dump 'em in rivers Remember, me peel ya now From under, me dig ya So deep in the ditch and get richer, cause trick you was steppin', I'll get ya And rip up, so bucked up now Steady robbin' and stealin', makin' a killin', get a thug deal and needed a million Makin' me money where the thugs be chillin' For the money these fools be set in Cleveland Where you find me thuggin' off in the braids and skullies And when I stick 'em, lick 'em, remember I get 'em for the love of money [Satasha Williams] Love of money

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