

Shorty

"Copper to Cash"

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[VERSE 1]

Money, money, money, muthafuckin green
Reach inside my pocket, I don't feel it, and I wanna
scream
Nigga, give it up, cause I want every penny in your
pocket
And your ass is goin down if you tell me you ain't got it
I gotta make a profit in that Nickel Ward
Cause I ain't with bein broke and times are gettin hard
I pull the gat and hit the boulevard huntin for a victim
Catch him slippin, pop the clip in, and then I get him
When in mama's womb I was doomed, destined for
poverty
And no nigga in the ghetto about to win a lottery
So what does it bother me to knock a nigga off?
I'm educated, in a robbery, bitch, I'm the boss
Mr. Lawman is quick to call this action a crime
Because they can't tax robbery, they don't get a dime
Everything'd be fine if I was working 9 to 5
But I can't get that kinda job, I ain't 5 ft. high
Since they don't realize that my size ain't shit
I'm gonna gaffle em and baffle em until my bank gets
To the maximum, I get the gat then i'm after them fast
Goin for bad, goin from copper to cash

Some people will try to jack you
Some people will even kill you
So give it to em, y'all

[VERSE 2]

When I started writin lyrics it was like a religion to me
Cause when I seen the mic, you're fuckin right, I was
kickin it, gee
Knew that it was somethin that was gonna last a
lifetime
When I pushed my homework aside so I could write
rhymes
I sat in class hypnotized, my mind in a daze
Pretendin Bushwick Bill rippin up a stage
But back in the days Little Bill was soft as jello
And hard work pays, now I'm the hardest muthafucka

in the ghetto
I assured I got the rhymes that was popular at times
But I hadn't got my name on the dotted line
I couldn't pay the dime, mama worked parttime
It made me so mad, I sat down and wrote hard rhymes
I ??? cause I couldn't pay the fee
Then my boy gave me a ki, in a week I made a g
Pretty soon I was laughin in a mansion makin profits
Puttin half in the bank, keepin half in my pockets
Cops were hopin, cops were hopin they could get me
net
They be promoted to a captain for the big arrest
I wasn't slippin, I was givin the blues the blues
Cause I refused to lose, I grabbed the booze and
cruised
Up the avenue, laughin at the people in school
Cause they broke as a muthafucka talkin bout a golden
rule
You're sayin I'm a fool for droppin out
I'm makin millions, well daddy, what you're talkin bout?
I remember scrapin up pennies for the 4-double oz's
Now my refrigerator's full of Olde E
I used to only rap on the schoolyard
Now I'm in the studio droppin lyrics too hard
I took the road to the riches in a dash
Left my competators at last, they run from copper to
cash

Some people will try to jack you
Some people will even kill you
So give it to em, y'all

[VERSE 3]

A lotta people didn't think that it could happen
They all started laughin when I told em I'd be rappin
But now I'm cashin in big checks from the Rap-A-Lot
Bill's gettin paid, now it's my turn to laugh a lot
I live the life that a lotta niggas dream of
I sit back and smoke cess in a steam tub
I got bitches and bitches and bitches and bitches
And more bitches on my dick, they like the size of my
pockets
But I ain't cuttin for a stinky piece of pearl tongue
She makes a move for my wallet, and the girl's hung
Cause when you're broke, you're a joke, but when you
get cash
Them muthafuckin stink hoes want half
So all of you funky-ass hoes can kiss
My Geto-Boy-midget-mind-of-a-lunatic-
Fuck-a-war-can't-be-stopped-size-ain't-shit-
Other-level-rap-a-lot-copper-to-cash-dick

But if you just wanna fuck me
Yeah aight, aight, you can suck a nigga's Chuckie

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Some people will even kill you
So give it to em, y'all

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