

Brandy Feat. Tamia, Gladys Knight & Chaka Khan

"Out For the Cash"

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Hook:

We want it all so we out for the cash
Life's too short so we gotta live fast
Gotta keep it real get the doe and that's that
Before we go out you know we gotta live phat
"5 deadly venoms on wax"

Al' Tariq:

I break 'em down like cheers tear for fears from the
ave
Tariq whatever you seek baby you shall
Be given to ya deliver to ya
Posses asses we movin' around up in the chest no less
I keep the minds straight organize and raise above
these fake spies
Like Organize now these guys are frontin' talking about
blastin' and
lootin'
Niggas slashin' shit but son son who ya foolin'?
My nigga don't ever get no bigger than your britches
You know the old sayin' daddy uh, stitches and ditches
For snitches
So pour out the D.P. and pass the Moe Moe
And clean you imagination of that fake funk flow

Psycho Les:

Kill the noise your funk is unsented
This track is splended Honda wanted me to represent it
(yo who?)
The P.S.Y.C.H.O. deep between the lines of yayo
Son you fake a jack push your wig back like Burt
Renoylds
Even when I'm stressed I keep my chin up like Jay Leno
Bring it to any fuckin' morano
Latino bag 'em, for they casino

Hook

JuJu:

I'm back son I know it's been a while but whatever
I'm terror undoubtedly more violent then ever

I'm out here gettin' money more ways then three
I can't see these clown niggas more paid then me
You crazy it takes one look you'll determine
That you wouldn't dare fuck around with this German
The life or dead kids incredible Fed bids heroin
dreams
And wild schemes my heads deep

Fat Joe:
Who gives a fuck about the opposition?
My position is far from fiction
I started bitches seeing cream from all these fiends
With large addictions partner listen
I been doin' this shit for years endin' careers
Bringin' Max back from the ten cheers yeah
So don't consider beefin'
I get rid of even the largest rap artist while the niggas
sleepin'
Keepin' the street sweeper close
Cause niggas who lac-tose
Subtrack the grim reaper the most

Hook

Problemz:
It goes a one Mississippi two Mississippi three G
With all them motherfuckin' I's (eyes) niggas couldn't
see
P.R.O.B., L.E.M.Z. with the verbal tactics
This ghetto bastard gets you bouncin' like a mattress
I'm all that not to sound conceited
But I'm undefeated
Handin' out nuff knots (nots) like Ripley so you better
believe it
A dedicatated underground representative
Rugged instrumentals get me hyped and give me
insentitive
To blow up the spot like Waco Texas
When I flex this crusty MC's get corroded like espestis
On some next shit but it's just the Brooklyn comin' out
out me
I'm one of the ruggedest niggas alive
There ain't no pussy parts about me
Word is born this shit is on in your area
Problemz representin', mass hysteria
The kid from BK who rock the diamond studded crowns
Comin' directly from Flatbush poppo now hold that
down

Hook

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