

## **Brown Carlinhos**

### **"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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