

## **Busta Rhymes F/ Flipmode Squad, Mariah Carey**

### **"Money Gets"**

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[Master P--Talking]

Yo Mac nigga  
The only reason I'm telling you this nigga  
Cuz I care 'bout you nigga  
I wanna see you ball til' you fall nigga, but you know  
what  
You know what come with muthafuckin' money and  
fame?  
Muthafuckin' enemies, and niggas hatin'  
You see, you rich now nigga, but ahh  
Dead men can't spend no muthafuckin' money

[Chorus--Master P]

Keep yo' eyes on yo' enemies, and watch your friends  
See money get you power, but it also get you dead

Keep yo' eyes on yo' enemies, and watch your friends  
See money get you sex, but it also get you dead

Keep yo' eyes on yo' enemies, and watch your friends  
See money get you respect, but it also get you dead

Keep yo' eyes on yo' enemies, and watch your friends  
See money brang power, but that's why it gets you  
dead

[Master P]

You see a wise man told me to keep your eyes on a  
sparrow  
And don't get caught up like my lil' homies Harrold and  
Darryl  
You see, this shit ain't the same nigga  
Times done changed  
How many homies out there chasin' fortune and fame  
You see, a richeous man, he learns to preach and uhh  
Intelligent man, he love to teach  
But these ghetto wars got us trapped in  
Crack sells, 1-8-7, 2-1-1's, even the state pen

The penitentiary ain't no place for me  
God, won't yah hear me, make a way for me  
And to my homies that are gone, I hope they rest in  
peace  
And we gon' ball til' we fall why we roll the streets

[Chorus--Master P]

[Mac]

Somebody ask me how it feel to have change  
How I feel to be a major muthafucka in this game  
I'll told them, let the sunshine turn to rain  
In other words, that's cool but a lot of shit I can't explain  
Bitches say they love me, but I can't really believe 'em  
Who wouldn't wanna love me, I got money and I'm  
succeedin'  
Them bitches got niggas, niggas got bitches, they be  
plottin'  
You show 'em your crib  
Next week they kickin' in yo' spot  
And it's a shame when niggas bust your brains with the  
stripes  
It seems like I'm the only nigga trippin' on my life  
At night I say my prayers with my vest on  
My triggas under my pillows  
I'm even scared to get my rest on  
Runnin' with them killas that'll ride for me, die for me  
Open fire for me, wouldn't lie to me  
I watch my back, I watch my front  
I watch them niggas, I watch them bitches  
In fact I think they all tryna kill Mac  
Wooooo

[Chorus--Master P]

Uggggggghhh!

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