

One Take One Hit

"Everyone wants his money"

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[CHORUS]

Everyone wants his money, man
everyone makes his money, man

Everyone wants the note, man
Everyone hunts the note/bill, man

Everyone wants his money
Everyone makes his money - money, money, money
By the business

Everyone wants the note, man
Everyone hunts the note/bill, man
By all means

Everyone wants his money
Everyone makes his money - money, money, money
By the business

Everyone wants the note, man
Everyone hunts the note/bill, man
By all means

Come/lead(?) to the city where I have my business
Every day, every night money is being made
Everyone wants what I have, I have the weed
Pay your cash, get my wares
The cops are trying to blow our ring
??? fail, we rule the streets
??? ??? cinemas and parks

That is my life
counting my cash
Going home
To spend it again

cause I chill with my homies
and smoke the devils weed ???

We're smoking it, what can you do against us anyway?

We're coming to get us something

What is sick? We are sick.

What is sick? The world is sick.

We do what we want to do

In this world we're fighting to get ourselves to the top

We're hunting the notes, we're killing the notes

The notes everyone is after so much

You are not cool with that, your problem - you'll go down mercilessly

Pray tell me

What a sick world is it

Wherein every day, every minute

A dream is bursting, eh, eh?

Hundreds of people are giving themselves up

That's the daily routine

Well, what were you believing, really?

???

???

???

???

Don't get in my way

Or you'll live to regret it

Cause everyone is making, in his own way,

the notes, the doughs, the euros, the bucks

Hannes the LawLess (?) was some guy where I live

A hustler is making the bucks

It's the short business I'm stuck in too deep

"Sell your **** elsewhere, or you'll realize that you'll never wake up again"

Life on the street is not easy

In the urban sprawl everybody has his place

Just like in society

I disdain everyone that's prostituting himself

??? night for night, (mildly explicit expression) for (mildly explicit expression)

??? on the street is not easy

everyone aims fÃ¼r money

Be rich or poor - what a cruel world
Underground without bucks in your hand or on the bank

Cash, true money is what you can count
It's not easy to go from below to above
Heavy weights are holding me down, I'm sorry
Houdini, Van Gogh (?), I'm so sorry
Huh, huh .. the hustlers

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