

## **Dr. Ama**

### **"M.O.N.E.Y"**

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[Dr. Ama] Money, we live for it, die for it, crooks pull  
jooks Catch bodies, do bids and fight for it They  
scheme and conive for it, for papes Bitches fuck a  
nigga, scream rape and lie for it Paper in the  
atmosphere, be aware We there, beware, we don't play  
fair God forbid if you were stranger here, son, you a  
stranger here? Be out, since danger here Angers here  
in abundance, niggas be fronting on some one shit  
And the gun clip run your shit Be leary of the smiling  
face, catch you for your style and your papes New  
York, the wildest apes Hit the strip, lookouts that watch  
for jake Got plans to live great nigga, by any means  
Fuck my enemies, your MP, making memories Big set  
money, make a nigga envy me, that's my word [Chorus  
2X: Dr. Ama] Make Other Niggas Envy You, get  
M.O.N.E.Y. Make Other Niggas Envy You, get M.O.N.E.Y.  
Whatever it take, we out to get cake Til we die, M-O-N-  
E-Y [Dr. Ama] Introduced to the game, on 112th and St.  
Nicks Same shit soldiers go through in every borough  
Little nigga plan to be a big nigga, one day Instead of  
every word son say, he said If he gonna be a church  
boy, then live for Sunday Sit there, wait for Christ to  
come back some day In the hood, we live for the pay,  
die by gunplay The street code branded in my soul by  
the sunray Wake up, think money, get dressed, think  
money Get neck, get sex, know the rest, think money In  
the days we blowing the haze, we thinking money Thug  
life nigga, ain't a damn thing funny Simple big way,  
chop them thangs Hit the block, clock the green,  
copping gleem Front on our spot, we pop them things  
Plus hot, lay low, pour 'dro, and smack the great  
[Chorus 2X] [Dr. Ama] Feel me son? Me in the black  
MDX Smoke tint, been smoking pounds of bless No  
stress, banging hoes, hold down the residence It's  
evident, we about dough, profile low Street life, roll c-lo  
under the street light We the street, cuz the beast walk  
the beat nights Hop around the clock shop, so we can  
eat right Game's tight, but who give a fuck, we on the  
come up Niggas broad telling, make her dumb up, slip  
an E Tear the buns up, back to biz, get these ones up  
Play the game like EA Sports, '04 Like Montazuma,

make the stash grow like a tumor Don't hate, cuz we  
play the hood, thug life, live from the block You strive  
the block, calling the cops We elect dead presidents,  
make the block our residence With guns big enough to  
drop an elephant [Chorus 2X]

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