

Dr. Dre F/ Ice Cube

"For Money"

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I need money (money), mo money.
Mo money, (ching ching), money, nuthing move but the money.
Money, money, look nothing move but the money.
Money, money, that's all I want, that's all I want.
I want it look.

You found me where the papers at, where the capers at
I don't ask for a motherfucking thing, I take the scratch
Look I, franchise wearing, a franchise wrist
I'm franchise look, I need a franchise chick
She ain't gotta be tight, she ain't gotta be that rich
She just like I tell the other bitches that my nigga's the shit
Black on black, step out the house
with a suit and a tie soon to die, black on black
Scratch a mack, scratch a jack, matter fact nigga I
always stay strapped
It's the game plan, I gotta win, I can't afford to lose
I can't be dressin in them kinda blues can't afford to
wear tight shoes
You know me, the nigga with the six four frame
With a six four cock back and hit your brain
You know the CEO nigga, ya'll done seen before nigga
See me get dope and don't tell a popo nigga
I don't give a fuck, I hate ya'll type
Yeah I might know ya but we ain't nothing alike

(Chorus)

Now nothing move but the money, that's all I want
Nothing move but the money nigga, that's all I want
Nothing move but the money, that's all I want
I'm on top cause I do what ya'll niggas don't, look

Catch me playing ball with Shaq, and points from real
how to act
I did a shootin' range, shoot the mack, when I bust for
me to shoot back
See I'm nigga put the game that's why I'm on top
I can sit eight seasons cold even when it's hot
Come on drop the top for my Impala and shit

Nigga I'm out to get paper spit some dollars and shit
See how many ya'll niggas could follow this shit
I got an attitude fuck the whole world, I gotta get rich
Ahh, and cap niggas screaming shit, niggas gleaming
the wrist
You seen the six, seen his wrist, nigga you seen his
chick
This shit that ya'll spittin', it's meaningless
Everything ya'll claim you did, I done it
And if I got, man fuck ya'll nigga, I'm a flaunt it
And if I don't got it I motherfucking want it
Bitch I sold keys, I smoke weed at PE I got blunted
Fuck the hatin', I pull off that paper shit
Gotta love me or either motherfucking hate me bitch
Gotta hate my flow, nigga hate that I got dough
And if I spend it all bitch I can make some more

(Chorus)

Keep it hot, I keep it locked, guns I keep it cocked
Runnin' on the shop like I runnin' on the block
Keep one up in the top, like one up in the drop
Spit till I spit, can't spit no more it don't stop
Like I live fast, I'm addicted to cash
Ain't a thief but sometimes I just forget to ask
I like say what the fuck I feel, nigga do what I want
If you don't like it, fuck, fine, nigga we can take it to the
trunk
And I get the spittin' in your brand new six
Spittin' if you even with your motherfucking chick
Spittin' if you with you motherfucking click
But fuck it I'm just spittin, I'm just spittin the spit
Fuck it thick, yeah nigga what
Fuck that, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, I told yall
I don't like to windows shop to see how high it is
Walk by and see how fly it is
I'm a ghetto superstar like Pras and shit
I got my idles so fuck it, I buy that shit
You only live once so like I floss my shit
Give to the poor, a nigga like floss on a wrist
Yeah I got a few dollars but I don't even spend it no
more
I'm trying to save up, for what, so I can buy the ghetto
I'm out to get money nigga
Mo money, money, mo money, nothing move but the
motherfucking money

(Chorus)

Gotta get yall money nigga.
Nothin move but the money.

Everything else is irrelevant.
Nigga yall gotta be willing to get what yall want nigga.
By any means.
No Limit nigga.
9-8, 9-9, 2 G nigga, whatever.
I'm out to get mine.
Oughta get yours.
Silkk The Shocker live in this motherfucker.
I'm out.

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