

## Free Murda

### "Take This Money"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Yeah, uh-huh, yea  
Brooklyn, Fort Greene  
Division, check.. check..  
What? Huh.. Division

[Chorus: Free Murda]

No, ya'll ain't never gon' take this money  
Ya'll ain't never gon' take this from me  
Tuck in my waist, you can make shit ugly  
Pop in ya face, if you think shit funny  
Ya'll ain't never gon' take this money  
Ya'll ain't never gon' take this from me  
Broads they like, on sight  
Or we can get it on tonight

[Free Murda]

The thing to your mouth, you can't risk, can't flip  
Tried to get me canned like Manwich  
You ain't gotta leave, but you gotta get out of 'here' like  
dandruff  
Fuck around and get that little head all bandaged  
The fuck off, once I drive the truck, up the ave.  
Buck off your cast, now you can't move  
Stucked up the ave., didn't tell ya mans move  
Bust off that cash, then moved to Cancun  
I want that whole ave., give this man room  
Get into you get something you can't do  
Get you out of here, then we out of here, breeze off  
In that Roc-A-Wear valor, pop ya hair, for sure  
Laying in the dirt, be getting a lot of fans on tour  
My niggas take blaze, because the PJ's taught  
Clap a nigga, he gon' 'play the station' like EA sports  
It ain't a game, yo, how I just let that thang go

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

Why that nigga Tone, watching 106 & Park  
I'm on the block, til it turn 106 in the park  
I'm out in my 1-06, that's parked

On Park Ave., smoking one whole spliff that's charmed  
One whole clip that bark is all I need  
And a nigga like Free, quick to lay you with chalk  
My whole click got c-notes that they can lay in  
Free ain't Benzino, but he 'made men'  
I have nigga round ya way with macks, boy  
I have you surrounded with chalk like black boards  
My niggas clap, not on them back boards  
Roll up like the Texans, in black Fords  
Gats towards ya Honda Accord  
Ya'll can't act hard til them wheels fast forward  
Right up on ya, light up corners  
Police get 'em right up of us

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

Five hundred mill or better, dog, now that's money  
Roll in a five hundred, ya'll, now that's ugly  
Better ask money, flip shit, they gon' act funny  
My watcher baby get that cash money  
Since a juvenile, strapped with 21 niggas  
Never took that gat from me, what?  
As far as I can see, niggas don't want that fast money  
Don't wanna be looking over the shoulders with the  
fast, money  
Better dash, money, if ya bitch wanna talk  
Shut her lips, before I blast honey  
Division, we get dollars, blowing white Impala  
Roll up on her, trick, they get nada  
Talking all that shit, we gon' holla  
If it don't mean flizz, then why bother  
All that illing, like fast food, they getting took out  
Doing all this grilling, it ain't even a cook out

[Chorus 2X]

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