

Freeway & Jake One f/ Mr. Porter, Omillio Sparks

"Money"

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[Intro - Omillio Sparks - talking] (Freeway) (I need some fuckin money, man) I feel you Free Goin through this recession and shit Now them hoes actin up Bills keep comin in, shit, focus [Verse 1 - Freeway] I used to get money from slingin the dope But since they cracked down on that dope slingin, I'm broke And I used to get money from slingin the crack But since they cracked down on that crack slingin, I'm cracked I used to get it there, expert at bringin 'em back But now it ain't no packages to get there Prior to that I was fillin apps A few years before that was in the Barbershop sweepin hair Little Barbershop sweeper kid, cop a hustle Was sellin incense and oils to all the people there Sixth, seventh and eighth grade I kept a couple Dollars for work and fresh sneakers, I was hurtin 'em Yep, now it's a recession and I'm stressin I need it for lesser, I'm not tryin to be a working man I'm sure not tryin to do carpentry like my pops Big pain in the bottom of his back and it be hurtin him, damn! [Chorus - Mr. Porter] Ohhh, I close my eyes and all I can see is that money (money, money) Money (money, money) A list of things that my people need but first is money (money, money) Money (money, money) It ain't like I found a pot of gold (no) This ain't a dream, this is reality homes That's why my main focus is on that money (focus on the money) Money (money, money) [Verse 2 - Omillio Sparks] Just broke a new broad, she wants the fancy car A nigga stacked up a yard, she tryin to spend it all I'm out slingin the hard and don't respect the law Bent a few wrong corners and that, of course, involved From C-A to D-A, they tryin to take it all I think I need a vacation, reach out through calling cards Or make the mind frame vicious and start a Holocaust I figure man, what's the difference? That shit'll all a cost Fuck it, let a nigga ball Money, money, money Money is my bitch, ho breed envy, I keep pourin Henny Screamin "fuck 'em!", that's the nigga in me Y'all ain't come from the trap or trenches with me When cops knocked and locked me Guns plural, serve riches to El Toros From the projects, suburbs to the Borough Runnin through your small town Spit Philly game and lock it down Focus and only here

for one purpose, that is [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Freeway]
Philly Free on his grind, I need my paper straight So I'm
creatin these rhymes without a paper mate That got me
bustin these lines, they got me rackin my mind They
got me standin in line behind my label mates No, I'm
not Jay but I am on the way And I am not Kanye but I can
produce +Heartbreaks & 808s+ And reduce the studio
costs 'Cause I'm recording in the hood, I'm not lampin
in the Mandalay I'm makin hits, I need the same
attention they get Them niggaz throw a temper
tantrum, you don't hand 'em pay Record labels tryin to
jerk me like a hand job If they don't hand me mine, I
know how to handle this Leave somebody slumped,
Riot Pump pistol grip But fuck sittin in prison wastin my
plans away I guess I gotta find another way to make the
pay Let me know if you can find a way to make the
chips [Chorus]

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