

Heron Gil

"Money Makes"

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[Uzi talkin']

Prime Suspects, Kane & Abel, Silkk The shocker about
that money

Chorus: Uzi & (Kane & Abel)

Money Makes a nigga do some strange thangs (I
admit)

Over change, niggas lose they brains (ain't that some
shit)

If you got it when then niggas hungry brah (what, what)
Keep your glock cocked & your eyes up on ya stuff (ya
heard me)

[Repeat]

[Uzi]

Just remember it takes a bitch to play wit a real a real
nigga

Glock knockin' 'em while they chop 'em down for
figures

While money makes a nigga do some strange thangs, I
admit

Over change, niggas lose they brains, ain't that some
shit

Come equipped as we still quick in tha Lands

Niggas get dealt wit in his back while shakin' hands

While plans get spoiled by niggas want furl trips

Rather they snort, bang, or either sell tha shit

I hold my dick & let my nuts sag

Niggas act bad behind tha cash actin' like it last
forever

Any kind of weather nigga get tha job done

Block hotter than tha sun, niggas still pack a gun

But I ain't tha one to get done wit behind some dumb
shit

I pack a gun bitch & ain't scared to let tha bullets flip

I said enough, either get scuffed or roughed up

If you got it when then niggas hungry keep your eyes
up on ya stuff

Chorus:(2X)

[Kane & Abel]

Runnin' up on niggas like finish lines, wit cocked nines
Give a fuck if niggas wit dimes, get flatlined for tryna
take mines
In broad daylight, lose yo life for tha paper
Haters a waste ya, meat ya maker, coroner gonna have
to scrape ya
Off tha concrete
My street hotter than fish grease
For big face bills, niggas kills wit big heat
Niggas dressed in all black or army fatigues
Killas perform like pussy poppers wit choppers,
squeeze 2-2-3's
Put your face on TV's, for less than a quarter ki
Leave a clip empty, now watch you muthafuckin'
enemies
Murda's like a disease, catch it, ain't no comin' back
Rest in peace, yo wig split, hit by niggas on a jack
Gangstafied Kane & Abel watch the Suspects back
Niggas do strange thangs fo' paper, I feel that
Take tha money, take tha Benz, but hustle never ends
Put us on tha block wit one rock, an we'll make a million
again (ha ha)

Chorus:(2X)

[Silkk the Shocker]

Now look nigga, it's 5-4-3-2 to tha muthafuckin' 1, it's a
countdown
Well this nigga Silkk The Shocker
Known for breakin' O-Z's down to muthafuckin' pounds
That's my nigga Glock, that's my nigga Uzi,
That's a brand new muthafuckin' nine millimeter
Off tha top, you know we come strapped, bitch watch
ya back
Cause all of us always got heaters
Now look fuck tha money cause we gonna ball wit or wit
out tha shit
I need a down ass girl but I'm gonna ball look wit or wit
out tha bitch
Drive my Benz look wit or wit out tha fuckin' kit
Yall busta ass niggas faggets walkin' wit or wit out tha
switch
I still could pull hoes look nigga wit or wit out tha six
While yall niggas stuntin' & frontin'
Why don't you break yoself & get up out my shit
Now yall know my steelo, on tha D-low, have a kilo on
tha D-L
Even though I rap bitch I still do a couple of crack sells
Look if it don't make dollas then it don't make sense
Now my niggas Prime Suspects gonna get me high

An all of us get fried & get bent
An we No Limit Soldiers bitch so all of us represent
Think we won't bust yo head for some muthafuckin'
dead presidents bitch

Chorus:(4X)

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