

**Jordan Knight F/ 95 South****"One's For the Money"**

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Chorus:

One's 4 da money, 2's 4 da show  
If you're clockin mad dough let me hear ya say -- hoe!  
(repeat)

One's 4 da money cause you know that cash rules  
and I'ma jack foolz til I'm rich like Scrooge McDuck  
and I don't give a damn about da next man  
I rhyme solo but always represent my Clan  
Who real brothers who catch bodies in the broad day  
Prepare for war cause it's on my brother  
Im loadin up my lyrical thoughts and I'ma slay your  
As soon as I spot the imitator I'ma let off  
And fill slang in his brain and then I'm gonna  
Cause it's every man for himself like a game of keyhole  
And I got twenty one shots to unload

Chorus 2X

Who wanna battle I wreck a sucka brain like a hollow  
point  
MC's get terrified when I step in the joint  
Is it cause I be the dopest rhyme sayer  
Original with my flavor, this razor's sharp like a saber  
I come strong like the tide from the ocean  
I gets props from the east and west coasts when  
I drop hits like females do their underwear  
I represent tray 6 pound days a year  
I swear I knock a rappa teeth out  
If his lips get loose smack 'em with my double duece  
So who will be the next example for me to trample I  
found 'em  
Now let me begin to kill 'em .... blooded  
My flow kept flowin so his mind got flooded  
Rugged neva smooth is how I always keep it  
And if you really got clout come on let me hear ya  
speak

Chorus 3X

Im on the track just like a match lights a fire at night  
Keepin it smashed like an intoxic driver  
King of the rap empire, I mean the whole entire  
Some brothers said that I got taken out, dumb f'in  
liars  
I stand my ground no matter who comes around please  
My flow is the soundwaves that make noise overseas  
Peep the stylez I free, Cause styles I freak  
Turn this mix up in your jeep so people hear it in the  
street  
And pay attention to this rugged adolescent  
Or catch a buck 50 on your feet so in another section  
Part of your body cause my jams be slammin  
Well then ya throw your burners in the air at an Onyx  
party  
Smooth like picardi, but mellow like the Heineken  
My thoughts is wild you cant understand 'em like  
africans  
I lick the shot chic-blaw for all my peoples restin....

Chorus

(fade)

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