

J. Nic\$

"Till Death"

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Make money
Take money
Make money
Take money

Hoping another nigger blast
Before i .. in the cast
Hold it .. as I remember
Cold days in the winter
.. customers' dinner ,niggers .. put in on a lap
This is where it is at met me in the trap only
.. on my back jack nobody refer it
The devil .. the angel preserve me
I hope it saves me cause lately
I have been in the city no safety
Down to the greedy ,,
Niggers wanna bawl like Bob ,
But a nigger fall he go down with me
I thank God I can ,
Niggers still on
Make money
Take money
Make money
Take money
Make money
Take money
A politican and a gangster
Is the same thing .. look where it came from
.. do it right be a .. they call it .. life
Shit is real in a battlefield .. what time will pay you bill
Keep the niggers at your .. don't put your money where
your mouth is
They don't know where your house is .. you know nigger
Can't be trusted ,
Make money
Take money
Make money
Take money
Make money
Take money

Thanks to feel

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