

**Manhattan Transfer F/ Phil Collins****"Get My Money On"**

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"Here's a little story I got to tell" (Beastie Boys)

Straight from the streets and the alleys of Cali, mo'  
Hits and bits from the depths of the Vallejo  
The highs to mids, here's a kid from the Rosetown  
Nigga Ray Luv is at this with the dope sound  
(Here to tell you a tale about a man and his money)  
Young brother straight broke, ain't a damn thing funny  
Girlies had stripes, Dickey slacks is how the macks  
stroll  
Gold when he flex, his Rolex when he roll  
Oh, damn how I wanted to live large  
Private jet lease when Ray Luv is in charge  
Hard is how I live my life  
Thank God I never smoked the pipe  
I need money, streets can't last me  
And keep a eye out for brothers tryina blast, G  
And in the past I never planned on seein the pen  
It was a place I knew I never wanted to be in, my friend  
I'ma clock, I knew it down deep in my heart  
Hoes jock, I'ma do it cuz I'm down from the start  
I'm serious 'bout mine, more than just the same ol'  
song  
Cuz I'm in there, and I'm out to get my money on

(Check this out)

1991 - the year Ray changed up  
1992 - the year Ray Luv came up  
I been around, now I'm headed to the top brand  
Knowledge from Jah (right) ????????  
Anyway, back to my temple of my hustle  
If you ain't got no clout or grip you ain't got no muscle  
I do not be the one, call me Mr. Assed-Out  
Niggas planned to do me so I packed em and mashed  
out  
Grandma's tryin to keep me out the streets cuz they  
after me  
But she don't understand where I'm at, see  
You know, I pack a pistol when I aim to out-run 'em  
And if they pull a hoe move I won't hesitate to gun 'em

God damn, I'm mo' broke than I ever been  
Rock bottom through with me cuz it's a place I've never  
been  
My ace boon's locked up in a jail do'  
Now my gat's got my back while I get my mail on  
Daily I get calls from the P.D.  
Around the clock jockin, that Santa Rosa police  
Real about my motive, it's the same ol' song  
Cuz I'm in there, and I'm out to get my money on

Now in '93, black, a mack upon the scene  
They know me in the Bay, now nationwide I'm stackin  
green  
Cash m-o-n-e-y, just wanted to make it  
Never really had much but always used to fake it  
Hung with the boys slingin d, but no time fo' it  
God had graced a plan for me and now in 1992 I know  
it  
Police don't respect me: "Why you gots a pager  
Where did you get this money, Mr. Young Black  
Teenager?"  
Got it from your daughter, she came to my concert  
Makin my record platinum, wearin a Ray Luv t-shirt  
Blame somebody, blame yourself  
Cuz you give her the money and she give it to  
somebody else  
Me - now it's in my bank account  
So Mr. Five-o, here's somethin to think about  
And to you brothers, you used to talk drag when they  
see me  
Now you wanna be me on 'MTV  
Raps', the young black mack with the video  
Kick it with the boys from the Rose, but you don't hear  
me though  
On ?????? I began to strive  
But I learned to be a playa in the 415  
I used to dream of C.C.'s and Impalas  
Now I want a Benz and ends to spend dollars

Yeah  
Cuz I'm out to get my money on

Yo, what's up  
This is Ray Luv in the house  
Check this out, baby boy  
This shout out goes out to all the playas in the whole  
Bay Area  
All the Richmond playas  
All the Oakland playas  
All the Frisco playas  
East Palo Alto playas

All the Santa Rosa playas  
All the Moreno City playas  
All the Vallejo playas  
All the Sacramento playas  
And all the playas in the whole world  
Yo, check this out, mayn  
We need to come up, mayn  
Stop chillin each other  
All that ol' silly stupid black on black violence junk,  
mayn  
Y'all better get yo money on, mayn!  
Come up, mayn, come up!

Yo Khayree, mayn  
(What's up?)  
They better get they money on!  
[Khayree]  
That's right, that's right  
Check this out  
We got Ray Luv in the house  
(What's up nigga)  
DJ Cee's in the house  
(That's right)  
We tryina check a grip like this in '92  
Cuz brothers wanna get they money on  
(Word)  
Now check this out  
Like to send a shout out to Mac-ass Dre  
(Yeah, he gettin his money on)  
C-double o-l-i-o Coolio  
(Ha-ha, he gets his money on)  
Yeah  
And last but not least  
Much love to all the young black brothers  
Tryina come up in 1992 and check a grip  
(Nuff respect!)  
It ain't about jackin, it's about mackin the system  
And gettin what you got comin to you

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