

Manhattan Transfer F/ Phil Collins**"Money Ain't Enough"**

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Lately I been feelin like Joe, all alone
X-ed out and I can't go home - ain't no home
Almost everyone I love dead and gone
So I puff till my head is blown
I remember bein 19, juice to have ends
Used to have friends, the loot I had went
And you know when the money spent where the homies
went
The phoney split and left me in the wilderness
Life a test, made a wish by the burning bush
Purge my soul, all I need's a little push
Schemers plot, never seem to stop
But he told me: Watch, soon you'll see them rot
I got a knot in my stomach and it's eatin me up
Flashbacks of my bigger brother beatin me up
Up stressin, I ain't sleepin enough
Enough already 'fore I crack the hell up
And load the Mac the hell up

[CHORUS]

I got it bad, oh where can I go
I'm in the gutter, gonna do it like Joe
Shit got me clutchin my chrome
I'm high as fuck losin touch with my soul
Cause I don't never wanna go back to broke
Like I be lustin for dough
They say it's wrong but what else can we do
That's all that shit is, to hustle for loot
No matter what you must do
But even if it's still real rough
That's all I see when I puff
Sometime the money ain't enough

New day, a touch of the sunshine
But I wake up with a mug, no love for the one-time
It's blaze a blunt time, help me deal with the pain
Time to put it down for my hustle, get real with the
game
Cause money make the world revolve, a damn shame
And the Generation X is the next to blame
But who the ones makin the guns and bringin the

caine?

Can you feel me what I'm addressin when singin the
pain

Daddy prayin for me believin one day I'ma change
But the devil steal my mind and he drive me insane
So Mr. Teacher, tell me what should we do?
(?) cause nobody else believin in you
We all crazy; now what people do is outrageous
Homies'll turn haters, shady for dirty paper
Even (?) turn rapists tryin to (?)
Cause a young nigga ballin like the Lakers

[CHORUS]

What happened to love? Gave us all drugs
Now the kids raised thugs with hollow-point slugs
Evil mean mugs, rougher without no fate
We suffer and learn hate and end up in a sherm state
Many give up, tryin to live up to the status
So they slip up, tryin to pull that they baddest
Or the mack with the fattest Lac sit on 20 inches
Mo' fame, mo' friends, mo' money, mo' bitches

[CHORUS repeated until end]

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