

Mary J Blige F/ Ja Rule

"Money is Everything"

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Chorus:

Money is everything, money is everything,
Money, money, money, money, money, money, money,
Money is everything

(2x)

[First Verse]

Now think about it, isn't it a coincidence
Everybody wants them dead presidents?
See those that don't have it love jackin' you head to toe
And people that's clockin' a grip, always eager to make
more
Cuz money can help your heart, and money can help
you out
But if you're makin' too much of it, then money can
help you die
And ain't that scary like Jason
You can't win for losin' cuz of the grip that you're
makin'
Now this particular paper is like the power to the
greedy
And a God to the hungry, keepin' life in the needy
And so we're brainwashed thinkin' of it
But don't get me wrong, cuz I love it
I used to like George Washington's way back when
Now I'm sprung on Benjamin Franklins
And with these people I could go on
Like so on, and so on, and so on, trip
Who bought your clothes and who bought your food?
Who bought your hoe and who bought your dude?
Cut the bullshit, tell me who you tryin' to kid?
Cuz you didn't buy shit, your money did
Get the picture?

Chorus

[Second Verse]

There once lived a low-income woman with a child
Lookin' for single men with money she could date

Finally met a man that her daughter called Daddy
But homies comin' up short on the stakes
She let him be Daddy for awhile, cuz the dicks good
Plus he's fine and all swole lookin' bounty
But that don't mean shit when you're broke and you're hungry
That's why daughter's Daddy's new name is Mr. County
Check, this out, they say it's the root of all evil
And I could truly say in this case
A friend of mine was makin' that big time lunch meat
But then he made a small time lunch meat mistake
Cuz soon homie lost all his love for the small life
Forgot all of which he had came from before
And started gettin' greedy so another man sent a little bullet
And the bullet read "My homie had to go"
Cuz he thought....

Chorus

[Third Verse]

Now do you remember, when your elders used to scream
And tell you money ain't everything
They said it couldn't buy that, and it couldn't buy this
But money bought me everything that I'm gone get
Why is it, that all the fine freaks seem to jock it?
And it keeps me smilin' when I got it in my pockets?
Got a christmas treat for my kids and a tree seen
And yes to impress them hoochie females
And since it builds up my confidence
Hurry, hurry, for the dollars and cents
As far as it goes keep it comin', and
Oh how I like it in a woman
I like to see freaks when their hair is nice
With a good wig, tight clothes, sportin' fourteen K's
Now how in the Hell do you get it?
Money, money, money, money, money, so get with it
Now it's a shame when you lame as a zero
Cuz blacks, whites, as well as mexicans want dinero
And why you tryin' to win the lottery?
Cuz money's everything it's gotta be
So now you know

Chorus

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