

Tq

"Gotta Make That Money Featuring E-40"

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Yeah, uh, mmm, give it to me
Mmm, yeah
Yeah yeah
Mmm, no no no no

Seems like every night, right before I go to sleep
I say a little prayer to the Lord that he keep me
I used to be the kind of nigga that didn't give a fuck
about nobody
The slightest little thang would make me mad
Especially if it involved my money

And I can't tell you 'bout the next man
But I love pullin' up in big sedans
Wit' all my niggas in a caravan
Holla if ya hear me

Now I'd love to break ya, bring ya down
And take you back again
But that would take too much time
And I gotta hit the streets again

And even if the sun don't shine, I'll still be hustlin'
Gotta get that money, make that money
Keep it comin', if it takes all night, can't be strugglin'
Somebody come help me

Can ya tell me, why is slangin' always on my mind?
Must be buggin'
I guess they figured I would quit and they could get me
If they tapped my line, don't mean nothin', I'll still be
hustlin'

Now I hate to be the one to tell ya
But I don't mind
Niggas can hate if they want to
And I'm still gon' get mine

Yes, I still be ridin' in a SC on dubs
And I won't be seen at none of the clubs
And uh, all your women would know who I was
And that you wouldn't like

If everybody kept they mind on gettin' they skrilla
Won't be no time to fuck with mine, so won't be no killin'
I'll just sit back and recline, smoke this Philly
And keep my fingers laced with diamonds like Big
Willie

But for now, catch me on Compton Avenue
With a handful of hundreds and a strap or two
Puttin' it down for my niggas like they told me to
You need some candy, so won't you come thru

And even if the sun don't shine, I'll still be hustlin'
Gotta get that money, make that money
Keep it comin', if it takes all night, can't be strugglin'
Somebody come help me

Can ya tell me, why is slangin' always on my mind?
Must be buggin'
I guess they figured I would quit and they could get me
If they tapped my line, don't mean nothin', I'll still be
hustlin'

Sometimes I'm suited up
Sometimes I'm bummy, lookin' like a crook
Hair all nappy and wild, we call it the full nuk
Mashin', mobbin' and thrashin'

Woofers, horns and tweeters blastin'
Throbbin', hoggin' and doggin'
Godzilla ballin'
When it's money callin'? War-rank

Just ride your runners fool
Be 'bout your bank
Sittin' fat like [Incomprehensible]
All about my money, duffle bags full of scratch

Artillery fire arms and gats
Reep my mill, cap my feddy, get my bread
[Incomprehensible] on my tail, but I'm tryin' for them,
but they want me dead
'Cuz I made it out the game without a clue or trace
used to sell that bass

Rock cavvy candy, [Incomprehensible]
Never had to stop, enemies on the block, they knew it
As far as I was concerned, [Incomprehensible] man I
do it
Check it out

Money schemin'
Prince Albert, Chocolate Philly, Glocks Garcia Vegas
Black and Miles on the pack again
What you know about that?
TQ and E-40 Fonzarelli a.k.a. Charlie Hustle, easy, bitch

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