

Various Artists "All About The Benjamins"

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Uhh, uh huh, yeah
Uhh, uh huh, yeah
It's all about the Benjamins, baby
Uhh, uh huh, yeah
It's all about the Benjamins, baby
Good fellas, uhh

Now, what y'all wanna do?
Wanna be ballers? Shot callers? Brawlers?
Who be dippin' in the Benz wit the spoilers?
On the low from the Jake in the Taurus
Tryin' to get my hands on some Grants like Horace

Yeah, livin' the raw deal, three course meals
Spaghetti, Fettucini, and Veal
But still, everything's real in the field
And what you can't have now, leave in your will

But don't knock me for tryin' to bury
Seven Zeros, over in Rio Dijanery
Ain't nobody's hero, but I wanna be heard
On your Hot 9 7 everyday, that's my word

Swimmin' in women wit they own condominiums
Five plus fives, who drive Milleniums?
It's all about the Benjamins, what?
I get a fifty pound bag of ooh for the mutts
Five carats on my hands wit the cuts
And swim in European figures, fuck bein' a broke nigga

I want a all chromed out wit the clutch, nigga
Drinkin' malt liquor, drivin' a Bro' Vega
I'm wit Mo' sippers, watched by gold diggers
Rockin' Bejor denims, wit gold zippers

Lost your touch, we kept ours, poppin' crystals
Freakin' the three quarter reptiles
Enormous cream, forest green. Benz Jeep for my team
So while you sleep, I'ma scheme

We see through, that's why nobody never gon' believe
you

You should do what we do, stack chips like Hebrews
Don't let the melody intrigue you, 'cause, I leave you
I'm only here for that green paper which lead you

I'm strictly tryin' to cop those, colossal sized Picasso's
And have Papi Flip Coke outside Delgado's
Mienda, with cash flowin' like Sosa
And the latin chick tranportin' in the chocha

Stampedin' over, pop Mo's, never sober
Lex and Range Rovers, dealin' weight by Minnesota
Avoidin' NARC's wit camcorders and Chevy Novas
Stash in the buildin' wit this chick named Alona
From Daytona, when I was young, I wants to bone her

But now, I only hit chicks that win beauty pageants
Trickin', they takin' me skiin', at the Aspens
Uhh, Gangsta Mental, stay poppin' Crystal
Pack a black pistal in the AC Coupe that's dark brown

Pinky ringin', gondolas wit the man singin'
Italian music down the river wit your chick clingin'
To my bizzalls, player, you mad false
Actin' hard when you as pussy as RuPaul

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Uhh, uhh, what the blood clot?
Wanna bumble wit the Bee, hah?
Bzzt, throw a hex on a whole family
Dressed in all black like the Oman

Have your friends singin' this is for my homey
And you know me, from makin' niggaz so sick
Floss in my 6 with the Lex on the wrist
If it's Murder, you know she wrote it

German Luger for your ass, bitch deep throated

Know you wanna fill the room, 'cause it's platinum
coated
Take your pick, got a firearm you shoulda toted
Suck a dick, all that bullshit you kick
Playa hatin' from the sideline
Get your own shit, why you ridin' mine?

I'm, a Good fella kinda lady
Stash 380's and Mercedes
Puffy hold me down, baby
Only female in my crew, and I kick shit
Like a nigga do, pull the trigger to, fuck you

I been had skills, crystal spill
Hide bills in Brazil, about a mil to ice grill
Make it hard to figure me, liquor be, kickin' me
In my asshole, undercover, Donni Brascoe

Lent my East coast girl, the Bentley to twirl
My West coast shorty, push the Chrome 740
Rockin' Redman and Naughty, all in my kitty kat
Half a brick of yea, in the bra, where her titties at

And I'm livin' that, whole life, we push weight
Fuck the State Pen, fuck hoes at Penn State
Listen, close it's Francis, the Praying Mantis
Attack with the Mac, my left hand spit

Right hand grip on the whip, for the smooth getaway
Playa haters, get away or my lead will spray
Squeeze off til I'm empty, don't tempt me
Only, to Hell I send thee, all about the Benji's, what?

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It's all about the Benjamins, baby
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Yeah, yeah, yeah

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