

Nine, Jon Doe

I make it on the humble, it's marvelous
sippin fine wine and Champagne
Smokin cannabis, poor folks don't understand this
Helicopter rides, first class airline flights
50 pairs of Nike's, two gold mics
a spot in the hills to stash all my bills
Givin hookers chills, like ice water drippin down their back
I stack paper like flapjacks
Macks to protect what I earn
My pocket hold the safe combination
to the great paper Chase, gettin money
I learned as a youth from a drug dealer with a gold tooth
I was the lookout on the project roof
A little shorty out to make somethin outta himself
Get the wealth put it on the shelf right next to the silver spoon
I never had growin up, what's luck?
I never met him, and if I met him, I wouldn't sweat him
I'd be out to get him, probably wet him, stick him up
Take his whole cash flow
What I gotta do to be Jon Doe?

Chorus:

Jon Doe, middle name money
Cream in the ?, thousands of hundreds
Cash rules, God's seek the twelve jewels
I get 40 below so call me Jon Doe

Everything I desire requires cream
This American dream is a nightmare in disguise
Nice guys finish last
No surprise, Life is one big mean streak
I seek the fortune
But with the fortune comes the coffin very often
So I gotta gets mine legal
Look out for my niggas with the root of all evil
Push comes to shove I rise above nonsense with material
Made it this long it's a miracle
Whip yourself into shape, get up and fight for yours
Die for yours, kill for yours, lie for yours
Put your paws on the money like the dog you are
Do it for your moon and your star
Cause life is a 3 ring circus and I aint no clown
I don't find nothin funny livin without money
Gimme the wetbacks the green, the cream, the gusto
What I gotta do to be Jon Doe?

Chorus 2X

See that greenback, got my name on it
Doggone it, I want it
All and then some, and love wet income like I love redrum
Everybody wan heaven, I wan dough 24/7
365 annual with the manual instructions
Directions for corruptions, what's your function?
Save the dumb shit for Jim Carrey, and the Real Love for Mary
I go on and on like interest, 5% everyday
Gotta be payday, no time to slack
Keep the monkey off your back
Fight for your stack swing like a newjack
Why? Cause life said so
Do what you gotta do to be Jon Doe

Chorus 2X

