

Youngbloodz, It's The Money / Fake ID Interlude

[hook]

Now it's the money, that make this here world round'
And it's the money, that make you wanna lay niggas down
And it's the money, that make you and your best buddy fight
But when you ain't got shit, everything is tight
Cause it's the money, that make you wanna flex for them hoes
And it's the money, thats keepin' your nose full of that blow
And it's the money, that make you think that you bulletproof
But niggas 'll do what it takes, just to come up on loot

I came in this thang, a little short on change
All I had was a dime, couple rhymes, and my name
Tryin' to get in where I fit, stuck in this red dirt
Plannin' a way to get this money, but I can't get no work
See some niggas live, and some niggas die
I was hip to the game, can't let no time fly by
And though it's the money, that make you wanna shine
But believe it's the money, that make you want mine
Now nigga for real, got to pay them bills
Money got you fucked up, lay em' down for his
But homeboy still, you ain't even came up
The same way you got it, see your ass gonna get stuck
Thats tought from me, straight from a young buck
If your shoes ain't tied, then you bound to trip up
This money here, is a dangerous weapon, never get attached
You'd better count your blessin's nigga

[hook]

Uh, ever since them first red and black Jordans
Till' when you couldn't get nothin'
for that little girl that you were courtin'
And done always been bout' how much paper you got
That money can get you a little twat, if you ain't gettin' off your rock
That money can make you, or break you
Them police shake you, cause your ridin' big-boy six hundred
Like a nigga ain't supposed to have nuttin', thats worth a lil' somethin'
The reason niggas gettin' chickens in and kickin' in doors
Flippin' Jags and Burbans, living life dirty
You gotta get it in, the only way you know how
Whether you click-click-pow or you delivering flowers
Let the bullet rain showers on the nigga who you know got that flow
Then took his ass straight out the door, for a few G's
A couple of Oz's, and now you broke next week
Them little green court papers'll get you caught up in capers
Gone sour, money got niggas dying by the hour

[hook]

Now is it me, or is it that you can't take it like a man
And stand in these streets and hold your own like a man
And man, ain't it sad, that your man hud (hid) and ran
From the time you started talkin' that shit, just like a man
So do what you can, cause see you lookin' kinda shawt'
Cause indeed you gone bleed on your knees, for now you've lost
In this maze, tryin' to find another way, just to escape all them filthy ways
So shake it off, and shake it loose, just as I've come to say
This ain't no dream, as you gleam, just as you cross between
Them foolish things, for that ol' green, got you seein' things
So what you mean, its the money that got you in this thang
From gettin' squirreled for a buck out in this world

[hook]

