

Only Fo' Tha Money

DJ Quik

Sometimes I just don't even understand
why people like this dirty talkin shit, youknowwhatI'msayin?
But since they do and people buyin this shit;
I'ma kick it like this

You see a pimpin ass nigga like me is wanted dead or alive
because I jack these hooker hoes for they ten's and they five's
and twenty's then I leave em branded, cause I'm the love bandit
I'm not tryin to be mean I want your green or you'll be stranded
cause you know it don't pay to play for free yo
So you shit out of luck, I need a buck to fuck
you duck, hoe, bitch, tramp
And I don't take no food stamps
This is a reminder - I'm lettin you know that if I get behind ya
you're gonna have to kick up - or eat a dick up til you hiccup
I treat yo' ass as if this was a stick up
Cause you ain't nothin but a pick-up
Trick hell yeah I'm offensive
A spin around the bend can be expensive
and the effects'll be, they can be extensive
So if I gotta fuckin take a chance, I want my grip in advance
because it's Only Fo' Tha Money

Chorus: repeat 4X

Dolla bill y'all, dolla bill y'all
Dolla dolla dolla dolla dolla bill y'all

Now that I fucked, I want my motherfuckin cut
Oh yeah, I'm a hoe, what you think I gave you the dick fo'?
See I can play the bitch, but see I ain't the bitch
You better checkin her in, and better do it quick
See the devil made me do it, cause devil is you
cause I done seen all the shit you took niggaz through
But not me wench, you cute saditty skanch
Think I'ma be the trick nigga, well bitch I ain't
Cause I'm the type of nigga that can get your cock
without payin you, but straight be playin you
BITCH - I thought you knew better than that
See it only fucks you up, when your weak game lacks
Manipulatin moves like I do (like I do)
See it just goes to show you hoe you can't play a true
See I can leave your broke-ass fast with your cock all runny
(beeeitch) cause it's Only Fo' Tha Money

Chorus

Now that you know me, I'm only out to leave you broke and lonely
I find a stupid hoe and talk her ass to matrimony
Now I can be cool until we hitched
but I'ma switch up on my role and play the motherfuckin bitch
Waitin for the mailman to come around
Oh youse a low-down nigga - naw man, I'm just a money hound
I play the roll well, check out my limp
Yeahh, I'm the County Check pimp (aww that's you baby)
Slangin my hand inside your purse
Girl you better keep cool cause the shit can get worse, damn

Yo' check is short, I ain't gon' sweat, huh
I take the kids lunch money, yeah - bet
and borrow ends from yo' family and grin
I just gotta keep my bankroll comin in
and then I kick back and laugh cause it's funny
Ha ha - I only did it Fo' Tha Money

Chorus