

My Name Is Money

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What's crackin everybody you probly know me my name is Money
And when it comes to me
Like all y'all want something from me
I got the pimps, the pushers, players, all the junkies screamin
Cause if they have no Money baby then they start to feenin'
I'm at the gamble shack
Sometimes they put me in the back
Sometimes the D boys put me where all the guns and all they dope is at
I'm in your pockets, wallets, purses all your hideaways
I'm probly the root of everybody's very violent ways

(Let me hold you)
(Let me hold you)

Yo, ask Obama he say straight up,
"Yo, I know that Money.
He's in my pocket and I dare you try to take him from me"
I know the Mafia
They love me and they treat me well
Man, they be askin for me even when they go to jail
I'm in the drug game so I know about them drug sales
And I be all on Wall Street so I know like when your stock fails
Some call me "Cash Flow" and I dig it like a bad ho

(Let me hold you. Let me hold you
This is what they say
(Let me hold you. Let me hold you)
Every single day
(Let me hold you. Let me hold you)
In a religious type of way
(Let me hold you. Let me hold you)
Let me touch you, let me hold ya, something

I'm at the crap table and some might say a dice game
And when it comes to me people will like argue kill and fight mane
They call me Ben Franklin, Benjamin and Young Benji
They call me Blood Money yo when the gangsters come and get me
They like to bury me and carry me in armored trucks
And just the other day man some kid said
"I'm strictly guaped up"
And all the politicians like to give me to they mistress
And all the broke bitches mention me in all they wishes

(Let me hold you)
(Let me hold you)

They make me rain at strip clubs like the weathers bad
And some might ask for more of me if your credits bad
Some spend me real fast man, like they know I won't last
And some like to put me away in big old Hefty garbage bags
Some call me Cheddar Cheese and they'll die for me you best believe
And they don't want me from Mickey D's
They wanna get me out this freak
I'm nothing cheap you need to hear it and believe that

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When people have me they tell other people that they ballin'
And all the strippers tell they boyfriends
"Hey yo, Money's callin! "
I'm all in Vegas I'm the number one priority
And I know every president so don't make me show authority
I know the coc dealers familiar with life pushing keys
And one name was Montana and he stacked up a lot of me
I'm all in bank vaults if I'm lost it's they fault
And I like all the pretty women that like to tell men what they cost

(Let me hold you)
(Let me hold you)

Some like to steal me, yo and lie to people that they did it
And even on they death bed they just won't admit it
You can't take me with you
Here's the issue
I'll forget you
And depending on how much you had of me that is why people miss you
They call Money mane you can mix me up with that honey mane
And anyone can be a boss but bosses know I'm running things
That's why all bums be thinking that I'm spare change

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