

## Get That Dough

B-Real

I never let 'em see me sweatin, only money I'm gettin  
I bet you're bettin I'm losin I'm refusin to give in  
I don't follow nobody, I'm a leader so watch me  
I think you're thinkin solutions but it's useless to stop me  
Any hate that you send me, you won't break me or bend me  
I'm out to get it I'll set it off on any who envy  
Should you try to come at me, you ain't takin a penny  
We hustlers hustle for dollars and we ballers got plenty  
I see plotters and schemers, the suckers and dreamers  
We heat the heaters you bleedin if we leavin the Beemers  
We tryin to feed our family, tryin to hustle like Camby  
Connections connect and we postin a poster with Brandy  
You see poppers I'm poppin, but you don't see the coffin  
I see you starin apparent that you're optin for options  
I feel tragedy comin, humanity's buggin  
You need to get it together if you plan to be somethin

I'm on the grind baby, I've got to go  
I'm 'bout my hustle homey, I've got to show  
I'm on a mission baby get that dough  
And once I get it gotta get some mo'  
(2x)

You take the game and its repercussions, all the money I'm touchin  
Jackers jackin believe me if they see me they're rushin  
So I gotta be fitted, yeah my heaters are hidden  
Money's money it ain't funny you dummies won't get it  
I dare you kids to follow, just know the tips are hollow  
Protect your neck in a second you checkin out tomorrow  
We on the corner grindin, turnin from coal to diamonds  
Nothin from nothin we grindin design a place to shine and  
it's a dream we livin, don't be hatin I'm driven  
See what I see and you're learnin the reason why I'm winnin  
You niggaz cockroaches, you so braggadocious  
You talkin rugged but you crumble when trouble approaches  
Don't give the game to many, not meant for everybody  
Dollar for dollar be humble and stumble out the party  
Where the wolves are hungry, and they hungry for money  
See what I'm sayin they ain't playin their mouths are bloody

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It's all about survival of the fittest, you can never be skittish  
You hit, quit it, you leave it, in every crime committed  
There's no room to be sloppy, ain't no need to be cocky  
Get what you gettin the lesson is you need to get off me  
Can you handle your own? Can you make your way home?  
Metal for metal I'm pullin and refusin to settle  
Some are payin the piper, I'm ignitin the fire  
Higher and higher I'm movin and you're losin desire  
All you got is your hustle, ain't no time for no hassle  
Muscle for muscle they blast you and smash you laughin at you  
On the move for your riches, where you burnin your bridges

Cheddar for cheddar but really can you handle the business?  
On the streets you're a legend, all the money you're spendin  
Bottle for bottle pretendin your reign is never-endin  
Never wanted the glory, so for nothin I'm sorry  
Body for body I'll smoke you just like a Rastafari