

# Money

**Bizzy Bone**

Bizzy Bone, you know what it is baby  
After Platinum Records  
Let's get this money '07 style

Mon-eyyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyyy  
Gotta get that money money, gotta get that money money money money  
Mon-eyyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyyy  
Gotta get that money money, gotta get that money money money money money

I don't give a fuck what they sayin!  
Buck buck buck buuuuuuck!

I'm ridin a Caddy and daddy I'm rollin it sadly, but I don't mind  
If they laughin at me the movie I hardly think that they be singin singin  
I never gave up on my lady, but she still ain't listenin to me  
Gotta let them 24's spin, chins ain't chippin or flippin  
And let me get another victim again, gain-gain-gain-gain  
Whether they don't gimme any Henn' or befriend them, when they say I was  
But I been right here cuz, you know what it is, you know what it was  
So they wanna move dude, what'chu gotta do, who? Not me  
I said I'm glossin, and who you thought of flossin baby  
Baby I'm not 'Pac though, and I'm not God, no!  
But I float like a butterfly, sting like a bee  
Mo' money money money money money money, in the face of the crowd  
Plottin now, I don't need no pride to hide, oh wow, oh wow  
Mo' money money, in the face of the crowd  
Plottin now, I don't need no pride to hide, oh wow  
But baby I'm not 'Pac, no! (buck buck buck buck buuuuuuck!)

You knocked out by the Windy City southpaw  
No cookin in the kitchen homie we put out raw  
Midwest outlaw, fuck with it? I doubt y'all  
Somewhere between Chi-Town and Cleveland is where they found y'all  
Rollin through the alley in a Caddy  
Blowin Cali to the haters, oh what a pity  
When they hit a nigga, Twista rockin city after city  
they gon' ask, "Is he doin it with Bizzy?"  
And you know why they done that (why?)  
Because we two of the coldest motherfuckers  
to spit these fast lyrics on one track  
Buck 'em with a lyrical bullet in the body  
because I gotta get the fire know the shit don't stop  
Pull up in a Lamborghini or the Ferrari  
I know I gotta get the props, cause I gotta get the drop  
Gotta get the dough and get the money money  
I could really feel it when I hear they comin for me  
Try to get it if you think you feelin kinda lucky  
Twin glocks so you know you better bring a buddy  
And I got the ammunition for anybody  
that wanna go against the Midwest Militia  
A whole clip at the competition for Bizzy  
A whole clip at the competition for Twista  
A whole clip at the world, because it's us against  
And then this shit about to get ugly  
For static, I'ma hit 'em with an automatic  
Run and do murder after murder, but I'm a baller so I gotta get

Buck buck buck buuuuuuck!

Me and my brother Twista gettin it crunk  
and drinkin that Goosey, with 'em a brew  
Doin whatever we wanna do, get to the club, ain't nobody knew  
Thought that we beefin they try to divide the truth  
Talk about who really started the style  
How 'bout everyone livin in harmony, look at the army now  
General 7, the belly is purest and we gonna get it at heaven  
We dancin our way to the gates, if you comin with me we'll need every Muslim  
We human, we're all in the brethren  
Veteran deep in the city I pity the fool who jump out of this fake  
What do I look like massagin the thought  
when they come with the matrix and say that we 'fraid  
We'll never break, 'member that conny and Twista  
we're gonna go through the fire  
Never expire, give it the way that they want it  
they'll front on you if you tired (what about)  
Money you tell me what's money to you, pay for the rappers and corporates  
The office that burn wood, but the burn good and the brain wave  
Puts the energy certainly, I don't have time for emergencies  
Baby the word and we walk with the covenant  
Party and poppin the melody baby, I know that the ladies be lovin it  
Brush the dust, enemies way, get 'em a drink, we look too lovely  
The spirit is present and never be hesitant  
Twista and Bizzy, we gettin this money nucca

[Chorus]