

## Make Munne

## Black Moon

Back in the days we used to hit Pitkin Av  
Knapsack strapped on my back cause everything got bagged  
In sight, when I got put out put up a fight  
Then I took flight, all you seen was a streak of light  
Ghost, you didn't catch me if you wanted to  
I broke, it's time to catch some wreck, where's my crew?  
Hit up the ball ( ? ), fill up the pad with ease  
Pump shit on the block and make at least two g's  
Sometimes I even hit the pocket, I got knocked  
One time, two times, shit, they couldn't stop it  
I had to make my loot, I had to make my dough  
So I took my 'Lo and Guess, then bumped the rest  
On the ave, it's all about the green  
And niggas who make mad green know what I mean  
So if you in the house and you know what it's about  
Gettin paid, come on, let me hear you shout

Make money, money, make money, money, money (4X)  
Take money, money, take money, money, money (4X)

I got to get paid, and I mean quick fast  
And if it ain't the cash then that ass get blast  
Livin in New York nowadays is like damn  
Cause if you're broke nobody wants to be your man  
Especially the girls when it come to gettin game  
You got to have the loot plus the gear to maintain  
I can't take the heat, there's a strain on my brain  
And when my pockets are broke my heart feels the pain  
I gotta get a grip cause I might just flip  
I'm thinkin of a vic, where's my crew and my clip?  
It's a jack, take your fuckin hand off the wheel  
Turn around slowly, bitch, you know the deal  
(Shorty, you crazy) Nah, I need dough  
And I'ma do what I gotta do, where's my flow?  
I wanna grab the mic, flip the script and get paid  
But if I puff a daydream, damn, I'm gettin played  
Word to my meals, no frills, gotta go  
And if you wanna bump makin dough let me know  
I rather get paid with the paid program  
You can keep your fame and fuck who's the man  
I scheme and I scheme till I go get the green  
And if you want a scene of the money fiend  
Niggas ( ? ) hit the screen  
Everybody in the house, if you want dough  
You gots to let me know

I'm gettin kinda old, now my moms wanna flip  
Up out the crib, damn, I gotta hit a fuckin lick  
The house ain't clean and the rent's overdue  
I hear the same line, yeah, "I do it all for you"  
You do it all for me but all I want is my own  
I wanna represent, so I keep shit known  
That I'm for the dough and nothin but the dead pres  
Fuck Uncle Sam and the bullshit he says  
You got to get paid says the man on the corner  
See a fly shortie lookin good, push up on her  
Now I'm like the man cause I bring home the bacon

Shit is mad real, kid, ain't no move-fakin  
On the streets of New York, whatever you talk  
It seems like only poor people eat pork  
Word to my herb, make your loot in the spot  
If you wanna get paid, let me see you lick one shot

[ CHORUS ]