

# Copper To Cash

Bushwick Bill

[ VERSE 1 ]

Money, money, money, muthafuckin green  
Reach inside my pocket, I don't feel it, and I want to scream  
Nigga, give it up, cause I want every penny in your pocket  
And your ass is goin down if you tell me you ain't got it  
I gotta make a profit in that Nickel Ward  
Cause I ain't with bein broke and times are gettin hard  
I pull the gat and hit the boulevard huntin for a victim  
Catch him slippin, pop the clip in, and then I get him  
When in mama's womb I was doomed, destined for poverty  
And no nigga in the ghetto about to win a lottery  
So what does it bother me to knock a nigga off?  
I'm educated, in a robbery, bitch, I'm the boss  
Mr. Lawman is quick to call this action a crime  
Because they can't tax robbery, they don't get a dime  
Everything'd be fine if I was working 9 to 5  
But I can't get that kinda job, I ain't 5 ft. high  
Since they don't realize that my size ain't shit  
I'm gonna gaffle em and baffle em until my bank gets  
To the maximum, I get the gat then i'm after them fast  
Goin for bad, goin from copper to cash  
Some people will try to jack you  
Some people will even kill you  
So give it to em, y'all

[ VERSE 2 ]

When I started writin lyrics it was like a religion to me  
Cause when I seen the mic, you're fuckin right, I was kickin it, gee  
Knew that it was somethin that was gonna last a lifetime  
When I pushed my homework aside so I could write rhymes  
I sat in class hypnotized, my mind in a daze  
Pretendin Bushwick Bill rippin up a stage  
But back in the days Little Bill was soft as jello  
And hard work pays, now I'm the hardest muthafucka in the ghetto  
I assured I got the rhymes that was popular at times  
But I hadn't got my name on the dotted line  
I couldn't pay the dime, mama worked parttime  
It made me so mad, I sat down and wrote hard rhymes  
I ??? cause I couldn't pay the fee  
Then my boy gave me a ki, in a week I made a g  
Pretty soon I was laughin in a mansion makin profits  
Puttin half in the bank, keepin half in my pockets  
Cops were hopin, cops were hopin they could get me net  
They be promoted to a captain for the big arrest  
I wasn't slippin, I was givin the blues the blues  
Cause I refused to lose, I grabbed the booze and cruised  
Up the avenue, laughin at the people in school  
Cause they broke as a muthafucka talkin bout a golden rule  
You're sayin I'm a fool for droppin out  
I'm makin millions, well daddy, what you're talkin bout?  
I remember scrapin up pennies for the 4-double oz's  
Now my refrigerator's full of Olde E  
I used to only rap on the schoolyard  
Now I'm in the studio droppin lyrics too hard  
I took the road to the riches in a dash  
Left my competators at last, they run from copper to cash  
Some people will try to jack you  
Some people will even kill you

So give it to em, y'all  
[ VERSE 3 ]  
A lotta people didn't think that it could happen  
They all started laughin when I told em I'd be rappin  
But now I'm cashin in big checks from the Rap-A-Lot  
Bill's gettin paid, now it's my turn to laugh a lot  
I live the life that a lotta niggas dream of  
I sit back and smoke cess in a steam tub  
I got bitches and bitches and bitches and bitches  
And more bitches on my dick, they like the size of my pockets  
But I ain't cuttin for a stinky piece of pearl tongue  
She makes a move for my wallet, and the girl's hung  
Cause when you're broke, you're a joke, but when you get cash  
Them muthafuckin stink hoes want half  
So all of you funky-ass hoes can kiss  
My Geto-Boy-midget-mind-of-a-lunatic-  
Fuck-a-war-can't-be-stopped-size-ain't-shit-  
Other-level-rap-a-lot-copper-to-cash-dick  
But if you just want to fuck me  
Yeah aight, aight, you can suck a nigga's Chuckie  
Some people will try to jack you  
Some people will even kill you  
So give it to em, y'all