

# Money

Cypress Hill

Yo, I got this plan to make some money  
I want you to keep this shit to yourself  
At 6:15 a.m, the truck pulls out of the  
Post office on Lankershin and Wilsher  
Now it makes one stop before it goes to Sacramento  
Which is a mail drop-off at First Federal Loan and Savings

I did whatever I could to get by  
Slang dope, jack people, hands in the sky  
When you livin' on the edge, yeah homie it's a high  
You get caught up in the drama and eventually you die

Livin' in a hard world, some are livin' lies  
Son you better wise up and open up your eyes  
Shit it never easy homie people will connive  
Better have a hustle, if you mean to survive

Why you're so greedy, can you tell us all why?  
Look homie believe me you're fuckin' metal ply  
For the dollar everybody is a target that's real  
Talkin' is smog you're fate's signed and sealed

You could be the next one cross 'em in the path  
What maybe if you do the math you can avoid the blood bath  
All the money that we stole too weak to take greed  
Give it to an honest man the money is still deep

Dollar bill y'all  
Dollar bill y'all  
Dollar, dollar, dollar  
Dollar, dollar bill y'all

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I ain't got through all my life

Fiend for the mean green  
Never get enough is a mother fuckin' gangsta dream  
For the love on a cash flow  
You could live fast and you could die slow

Show where's the can bet your ass you believe it  
'Cause niggas that you know try hard to be schemin'  
Work hard is fuck for everything to rock

You a dead mother fucker 'fore I get got

Fools got game floss and drop names  
My move's faster than a runaway train  
Fuck the world don't ask me for shit  
Catch you on your knees and you want some dick

Spot a gold nigga with a hairline trigger  
Each root they make, their reputations get bigger  
For the love of the money, pussy, and drug  
Fools change and get all twisted up

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Only if ya better keep your eyes peeled  
'Cause you were talkin' for jacks and that's real  
Whether you rap or do biz or drug deal  
Homie for the dollar, you can get yourself killed

He decided to jet it, could happen with no discussion  
Straps of all pain fools fuckin' eruptin'  
For the green little papers jackin' your neighbors  
But what if your neighbor put the arms in his favor?

Picked up the heater to mash you punk bitches  
Don't wanna earn shit you wanna jack for the riches  
Nothin' in life's for free my nigga learn that  
You burn someone they might just burn back

Scorchin' nigga to the third degree  
Auh y'all trigger deserve to be  
Put out of you misery, you're history son  
When your body disappears, then the mystery come

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