

# Money And Power

E.S.G.

(Ronnie Spencer)  
Money and power, ooh

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]  
Money and power, fortune fame  
These are the things that, fast life brings

[Lil' O]  
Lil' O got rich, cause O got licks  
Now I got chicks, piece and chain cost a brick  
I ride around town, in my Benz talking shit  
Waving at these haters, with my wrist frost bit  
You faggot ass niggaz, ain't nothing to me  
Talking bout you got hustle, but you bumping to me  
Talking bout front me work, want some'ing for free  
But wasn't none of y'all around, when I had nothing to eat  
See this game's full of snakes, no one's credible  
And everybody hungry, everyone look edible  
But thinking I'm a meal, like I'm sloppy seconds fool  
Or had me in your crib, with some killas wetting you  
See I play the game raw, man I told you that  
What made you think you can stop me, from folding stacks  
I be striking on you niggaz, like you bowling back  
And plus they say the strong survive, man I hold my gat  
man

[Hook]  
Money and power, fortune fame  
These are the things that, fast life brings  
Money and power, fortune fame  
Only the strongest, survive in the game

[E.S.G.]  
Money power, fortune and fame  
If you ain't true to this game, that don't mean a damn thang  
Nigga peep the chain, the watch and ring  
Niggaz swear to God I'm working, for a stock exchange  
I refrain from the lame, and live my life realest  
Four machines with screens, and Will-Lean the Chemist  
The Fat Rat with the cheddar, got my back forever  
Know the FED's have a fit, when they see us together  
We three young niggaz, too advanced for these dumb niggaz  
Lick hitters brick splitters, so fuck the crumb niggaz  
Seen it all balling, with uneven chances  
Hit the club niggaz staring, like my name was Steve Francis  
Dropped S leer jets, exec's with techs  
If you scream to the FED's, put a beam on your head  
My beam ain't scared, kidnap your nieces  
You can find 'em in the Gulf, sharks eating they pieces  
Get closer to Jesus, when I come with my chopper  
Swear I was possessed, like that bitch on Stigmata  
Still doing what I gotta, E.S.G. ain't changed

Just the bank account nigga, and the record company  
name

[Hook]

[Will-Lean]

I got money and the power, dummies made of flowers  
Kilos flaked up and baked up, by the hour  
Riches and wealth, take it from a lyrical chef  
You'll be a broke motherfucker, thinking miracles help  
Get it yourself cause playa, I'm bringing the white  
And if them FED's on my ass, then I'm changing the  
flight  
Catch the snitch on the block, where he slanging at  
night  
Bitch nigga spit shots, but ain't aiming 'em right  
Claiming your life be shots, fuck the fortune and fame  
Cause this feddy is more addictive, than more fiending  
caine  
Scorching your brains, niggaz live they life by the gun  
Money come quick, but go faster than it come  
Rule number one, is all about respect  
And rule number two, put it down for your set  
Will-Lean the truth, and that pack techs that connect  
Wrecking shop with E.S.G., now it's time to collect

[Hook - 2x]

(Ronnie Spencer)

Survive in the game, yeah  
Money-money-money-money-money-money  
Fortune and fame, hmmm talking bout money  
Ooh talking bout money baby  
These are, what the fast life brings  
Money-money-money-money yeah  
Talking bout money and power, ooh money  
Money and power, Wreckshop know what I'm talking about  
Yeah ooh, Money-money-money-money-money  
Money and power, fortune and fame