

Rap Money

Freddie Gibbs

Another day another dollar, I get rap money
I need rap money, don't get it fucked up,
That's just some rap shit
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That's just some rap shit

Take a dance with the devil if you will
Hit the booth, lay my vocals with a 7 appeal
Still addicted to the reefer been a cheefer since a teen
Started service acts a stress, through my screen though
That I serve, I could get served with a charge
People set me up try to rob me, and my cousin
Even your family you fucking
I need some rap money, living my pen getting paid bitch
Before I jump on the stage, bitch
Let them labels know that a piece of ain't gonna change
East side niggers gotta eat
Yeah caught up on 65 it's been about a week
Pray to the heavenly father now I lay me down to sleep
I promise I'm a take my hands the streets
If I can only get some rap money

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Started smoking dr. dre,
Youngest out the group wishing and hoping to get paid
Starving up for niggers
Creating doggy style the youngest about to a dog down
Still hunger and poor dog food, don't try to tell me dreams don't
Come true
For the plan, the motherfucking man rap money in my hand
More g's and more grand
Hooked up all eyes on me
Just call me that nigger
20 years later still here like I never left
Rock the motherfucking stage, every night I collect
Respect, keeping independent, strictly to press my own cd's you little
Nigger
60 days later the nigger spending rap money
Hundred thousand so rap money

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