

Get Your Moneyman

Ice-T

Yo whassup, this the E-Double,
Green-Eyed-Bandit youknowwhatI'msayin'?
EPMD, Seven Deadly Sins

Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman (yeah)
Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman (Ice-T baby)
Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman

Rock your hammers back cussers that's the way that we ball
Rims so fat, looks will digitise it all
Get your moneyman lock your blocks, cock your glocks
Really doe - bust until your barrels glow

Nigga tryin', then got tied up buttnaked
Fuckin' with the master of this, jacker of this
Squeezin' off until I fuckin' sprain my wrist
Slap the clip into Armageddon and start wettin'
Grit my teeth, bring it like the Persian Gulf
Airstrike you, burn you with the mic to might you
Thinkin' about takin' me out - huh you're funny
More guns and more money, think about it
You're dead I'm livin
You're fuckin' with the unforgiven - nigga what?
West Side's up - L.A., nigga bounce all day
Look in my eyes, what you see ain't no bitch or pimp
Nigga from the Central and I'm gonna stay rich
Nightmares of bein' broke keep me flowin' like this
Weak niggas - you're sure to get lost in the bliss
This is for the niggas, quick to slaughter
Resumes held by the D.A.'s, the ballers

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Really doe - bust until your barrels glow [gunshot]
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To all my niggas on the East and West that rock vests
Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman
To all the killers that's real, quick to flex the steel
Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman
To my hard-hustlin' girls all around the world for ice
Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman
It's ninety-eight, it's never too late playa
Get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get, get your moneyman

Many casualties caught in the cross-fire mix
while whole crews flash they fo-fo's in the flicks
Magazine after magazine gets stomped in the street
Late night, auto, maga-static
Hit the next turn, hang 'em out and cause havoc
Your cash, your block, I gotta have it
Nigga normally toss it up and live lavish
My traps well lured, I go hardboard

It gets loud, known for bustin' off in crowds
Word 'em up, hurt 'em up, move out, blow the spot
Round two, rounds flew [shots] in the parkin' lot
Niggas rallied up to see who got shot
Wait down G, my whole crew surrounds me
We outty, niggas known to sit the stompede and get rowdy
L.A. - niggas know my flow
They see me on the shore, when I'm rippin' my rows

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It's ninety-eight, it's never too late players
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