

Money On My Brain

Kool G Rap

Ninety five keep it live
Yeah to make papers knahmsayin'?
Motherfuckin' Kool G. Rap and B1
And my motherfuckin' man Grimm
Just comin' with somethin' to keep the brain stem

It's Big 1 son Jamaica Queens is the turf
And I'ma exploit heaven and earth for what it's worth
It's the MC extraordinaire the jewels glare
The God is rare I'm takin' bitches back to my lair
I want mines and yours, strippin' niggaz to they drawers
No probable cause, with the chrome double 4's
It's the Queens New Yorker with a bulletproof parka
In eighty-four, it was Calvins and British Walkers
Now I'm sippin' Harvey's Bristol Cream with the glock 17
As the sirens race to the scene
Tryin' to get dough, like Pablo, today, fuck tomorrow
Seats for carro, as I recline in Monte Carlo
I got the game down to a science, it's the clients
That turn small time hustlers into giants
Three course meal, waitin' for my appetizer
Blowin' like a geyser, time only makes me wiser
Paraphenalia, and material, makes the crew imperial
I put the fear in you, sippin' beer with two
Handlin' business properly, form a monopoly
Storefront property, if not, another robbery
I'm puttin' forth the effort, murder's the method
The steak is peppered
Son when I let off you meet your Lord and shepherd
Bloody money gets niggaz deaded and wetted
Don't forget it, money's the metal and my hand is magnetic

[Chorus]

I gotta flip these bricks
'Cause bein broke drive me insane
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain
From O-Z's to ki's
The triple beam brings fame to my name
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain
Niggaz be schemed teamin'
But still I maintain
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain
'Cause money and murder go hand in hand
It ain't nothin' but a game
Money's on my motherfuckin brain son

Cryin' hopin' God forgive me for the ones I killed
But until still, I dry my eyes with hundred dollar bills
Like McDonald's, makin' mills servin'
Fuck a Landcruiser now, pulls a ? to Suburban
Stressed out, sittin' thinkin' past bed time
Scared can't sleep, nightmares about fed time
Diamonds, linens, ostrich and all that
Fat shit I'm talkin' code cause my phone's tapped
Crackheads worship me like I'm Jesus
Uncle Sam can't stand me cause I'm fuckin' all his nieces

Cuties every color, who I wanna fuck next?
Buy a new car, maybe Lamborghini trunk next
Look at the jealousy in the eyes of the roughnecks
Bulletproof glass just in case they wanna buck Tecs
A large ratio in this game dies
But I'm flippin' pies, til the Senate legalize

[Chorus]

I'm sportin' flavors and Timbs, a ninety-five Benz with the chrome rims
Presidential Rolex, two carat diamonds with the stone gems
Pockets filled with Gucci leather wallets designed by Gucci
Parlay in restaurants, eatin' shrimp, scampi and sushi
Fly minks, with icicles that blink inside Cuban links
Lookin' ?, brothers stink, got loot like I'm doin' banks
Hundred dollar bottles of chammy, condos in Miami
Front row seats up at the Grammy's, the broke niggaz can't stand me
Hold the flame low, hotel suites inside the Flamingo
Just home by the dingos, I step up in em rockin' Kangols
Straight up fakin' no jacks, cause all my crackshacks are jam packed
My mad stacks, show that I'm on the right track, like Amtrak
So stand back, 'cause I'ma make whatever it takes
To shake Jakes, and shoot snakes, and bake more snowflake cakes than Drake's
Cut up your grill like I'm the Barber of Seville
Still like Gotti bodies are found inside the harbor cause I'm ill
It's war, but no more kids are bein kidnapped, matter of fact
Ain't with the shit black, I was young when I did that
There's dope in the Copa Cabanas, cock back the hammers
So niggaz in pajamas get they wigs split like bananas
Stable of hotties, niggaz with shotties catchin' bodies
Neighborhood John Gotti with more notes than Pavarotti
Yeah, paid as a motherfuckin' bank teller
The Goodfella, I stay a motherfuckin' drug seller

[Chorus]