

Money (Do It For Me)

Kurupt

Brand new airmax is the start, Gucci and Louie from my belt to clothes
I change with the times moving up
I still can't find no one to trust
Nicki on tv with madona, sending out a message to you premadonas
And everybody that thought Nicki was whack, is eating those words watching N
icki stack
Roaming through the neighborhood feeling grand
This week I smoked about a million grams
Everything is new, life is too, I just bought a new house, what about you?
Just got a new whip, what about you
Just took a new trip to Istanbul
I solve equations difficult as Rubic's cube
Just keep your eyes open for the evening news
This ain't dr. dre nigga, just X cube

This my life, this one's mine
This one time, I'm a do it for the

No more indoor gin and juice, patron sirock ace and goose
Kush on the plate a little yag to boose
Everyday L.A. ways loose, living like a millionaire driving them crazy
Billionaire mind set, I learned it brom baby
Gotta use the mind, frame the rider [?]
Model bitches have the powder ratchet as fuck
Got the model bitches itching to get ratchet as fuck
Classic, passing passes, asking to fuck
Flowing [?] when I have my epiphany, a half full [?]
Walking on chinchilla rugs, villa in Greece
Mic with assets, 100 tickets at least, my nigga

This my life, this one's mine
This one time, I'm a do it for the Bentleys, bmw's, maybachs, rovers
Don't stand behind I may back over you
Classic banger, classic Bach, Beethoven
Rock James Hover, pac, game over
Wizardry in this industry, my century hold by the days that confuse
I break the industry rules like fuck it
This my time, for my life
This one I do it for the love of money
Money, a small piece of paper
Do it for the love of music
Music, music to get the money
Do it for the love of bitches
And bitches want the money
I'm a do it for me
And that's what we're fighting for, the money
Fuck money! Oh, music! Bitches
I'm a do it for me, baby, baby, yeah, yeah
Money, oh, bitches, music,
Fuck baby, baby, yeah

And there you have it, so down on the block
What would you do to get your money
And does it matter, money, music and bitches
Cycle is vicious, hahahaha, a hahahaha
But it's all done for the small piece of paper
That [?] wait, and hate, as an almighty dollar, money

Fuck money! Oh, music! Bitches
Baby, baby, yeah, yeah.