

For The Money

Mack 10

Ladies and gentlemen, flight 1-0 from LAX is now arriving into JFK International.

What? What? about that money, nigga.
How many, hey yo, how many niggas is really making money now,
now what I'm saying?
This 98, I'ma tell y'all cats somethin.
This is the year of do it, or don't.
If you gon do it, you better roll on with this crew cat,
juggyyyyyy!!!!

People call me crazy, but that's alright with me (It's alright!)
They ask me why I'm hustlin, (We hustlin!) I say for the money (Yeah!)
I duck down with Buckshot, Hoo Bang with Wu-Tang (Oooooo!)
Won't hesiate to slang, so money ain't a thang (Ahhhhh!)
Called Buck and Dirty, asked em what they need
They said send me two thangs and some LA weed
So my belief is fuck the beef, all money the same
And when I get to New York, I'ma show you the whoop game
I make a bitch stay down, cuz I'm that type of guy
Put the work on the Greyhound and fly to the NY
Hit the east coast with a pocket fulla cheddar
Tan khakis on with a thick red sweater (Oh yeah!)
They see me with some hoes, couldn't be better timing
Cuz though a nigga g'd up, I got on big diamonds, so nigga what?
(Tell it to em cat!)

People call me crazy, but that's alright with me
They ask me why I'm hustlin, I say for the money
(Yo, I am comin over, to your spot tonight
I promise you my baby, that I'm gon do you right!)

Through the gusty wind, I roll with fifty men
Ready to get nifty and shift and low
So what's the movements, yo? Let me know
Cuz when I come for motherfuckers, I'm comin for throats
It was sad I bled, but the red in my eyes shed
Light on the dark, I led the blind in sight
Now I got all of them inside
It's the reason why I do this, and I night ride
(For the moneyyyyyy!!!!!!)
If you and a nigga outside, say the word
And I'm a spruge with my flight team soarin like birds
Missed it on the Friday with my nigga Cube
But the bomb blew Saturday when Mack lit the fuse
Who other than Buckshot come pick up the pieces
And straighten niggas out like creases
{Speak on it} Yeah nigga
(It's for the moneyyyyyyy!!!!!!)
Buckshot, ODB, Mack 10, back at it again

Hey yo, most of you know me, some of you don't
When it comes to challengin, none of you won't
Arrange this battle to improve your style
It's a brother with a totally different profile
Most of you play cold front in your face
Hesitatin on the rhymes, shoulda been Memorex

But, you forgot, you's an amatuer
Mystery worshipper, yo I prefer
I mind you, tease you, who's the boss?
Sucka amneisa, memory loss, wellllll
Hit this, just quiet as kept
Mmmmm C's on the charts from the start had slept
Leeeeeet's take them, wake them
You should be woke
Cuz you take MC'in for a practical joke, Hmmmmmm
I present myself to be a similar nightmare of an Amazing Story

Yo, you ain't hearin nothing but a drop of the dime.
Know what I'm saying?
To all my dogs, I wanna give a shout out.
You got my nigga, Mack 10.
You got my nigga, Buckshot shorty.
And you got the one, dirt dog.
Know what I'm saying?
And we gon do it like sweat hogs, my nigga.
This how we get down!

People call me crazy, but that's alright with me
They ask me why I'm hustlin, I say for the money
Haha, Hoo Bangin records, pushin weight in 98.
Cookin nothing but the bomb.
You know what I'm sayin?
Cuz we got the Recipe, fo sho!