

What Money Do

Project Pat

Put the needle on the record mayne... Put this shit together
for my boy Project man... Nah... nah... here we go... some mo'
gangsta motherfuckin' shit man... it's goin' down know what I'm
talkin' 'bout? Hypnotize Minds... yeah!

Yeah... I need for all my real motherfuckin' money makers in the
motherfuckin' house... to reach in yo' motherfuckin' pocket... and
pull out a stack!... and hold that motherfucker high as you can in the
air... and then I need you to walk over to one of them haters and
throw it in his motherfuckin' face 'cause he need it mo' than you do...
Now get on yo' knees and pick that shit up!... Pick it up BITCH!

You see me in this new car, this what money do
You see me shinin' like a star, this what money do
I left the club wit'cha broad, this what money do
This what money do, get you some hater

I'm flickin' on you snakes, I got wood, leather stitchin'
Clothes stickin', 'cause ya ridin' bucket, cloth seats itchin'
Couldn't get me, saw it in the clouds, like my nigga Rickey
Mr. James, all these superfreaks, out here tryna get me
Wanna hit me, wanna say, they done been 'round the truth
In ya bed, or the booth, I'm the ghetto Dr. Ruth
When I do, step on out, moonlight, hit the Range
Pretty jewels they attract broads, like shiny thangs
When I came, to ya hood, I was new face, in the place
Game spitter from the North, so ya wanna catch a case
'Cause ya see me holl'in' at 'cha ex-girl, don't 'cha?
Murder charge for a broad who don't even want 'cha

Throw a stack in his face! It ain't nothin' but some money
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You suckers crazy, so y'all out here pushin' daisies
Over Daisy, she was on some purple hazey
Had the baby, year later on my income
Tax, so a nigga could receive mo' income
Been one, I'mma rent some, of this game out
Gift of gab, talk you by the slab wit' no thang out
Hangin' stout broads, 'round my arms, decoration
These punks give me dap, same time playa hation
Erasin', you lamers, hatin' got'cha famous
Confronted by the broad, got shot in ya anus
Heinous, heard they took the slugs out'cha dookie roll
Gun powder and the blood burn in ya bootyhole

I was screamin' "Don't Save Her," was you, listenin'?
Kept, twinkle on my gold teeth, so I'm glistenin'
When I open up my mouth, these gals, lookin' in
Hear the words that I speak, then go and tell her friend
Dog, all over freaks, boys goin' to the pen
Or the grave, real early, hollow shutters check 'em in
Wanna fight, my nigga, wanna shoot, my nigga
Talk ya gal out her cap, when ya loot my nigga
Do you, my nigga, fall in love wit' these tramps

Goin' raw, on her, and she did the whole Camp?
But you rest havin' that, knowin' that, she'll go
Lickin' balls, suckin' cat, knees burnt from the flo'