

# Where My Money

Royce da 5'9"

I've been fuckin with this game for a long time, and I'm impatient  
I'ma kill somebody if somebody don't make me real rich this year [echoes]

For starters I'm all about the bread  
I ain't no artist, I'm a target  
I'm like the landlord, hip-hop's currently fallin down the stairs  
"Your RENT'S due, motherfucker!"  
Now who give a fuck about who bar is the hardest?  
When the DJ's think they bigger stars than the artist  
Ridin around in Ferraris doin more A&R'in than the A&R's  
and half them niggaz don't even scratch  
That's like the blind leadin the blind leader  
Hip-Hop is like the FBI in the trap readin the Don Diva  
It makes no sense  
It's ironic how I can straighten you though I stay so bent  
I'm about gettin ends  
Every time my money's on hip-hop, that's every time the house nigga wins  
Flood in a drought, love in the club, Crip/Blood gun talk  
Ladies and gentlemen! Hip-Hop in one bar

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I'ma kill somebody if somebody don't make me real rich this year  
Where my money at? Where my money nigga?  
Where my money at? Where my money nigga?

I put a cease and desist on this industry shit  
Me makin a friend means I'll just make an enemy quick  
When niggaz think they finna be big, they image is switched  
They go from gettin beat by a nigga to sweet to a cinnamon whip  
They actin like they got the Vanna White in "Wheel of Fortune"  
But actually they spinnin the script  
I tell the, DJ to play mines or we gon' spray ya  
And that's on every MC's mind, they just don't say it  
I flame spots, my brain lies and the top is on fire  
How you gon' say Nickel Nine ain't risin?  
Rappers no longer have to be on the block lyin  
You get yo' ass whupped on the net, you a pop icon  
I spaz like I got the right rhyme  
I flash like I shot Nikon  
I call my motherfuckin man my money so money stand out  
While I got my motherfuckin hand out!