

Gotta Make That Money

Tq

Yeah uh mm give it to me
Mmmmm yeah
Yeah yeah
Mm no no no no
Seems like every night, right before I go to sleep
I say a little prayer to the Lord that he keep me, that he keep me
I used to be the kind of nigga that didn't give a fuck about nobody
The slightest little thing would make me mad
Especially if it involved my money

And I can't tell you 'bout the next man
But I love pullin' up in big sedans
Wit all my niggas in a caravan
Holla if ya hear me

Now I'd love to break ya, bring ya down
And take you back again
But that would take too much time
And I gotta hit the streets again

[Chorus]

And even if the sun don't shine, I'll still be hustlin'
Gotta get that money, make that money
Keep it comin', if it takes all night, can't be strugglin'
Somebody come help me
Can ya tell me why is slangin' always on my mind?
Must be buggin'
I guess they figured I would quit and they could get me
If they tapped my line
Don't mean nothin'
I'll still be hustlin'

Now I hate to be the one to tell ya, but I don't mind
Niggas can hate if they want to
And I'm still gon' get mine, still gon' get mine
Yes, I still be ridin' in a SC on dubs
And I won't be seen at none of the clubs
And uh, all your women would know who I was
(And that you wouldn't like) And that you wouldn't like

If everybody kept they mind on gettin' they scrilla
Won't be no time to fuck with mine, so won't be killin'
I'll just sit back and recline, smoke this Philly
And keep my fingers laced with diamonds like Big Willie

But for now, catch me on Compton Avenue
With a handful of hundreds and a strap or two
Puttin' it down for my niggas like they told me to
You need some candy, so won't you come thru

[Chorus]

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[E-40]

Sometimes I'm suited up
Sometimes I'm bummy, lookin' like a crook
Hair all nappy and wild - we call it the full nuk
Mashin', mobbin' and thrashin'
Woopers, horns and tweeters blastin'
Throbbin', hoggin' and doggin'
Godzilla ballin'
When it's money callin'? War-rank, war-rank
Just ride your runners fool
Be 'bout your bank
Sittin' fat like chupling
All about my money, duffle bags full of scratch
Artillery fire arms and gats
Reep my mill, cap my feddy, get my bread
Hirries on my tail, but I'm tryin' for them, but they want me dead, dead
Cuz I made it out the game without a clue or trace
Used to sell that bass
Rock cavvy candy, ??
Never had to stop, enemies on the block, they knew it (they knew it)
As far as I was concerned, ? man I do it
Check it out
Money schemin'
Chris Alberchuck, Chocolate Philly, Glocks Garcia Vegas
Black and Miles on the pack again (yes)
What you know about that?
TQ and E-40 Fonzarelli a.k.a. Charlie Hustle, easy
Biatch!!!