

# 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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Somebody come help me  
Can ya tell me why is slangin' always on my mind?  
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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!!!