

Mind On My Money

YoungBloodz

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)
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The thing I got I sell it, to get it all the time
A nickle or a dime, a half or a pound
Long as my bitch ridin', I'll put a nigga down
Im a playa from the jump, a hustler from the start
Something in your chest, then open up your heart
Im bouta bet it, like Memphis 10, they get it get it
Gotta have it have it, take it all, man if they let me
Ima run it, put somethin' on it, instead of bet it
It's that money, don't make no money, buddy I'm ready
Can I get it? It's win or lose, you know the rules
We rollin', we didn't hit it, now pay your dues

Now when it comes to gettin' that cash flow
Im all about that paper, no credit, just straight dough
And for all who don't know, there's money out to be made
So get it while you can, and still it's just a phase
In the eyes of a hustler nigga, you'd be amazed
That time waits for no one, so God, I pray
Try hard not to fall thru life stuck unemployed
So instead I keep on livin' what's given within my void
Put a end after hours scrapin' up all my change
From quarters to dimes, as you see, this ain't no game
So pick up on your pimpin', get on it and never slip
Cuz all on my mind is my money fully gripped (fully gripped)

Just call me, the money maker, bread taker
Nigga Breaker, the pocket raper, money scraper
May do me a favor, stay the fuck up out my way-a
The rock that I can take it buddy to collect my paper
That might save ya, think of no anger, no player hater
No bumpin' heads, when it come to gettin' this paper
Im a player, runnin' wit the, hand that was dealt
Flippin' my work, ridin' the left, fully equipped
Aint fuckin' wit hoes, unless talkin 'bout bread
Duckin' these streets, givin' these strangers some head
Bringin' it back, makin' sho', my pockets swole
Workin' the streets, now they know they my hoes

I must ain't had it, I gotta get it
Nothin' to lose, shoot me a quarter, and watch me flip it
Shakin' these haters down the line, they somethin' wicked
You on a roll then pay yo' dues, then buy a ticket
Gather your cheddar 'round this world, there's nothin' better
But keep it boomin' like a system, thru any weather
Stackin' my green, that's somethin' good, I'm on a mission
Trappin' hard just like I should, no penny pinchin'
And for the gold, we steady missin', and reminisin'

Buy some S, ain't even hittin', so stop yo' flippin
Cuz when I pull in all my cheese you besta know
There ain't no playin' wit my thang when you see my foe
Act like ya know