

Money

The Game

Money, for the money [Repeat: x2]

[Verse 1]

Kanye told me that Jesus walks in '04
But I grew up around impalas and drug lords
Welcome to Los Angeles palm trees and drug stores
All we know is rocks and presidents like Mount Rushmore
Fuck the police they hop out and bust doors
I ain't goin' back to jail nigga that what I flush for
My money or my glock who do I trust more?
I don't know it's probably the one that I touch more
Guess it's the green cause paper motivate niggas
And my Rolex races cause it hate niggas
I use to only sell 8s like that Laker nigga
Now I'm movin' 24s like I play at the staples center
You might miss the game so nigga don't blink
My phantom stand out like Frank Lucas mink
So go ahead and think like Frank Lucas think
Somebody'll find your brains on the fuckin' kitchen sink about

[Chorus]

(Money)

Dead presidents, Big paper

(For the Money)

Benjamins, Skyscrapers, My niggas get

(Money)

My Bitches get

(Money)

Like the strippers get

From the block to the club I make it rain

(Money)

In California niggas die

(For the Money)

From the south to new york the bullets fly for the

(Money)

Don't stop gettin'

(Money)

It don't matter where you from if you hustle motherfucker keep gettin' that

(Money)

[Verse 2]

Yeah Yeah

I get it that baby and slim cash money
All the jewelry on your whole crew that's my tax money
That Pablo Escobar crack money
That Lebron first nike contract money
That make it rain all my niggas throw a stack money
Stack it to the ceiling then call it Shaq money
That walk in the club, straight to the back money
Flavor of love delicious sittin' on my lap money
That rat money niggas get clapped money
Air force ones don't bend when I track money
Oh I'm rich like porter,
Havin' Alpo nightmares whippin' that border
Like McDonald's I was flippin' them orders
In that '02 Porsche truck weavin' through borders
I was through flippin' quarters When I made my first mil
I'm about a dollar 50 cent ain't real

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Ooh Somebody tell snoop to pop open them briefcases
Order that patron tell em we want 3 cases
Fuck a black card you see these green faces
Look at my chest, now you've seen Vegas
Treat my money like the Crystal that we wastin'
Cause I'm a money machine I can re-make it
You a fool thinkin' that Freddy can see Jason
I been iced out like who the fuck need Jacob
The doc told me to be patient but I walked
Money like the white Howard next time he a free agent
I'm tryin' to make enough money so I can feed Asia
Have Asians in the kitchen cookin' in Louis V aprons
Word to Martha Stewart if I can park a Buick
Then I can flip a breech truck I got the heart to do it
Ball like the nigga Tony Parker do it
Speak no englis but Dinero I talk it fluent

[Chorus]

Get get get get g-get your paper boy [Repeat: x3]
Get get get get get get yea!

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