

# Only Fo' Tha Money

Dj Quik

Sometimes I just don't even understand why people  
Like this dirty talkin' shit, you know what I'm sayin'?  
But since they do an' people buyin' this shit  
I'ma kick it like this  
You see a pimpin' ass nigga like me, is wanted dead or alive  
Because I jack these hooker hoes for they ten's an' they five's  
An' twenty's then I leave 'em branded 'cause I'm the love bandit  
I'm not tryin' to be mean, I want your green or you'll be stranded  
'Cause you know it don't pay to play for free, yo  
So you shit out of luck, I need a buck to fuck  
You duck, hoe, bitch, tramp  
An' I don't take no food stamps  
This is a reminder, I'm lettin' you know that if I get behind ya  
You're gonna have to kick up or eat a dick up 'til you hiccup  
I treat yo' ass as if this was a stick up  
'Cause you ain't nothin' but a pick-up  
Trick, hell, yeah, I'm offensive  
A spin around the bend can be expensive  
An' the effects'll be, they can be extensive  
So if I gotta fuckin' take a chance, I want my grip in advance  
Because it's only fo' tha money  
Dolla bill, y'all, dolla bill, y'all  
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Dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla bill, y'all  
Now that I fucked, I want my motherfuckin' cut  
Oh, yeah, I'm a hoe, what you think I gave you the dick fo'?  
See, I can play the bitch but see I ain't the bitch  
You better checkin' her in an' better do it quick  
See, the Devil made me do it 'cause the devil was you  
'Cause I done seen all the shit you took niggaz through  
But not me, wench, you cute saditty skanch  
Think I'ma be the trick nigga? Well, bitch, I ain't  
'Cause I'm the type of nigga that can get you cocked  
Without payin' you but straight be playin' you

Bitch, I thought you knew better than that  
See, it only fucks you up when your weak game lacks  
Manipulatin' moves like I do  
See, it just goes to show you, hoe, you can't play a true  
See, I can leave your broke ass fast with your cock all runny  
Bitch 'cause it's only fo' tha money  
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Dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla, dolla bill, y'all  
Now that you know me, I'm only out to leave you broke an' lonely  
I find a stupid hoe an' talk her ass to matrimony  
Now I can be cool until we hitched  
But I'ma switch up on my role an' play the motherfuckin' bitch  
Waitin' for the mailman to come around  
Oh, you're a low-down nigga, naw, man, I'm just a money hound  
I play the roll well, check out my limp  
Yeah, I'm the County Check pimp  
Slangin' my hand inside your purse  
Girl, you better keep cool 'cause the shit can get worse, damn  
Yo' check is short, I ain't gon' sweat, huh  
I take the kids' lunch money, yeah, bet  
An' borrow ends from yo' family an' grin  
I just gotta keep my bankroll comin' in  
An' then I kick back an' laugh 'cause it's funny  
Haha, I only did it fo' tha money  
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