

All for the Money (feat. CMW)

MC Eiht

One more nigga on the run
I just can't handle this, born in the land of the scandalous
Thirteen years of age at the time
Moms is kicking me, I gotta get mine I load up my strap, map out my plan
Choose my victim, then motherfucker stick him
One more point that got scored for the
Up to no damn good, understood Steps is getting low so I gotta get some more
Loads up the K, breaks out the back door
You know the routine, so run fool, here we go
Say back channel, keep your motherfucking hands up on the dash And gives up the cash
One time is making a move on my ass
But I ain't sweating it 'cause ain't shit funny
Because it's all for the money I gotta get mine, so I'm a take yours
I gotta get mine, so I'm a take yours Just call me the come up kid
Hard times kicking it in the CPT
So that means I gotta do what I gotta do
And if you ain't down with the hype, fuck you You're coming up short when I slang
So when I hit your corner, you're gonna be a goner
Nigga duck when my nine starts to buck
In it for the snaps so I'm crazy as fuck I should be laying low 'cause one time is real hot
Need to make a nine so I rush your spot
And it's like that when I got the Philly
If you don't care someone else does the killing So when you hit the end of the road ain't no turning back
I done signed a hood lifetime contract
Jacking and packing 'cause ain't shit funny
Because it's all for the money I gotta get mine, so I'm a take yours
I gotta get mine, so I'm a take yours Uh oh, there goes another beep on the beeper
One time sleep on the fucking night creeper
Trying to show stop on the sales
Pull fake braids but I still gets paid Just say no? Fuck the TV
Trying to push the shit 'cause the weight is exceed
See me for the blast, Five-oh fly in fast
Mad 'cause I'm making more cash than they ass Now I lay low in the cut
Label me the nigga with the fucking gangsta strut
Every hooptie got gold license plates
My birds fly out throughout the fucking states Now my other half is telling me I'd better quit
But I ain't through in this shit, so I guess this is it
I'll be dead before I go out like a dummy
Why's that, G? 'Cause it's all for the money I gotta get mine, so I'm a take yours

I gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours I gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours
I gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours I gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours
I gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours

Songwriters

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