

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 gots to get mineI 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, understoodSteps is getting low so I gots to 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 dashAnd 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 moneyI gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours
I gots to get mine, so I'm a take yoursJust 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 youYou'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 fuckI 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 killingSo 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 moneyI gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours
I gots to get mine, so I'm a take yoursUh 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 paidJust 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 assNow 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 statesNow 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 moneyI gots to get mine, so I'm a take yours

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

Songwriters

Paul Richmond;Aaron Bernard Tyler;Darryl Ellis;Jr. LockePublished by
SONGS OF UNIVERSAL, INC.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>