

# Money Klip

## Mr. Shadow

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sicc Dogg  
Street Life

This is for all my motherfucking ballers  
Money clockers and them[Chorus]  
    Got my khakis all creased up  
    Me and my homies all sleeped up  
    Keep my pockets all greased up  
    Chips and the money clip all day

Hood banging through this rap shit to get paidI'm all about money, rapping, and smoking weed up  
    And this family, believe we all sleaved up  
    Creep up like an army ready for war

We can smoke a whole crowd like crime, searching for more

    Never enough, life is tough in the ghetto  
Either you're balling or you're trying to get your case settled  
    Nothing petty, getting feri on the daily  
    Can't risk it for bullshit, I gotta feed my baby  
    Shady motherfuckers, I keep them at a distance  
    I got your heart pumping like a piston, listen  
    You got it twisted thinking I'm a broke man  
    A young stupid motherfucker with no plans  
    No brands, no loaded weapon in my hand  
    Taking shit from me? No chance  
    You slow dance with the devil

'cause I've worked too damn hard to get to this level[Chorus x2]If you don't have dough for Mr. Shadow

    Then what you here for, there's the door, you gotta go  
    Responsible for every move like a chess game  
    Your next step gives or takes away your next aim  
    Fast pay is the way I live

    Never had to clock in 219 to 56  
    When shit gets harder you gotta get stronger  
    They say we got a long life, homey make it longer  
    Watch who you talk to, money talks when it wants to

Makes the world spin like it has to  
Don't let me catch you dipping in my cookie jar  
I can tell who the G's and the rookies are  
The way we ball is paranormal  
Jotos envy us, they want photos  
Can't see gangsters doing a ride  
Want us working like a slave or doing some time  
Fuck them all[Chorus]Pit bossing, Sicc Dogging, clocking, stacking dollars  
Back handing, smacking all you wanna be shot callers  
You ain't ballers you're stallers  
But when you're ready to do big things go ahead and call us  
Better involve us or else you're gonna face problems  
Two feet away from you the shape of revolvers  
And if you try to make moves I'ma hear of it  
Too damn good at bossing, made a career of it  
So stand clear of it, or get rushed with it  
You talk about it motherfucker, I live it[Chorus x2]

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