

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 slept up

Keep my pockets all greased up

Chips and the money clip all day

Hood banging through this rap shit to get paid I'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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