

Dope Money

Mr. Magic

Intro

What, what

You over there Styles?

Yeah dog

Second album nigga, real L.O.X

Blaze

We run the streets, yall know who to bet (C'mon)

Fuck yall niggas (Let's go)

Couldn't live the life I live

Why's that

I could die any minute, I get high every minute

Fuckin' with snake niggas, and sleepin' with foul bitches

Came thru on the lightest whip with two pounds in it

Pull over where the hustlers be

Why's that

Cause I get chills when you talk of hustlin' Gs

So I'm always where the powder be at

What it mean

I can blow five bricks to ten in an hour if that

Stay away from where the cowards be at

Why's that

Time is money god, and you can't get an hour back

Or I would do it again to get the power back

Have godfather status, make niggas bow to that

You can all shine and glitter and keep the ones

Fives and tens, for twenties and up, we dummy it up

Make a lot of money, and look bummy and what

Cause money aint shit, respect is everything

So if I kill niggas dead, don't ask me shit

I take blunts to the head, so don't pass me shit

I'd rather die from a bullet, than a nasty bitch

If the good die young, all that mean to me

Is that the hood die young/ We call it the last days

What you know about coppin a house to fight pits in

Or blowin' weed smoke on the cops that write tickets

Henny and what, shit we can semi it up

With your picture on the wall, in memory of

Stay in sync with the hood, gray minks with the hood

We tryin' to get money like chinks in the hood

They ask me how I'm doing now
I tell and#8216em better than them
And if your man front
He can get eleven in him
And if you told them once
Then you better tell him again
Ay yo, now let's see
Who you know fuckin with Sheek Luc, Jadakiss
And S' paper

From dope money to rap money, and back to dope money (C'mon)
Loaded guns, the empty ones, over dope money (Let's go)
Car house in the smoke, over dope money (C'mon)
All my niggas will die over dope money (Let's go)
Bust your nine niggas, Side by side niggas (C'mon)
We hit the ?wreck? of law, Run and hide niggas (Let's go)
Death is the only thing that might divide niggas (C'mon)
So don't fuck around with them Ryde or Die niggas (Let's go)
So we speakin', all I know your face will be leakin'
I rap full time and still pump bass on the weekend
A nigga hoppin' all over the map
And what you learn
That niggas with long paper take longer to crap
That's why every chance I me a gat
And why you rather buy you a chain
I aim at your brain
Nigga, robbery is all we know, so how we gon go broke
When we can just take all yall dough
And then fly out to Cuba, and get in the coke fields
Die off the buddha, fifty and fifty mill
Bring drama cause Gianconna got Kennedy killed
If you come thru in a jet, you frontin' wit us
Cause when the coke price was up
It was nuthin to us
We got blocks full of heroin
Weed and dust/ Seen bullets pop off
Cause of greed and lust
And when the big dogs die
Who gon feed the pups
My niggas is here, so you know the circle is tight
I circle the block, and cut off the lights
Pray to Christ
Cause when the cops come in, we carry shotguns
Dem niggas with the most ice, get the hot ones
Stay on your job, nigga I'ma stay on mine

And if I lose my voice nigga, I'ma flow online
And by next year, we should have a thousand guns
Nigga Ruff Ryde, Ryde or Die Volume One
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