

# It's The Money / Fake Id Interlude

## Youngbloodz

Now it's the money that make this here world 'round  
And it's the money that make you wanna lay niggas down  
And it's the money that make you and your best buddy fight  
    But when you ain't got shit, everything is tight  
'Cause it's the money that make you wanna flex for them hoes  
    And it's the money that's keepin' your nose full of that blow  
    And it's the money that make you think that you bulletproof  
    But niggas'll do what it takes, just to come up on loot  
        I came in this thang, a little short on change  
        All I had was a dime, couple rhymes and my name  
        Tryin' to get in where I fit, stuck in this red dirt  
        Plannin' a way to get this money but I can't get no work  
        See some niggas live and some niggas die  
        I was hip to the game, can't let no time fly by  
        And though it's the money that make you wanna shine  
        But believe it's the money that make you want mine  
        Now nigga for real, got to pay them bills  
        Money got you fucked up, lay em' down for his  
        But homeboy still, you ain't even came up  
        The same way you got it, see your ass gonna get stuck  
        That's taught from me, straight from a young buck  
        If your shoes ain't tied, then you bound to trip up  
        This money here is a dangerous weapon, never get attached  
        You'd better count your blessings nigga  
    Now it's the money that make this here world 'round  
    And it's the money that make you wanna lay niggas down  
    And it's the money that make you and your best buddy fight  
    But when you ain't got shit, everything is tight  
'Cause it's the money that make you wanna flex for them hoes  
    And it's the money that's keepin' your nose full of that blow  
    And it's the money that make you think that you bulletproof  
    But niggas'll do what it takes, just to come up on loot  
        Uh, ever since them first red and black Jordan  
        Till when you couldn't get nothin' for that little girl that you were courting'  
        And done always been 'bout how much paper you got  
        That money can get you a little twat, if you ain't gettin' off your rock  
        That money can make you or break you  
        Them police shake you 'cause you're ridin' big-boy six hundred  
        Like a nigga ain't supposed to have nuttin', that's worth a lil' somethin'

The reason niggas gettin' chickens in and kickin' in doors  
Flippin' Jags and Burbans, living life dirty  
You gotta get it in, the only way you know how  
Whether you click-click-pow or you delivering flowers  
Let the bullet rain showers on the nigga who you know got that flow  
Then took his ass straight out the door for a few G's  
A couple of Oz's and now you broke next week  
Them little green court papers'll get you caught up in capers  
Gone sour, money got niggas dying by the hour  
Now it's the money that make this here world 'round  
And it's the money that make you wanna lay niggas down  
And it's the money that make you and your best buddy fight  
But when you ain't got shit, everything is tight  
'Cause it's the money that make you wanna flex for them hoes  
And it's the money that's keepin' your nose full of that blow  
And it's the money that make you think that you bulletproof  
But niggas'll do what it takes, just to come up on loot  
Now is it me or is it that you can't take it like a man  
And stand in these streets and hold your own like a man  
And man, ain't it sad that your man hid and ran  
From the time you started talkin' that shit, just like a man  
So do what you can 'cause see you lookin' kinda shawty'  
'Cause indeed you gone bleed on your knees for now you've lost  
In this maze, tryin' to find another way just to escape all them filthy ways  
So shake it off and shake it loose, just as I've come to say  
This ain't no dream, as you gleam, just as you cross between  
Them foolish things for that ol' green got you seein' things  
So what you mean, it's the money that got you in this thang  
From gettin' squirreled for a buck out in this world  
Now it's the money that make this here world 'round  
And it's the money that make you wanna lay niggas down  
And it's the money that make you and your best buddy fight  
But when you ain't got shit, everything is tight  
'Cause it's the money that make you wanna flex for them hoes  
And it's the money that's keepin' your nose full of that blow  
And it's the money that make you think that you bulletproof  
But niggas'll do what it takes, just to come up on loot

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