

# The Money (Version 2)

## Mobb Deep

[Chorus:]

Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money  
(Leavin' permanent scars, like getting splashed on the island)  
Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money  
(Gimme yours, or get your manhood taken)  
Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money  
(Put you on your back, send you on your way, yo good lookin)  
Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money

[Verse 1: Havoc]

Hey yo what you wanna do with that black deuce deuce  
Hit you up, take that cash you ain't slug proof dude  
Takin yours to survive  
It's only matter of time  
I'm snatchin, livin grimy, runnin, never look back  
The root of evil got me acting like that  
Life ain't a game, the streets is mortal combat  
I wasn't blessed with the silver spoon  
Since my born, I was doomed, confined to one room  
Now you a customer  
Copping from natural born hustlas (that's what he thought kid)  
Stupid son, he get extorted

[Chorus][Verse 2: Prodigy]

Open your eyes, get wise, and look alive, pay attention  
I'm manifestin, my slugs be leavin'niggas guessingTime is of the essence, and yours is runnin out fast  
You won't last, livin out your life like that  
You shoulda got down with my crew, slingin cracks international  
But instead, you wanna merge with the rivals  
And moves like that could end up, homicidal  
You suicidal, and I'm (alive on arrival)  
Play the drug game with precision, and never with division  
I'm tryna see addition  
Food to fill my kitchen  
Some faggot niggas snitchin givin info  
We'll do a drive by, in a stolen black pinto  
With tinted windows, bullets will flurry through your system  
Your man ran, lucky for him, because we missed him  
We'll catch him on the rebound, but see now  
We tryna make this money and you tryna stop me, what's it gonna be now  
You stand up to my crew and get laid down

On the ground with the big four pound  
You hear the sound on the other side of town  
Where caps get peeled  
Break you off, love, love, give you somethin to feel  
[Chorus][Verse 3: Havoc]  
You don't have to tell me twice  
I know when to chill when I have to  
But if I have to, I'll still clap you  
I'll crack through your fortress  
You couldn't hold it down, so you lost it  
No crew could withstand the forces  
Never second guess me, just bless me  
Stop smilin, bodies stackin, dead presidents pilin  
We wildin, lifted, terror three sixes  
They got a petition, for my conviction  
Rise to the occasion  
When it's time for blazin, on the 41st side  
Niggas is cravin for drama, we can handle it  
It ain't nothin cause we use to it  
It's all good, the hood we ran through it since young  
It used to be candy, but now it's guns  
Stickin niggas son, my job ain't done[Chorus]  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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