

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
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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
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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
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