

M.o.n.e.y.

Lil' Zane

What? What?

Money stretch

Lil' Zane, what'cha saying?

ATL's finest, what? What?

Man you can check my lifestyle

And see that I'm quite wild

Seven twenty-eight night child

Universal and versatile

You study my style

Trying to live spiritual

And y'all looking now

I can see right now

Y'all will never understand me

I call my best friend my family until they cross me

Alcohol and weed cost me

So I limit it

Running niggas over like Emmitt did without a squad

Drag you about a hundred yards

Many bumps and scars

Pull out in the hottest cars with my entourage

Smoke more L's than DeBarge

With connects worldwide like Macintosh

I practice living large

Niggas out of town don't understand these kids (say what?)

Niggas comin' to get me can't find where I live

I got two or three cribs stack the mill in the mill

Y'all get none of this dough shit y'all fiends stay ill

Money stretch like a rubber band

So wrap the grands up

Catz got beef with me

Go call your menz up

Coming up unexpected

Fucking your plans up

Bustin' rounds lay it down

It's not a game

Money stretch like a rubber band

So wrap the grands up

Catz got beef with me
Go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected
Fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down
Now throw your hands up

Name rings up in Hollywood
But I'mma true nigga, I'mma stay Hollyhood
I never change, might be a little busy though
A little nigga from a big ass city yo
I love the dough
Give me hits, give me more chips
I stay legit so the feds can't tell me shit
I came in with nothing to lose
Now I put my heart into making you move
I'm far flung
And the charts say I'm number one
You number two nigga
Check on the Billboard
Who under who nigga?
Far from an amateur, a money maker
Leave your chick alone with me
I bet I'll take her
The game's taught me one thing
Don't let her break you
Money make the world go 'round
And the girls go down
And even paralyzed niggas gonna feel me now
For you nerds that study my words, ya heard

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Go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected
Fucking your plans up
Bustin' rounds lay it down
(None of us fuck around)
Money stretch like a rubber band
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Catz got beef with me
Go call your menz up
Coming up unexpected
Fucking your plans up

Bustin' rounds lay it down
Now throw your hands up

You steady being on the corner right
Niggas ain't seen me in a while
You probably thought I died
You devils love to see a nigga down and teary eyed
I call you idiot cause you don't know me really yet
I'm from the ghetto and getting dough is all I know
I'm on the low
I'm a mystery to 5-0
Cause they don't know
Damn my check is caught in studio
Business is lovely, see me in the videos
Bitches wanna fuck me
Worldwide nigga ride
I'mma about to go to where some people call the other side
And live my life in paradise, keep my family tight
But I can't keep the way I'm going
If the dough ain't right
My last days I can't live my life inside a cage
I'm getting money and you hataz don't do nothing for me
Either you with me or against me
Nigga let it show
I get the dough non-stop when the track's hot
And you know
What? Now what?
I ain't even gonna rhyme no more
Y'all get the picture

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