

# M.o.n.e.y.

## Jay Rock

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

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  
(None of us fuck around)  
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

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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