

Money Now

Three 6 Mafia

So many, my niggas
Keep reachin' the top of this mountain
So can what I do
K-Roc ain't go beg the believas
I'm from where the prophets
Niggas that a felt me
Make a little rich with Third World Click
K-Roc ain't got no more
I'm on top this shit though
Check this place
Am I came with Juice Man can scratch
Tired of the scam
Fucked up his chest
Alcatraz gimisum
Plus I'm on the dub
They might know we on edge
And why fuck the frown
While these groupie ass bitches be suckin' our dick
Prophet Posse we made it bitch
K-Roc we rockin' wit empty [??]
May kick in this shit that you can't understand
To bad that bitch is a want to be killa
We murder the bitch and fall out of the fame

I got six digits on my bank statement, rock
Eight if you be includin' the two behind the dot
So how they thinkin' they gon' stand up to the six
I spend a hundred g-b's
To artillerize this click
Candid cameras be in the trees
Of my domain
So I can feel safe when I'm goin' off that uzi manne
Go low mass Suburban, uh
Go low mass and Impala, nuh
I can brag for days
But because you nosie hoes
I'm stoppin' uh

Bitch rest rest

Out there finna crash like a lunatic

Is it to them bitch

If finna get em'

Tricks with cataract

Head back to bisac

have they take him to woods

Them goose ate his body

The body's no good

I would let that boy go

But the hoe just make me sick

Sick sick like a mad man

When the woofers start blastin'

Here yee, here yee don't you see

I got that Three 6 Mafia here

Were deeper than your faculty

[Chorus x4]

Sportin jewelry and the syndicate

We rollin' hard

Cause ain't nothin' but the money flow in this camp

I gotta get it

While the gettin' is good

Yeah, you know the motto bitch

Out to set that cheddar

Cause it's better when you havin' shit

Dollar signs is on my mind

Look into my fuckin' eyes

Gettin' you hypnotized

Lettin' you know that Prophet is on the rise

Why you fantasizin'

Visualize me as you mrs.

I'm somewhere on that mowett

And smokin' blunts

Is how I kick it

So niggas recognize that in this here niggas

So don't you see

Comin' hard as thunder

Ready to rumble

What's it gonna be

Come on a journey

On to the world

Or do you know about where the nigga be hearin'

This house of Scarecrow make headin'

to make it back home in the 21st century
We niggas keep letchin' the duration
The Three 6 [??] I punish
Your facin' the ready to place the grace behave
We leavin' no traces
Were paperchasin'
Don't maybe get to rockin'
Whit this motherfuckin' stock and facin' to the stock
And open sesame my forty thieves done a chop
Know what they croppin'
When we ride grand larceny tonight
You best be slidin' through Three 6 murderers
Creep form the black side
I got this plan
This plan to rob a man
Tell him we got plenty of white
Get a nigga a key of sand
Take his fuckin' cheese
Count them g's
Then go overseas
To them damn Columbians make them drop it off
Say nigga please
Back to the hood
With them good
From my niggas dope
Nothin' but the pure
And that chronic that'll make you choke
I'm stugglin' in that paperchase
From day to day
All in the crime
For you niggas snitchin'
Proppin' dimes
I'm takin' care of mine

[Chorus x4]

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