

Gotta Make That Money (Featuring E-40)

TQ

Yeah uh mm give it to me
Mmm yeah yeah, mm no no no no Seems like every night
Right before I go to sleep
I say a little prayer to the Lord
That he keep me
I used to be the kinda nigga
That didn't give a
Fuck about anybody
The slightest little thing would make me mad
Especially if it involved my money And I can't tell you 'bout the next man
But I love pullin' up in big sedans
Wit' all my niggas in a caravan
Holla if you hear me
Now I'd love to break ya, bring you down and
Take ya back again
But that would take too much time
And I gotta hit the streets again And even if the sun don't shine
I'll still be hustlin'
Gotta make that money make that money
Keep it comin', if it takes all night
I can't be strugglin'
Somebody come help me can you tell me why
Is slangin' always on my mind
Must be buggin'
I guess they figured I would quite and they
Could get me if they tapped my line
Don't me nothin', I still be hustlin' Now I hate to be the one to tell ya
But I don't mind
Niggas can hate if they want to
And I'm still gonna get mine
Yes I'll still be ridin' in a SC on dubs and I a
Won't be seen at none of the club and I a
All your women would know who I was and
That you wouldn't like If everybody kept they mind on gettin' they scrilla
Won't be no time to fuck with mine
So won't be no killing
I'll just sit back and recline and smoke this Philly
And keep my fingers laced with diamonds like
Big Willie

But for now catch me on Compton avenue
Wit' a handful of hundreds and a strap or two
Puttin' it down for niggas like they told me to
You need some candy so won't you come through And even if the sun don't shine
I'll still be hustlin'
Gotta make that money make that money
Keep it comin' if it takes all night
I can't be strugglin'
Somebody come help me can you tell me why
Is slangin' always on my mind
Must be buggin'
I guess they figured I would quite and they
Could get me if they tapped my line
Don't me nothin' I still be hustlin' Sometimes I'm suited up
Sometimes I'm bummy, lookin' like a crook
Hair all nappy and wild we call it the full nuk
Mashin', mobbin' and thrashin'
Whoopers, horns and tweeters blastin'
Throbbin', hoggin' and doggin'
Godzilla ballin' When it's money callin' war-rank
Just ride your runners fool
Be 'bout your bank
Sittin' fat like coupling
All about my money, duffel bags full of scratch
Artillery fire arms and gats Reep my mill, cap my feddy, get my bread
Harries on my tail, but I'm tryin' for them, but they want me dead
'Cuz I made it out the game without a clue or trace
Used to sell that bass
Rock cavvy candy
[Incomprehensible]
Never had to stop, enemies on the block, they knew it
As far as I was concerned, [Incomprehensible] man I do it
Check it out Money schemin'
Chis Alberchuck, Chocolate Philly, Glocks Garcia Vegas
Black and miles on the pack again
Yes
What you know about that?
TQ and E-40 Fonzarelli A.K.A. Charlie Hustle, easy
Biatch

Songwriters

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