

# Drug Money (Feat. Troy Ave & 50 Cent)

## Young Buck

These niggas must not be cooking no coke  
They ain't cooking they just frontin' you heard  
These bitches must be used to being broke  
Hand on the bible I'mma man of my word  
Well I got yayo for sale, I got kush to smoke  
I ain't sittin' on shit, I'mma push the dope  
Money, hoes and clothes, I'm talking bout the good life  
So now you know what drug money look like  
Miracle whip it, spreadin' the coke over the bread  
Keep the Dr. Dre knife with me to poke you in the head  
I let my white girl sniff it, it made her open up her legs  
My nigga Rudolph snowed it until it's nose turned red  
A damn shame, I'm the reason you can't find your vein  
If your daddy stealin' out your momma's purse, I'm to blame  
Tryna get that i8 but I gotta find the name  
I ain't got no credit, I just got cocaine  
I mean these niggas was like he's paying car notes  
Your wrist don't twist, that's the reason you are broke  
You playin' with the powder, you niggas is all jokes  
C'mon dog you never gonna meet Carlos  
I'm plug for real, I'm tryna feed ya'll coast  
I don't believe your pictures nigga or read ya'll post  
Your body language telling me you're broke  
And plus Obama bout to go  
I got my momma weighing up the dope  
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So now you know what drug money look like  
Niggas know what drug money look like  
All my jewels shine, nigga I don't need good light  
All my bitches bad but my foreign a good type  
S-Class bands but my Porsche had the hood like  
That nigga rich, that nigga gets  
Money motherfucker, he started with selling bricks  
Well add a little extra, compress it to get the chips  
But he stay wise, still lays on his Vicks  
The boy hide his grits, the boy pot ain't grits

Might use a microwave if I'm tryna do it quick  
Tryna clock the yay and the fork, that's water whipped  
And sit in on the paps, dry it, I lose a pinch  
But what the fuck is the point when you're dealing with joints boy  
Whole birds, covert with us, so no choice  
Chillin' in the jail, rappin' to my brazil  
I done chill ? So people won't tell These niggas must not be cooking no coke  
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So now you know what drug money look like When I say I'm back for spot, I'm in the number one slot bitch  
Lights and the Cubans that will fuck up your optics  
I'm raw like sushi, eat the pussy, you chop stick  
Niggas go wood, honey, I'm home in the hood  
There's no need to test, this pure cop go get it gone  
F&N in the palm, extendo in the jaw  
You say you bout that bullshit, well come and get what you want  
You niggas lookin' malnourished  
100 Knots in the yacht, skate across the Pacific  
Spoused to be out the loop, funny how I don't miss shit  
It's all addin' up, these niggas here on some sucker shit  
The type niggas when money come I ain't fuckin' with  
Now let's play, let's make a deal  
I'll show up with the money and tell you who to kill  
Now you say you get busy for real  
Put niggas in the church, I pay you with the work These niggas must not be cooking no coke  
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Songwriters

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