

Money by Any Means

50 Cent

(feat. Noreaga)

[Chorus - 50 Cent]

It ain't easy to make money (Whoo)

So now everybody wanna take money (Uh huh, uh huh)

You ain't a thug, matter fact you a fake money (Take money, uh)

Fuck wit mines, I'ma view you at ya weight money

It ain't a game

[Verse 1 - 50 Cent]

You can call me player yeah, but I ain't playing fair (Uh huh)

Takers say I'm the hottest thang comin' this year (No doubt, ha ha ha)

In the hood niggas know, how I handle my problems

I walk up close, and I fo', fo' revolve 'em

Don't make me run to you, put the gun to you

Have yo ass on Phil Donahue explaining what the fuck I done to you

Thug niggas in the street saying I'm sunning you

Dude I'll smoke you every motherfucker under you

People say chill, but still I do, what I wanna do

For now on, when I speak, y'all niggas better listen

Why run against a thoroughbred when you ain't in no condition

Still got shit on ya nose, from all that ass you been kissing (hahaha)

[Chorus x2 - 50 Cent w/ Noreaga in background]

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[Verse 2 - Noreaga]

Yo where my down South niggas at, I'm playing piddy-pat

Wit this kitty cat, bitch swear she a city rat

It's Nore now, here look read the story now

My name Nore, and niggas know how I rip

And if I don't feel a nigga, I don't get on his shit

Y'all can love me, or hate me, or suck my dick

I like my hoes just like Summer, no class

And niggas working so hard, and getting no ass
Why y'all niggas acting like, it's all ill in y'all square
Motherfucker you ain't know that it's a hood everywhere
Me and 50 vandal, no we always run scandalWeak niggas, have us lighting up candles
Sending out roses, condolences, notices
Focuses on, niggas like Fu Quan
Yo in they ground, niggas that don't get no bound
Y'all keep my word, don't love no bird
Get a beef from TM, and just twist my herb
[Chorus - 50 Cent]
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You ain't a thug, matter fact you a fake money
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It ain't a game
It ain't easy to make money
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[Verse 3 - 50 Cent]
Yo it's all about the cash you getting
Bricks you flipping, the whips you sitting
The bitches you hitting, when you living the thug life
Bitches I don't love no of 'em, the guns I'm running 'em
Punk niggas I'm sunning 'em, every chance I get
Man I know niggas is a trip, so I save all my grip
For these babies faggots flippin', dial 1-800-TIPS
Force me to bury the bricks, and the whips and take trips
Every word that come out of my mouth, I mean it, you could eat
'Cause when I stick you, you gon' cough it up like you bulimic
I'm no magician, but I could make, somethin' outta nothin'
Like turn an empty block, into a crack spot that's pumping
So all you niggas out there, thinking you the nicest
Me 50, I'm ya motherfucking mid-life crisis
[50 Cent talking]
Southside, alright baby, 50 Cent, Noreaga, Trackmasters, teflon
[Chorus - 50 Cent]
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So now everybody wanna take money
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Fuck wit mines, I'ma view you at ya weight money
It ain't a game
[50 Cent talking]
Know what I'm saying

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