

# 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 scandal  
Weak 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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It ain't a game  
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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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[50 Cent talking]

Know what I'm saying

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