

# Money

## N.A.S.A.

If you've got a ton of big face hundred dollar bills  
How much money would you have?  
And every hundred dollar bill weigh a gram  
And there's 28 grams in an ounce and there's 16 ounces in a pound  
How many pounds is it in a ton?  
Got to be about your uh, uh, uh

I slide through, the 5-double 0 drop S-see  
'97 Sport and shorts and matchin jewels  
Worth about a quarter, mil-ticket is how we dress  
True ballers fakin meal tickets up in the West  
I know you want to touch us 'cause at the clubs you ladies rush us  
'cause we're all about our cash, luxury livin' and hoes love it  
Havin' money by the ton, Rolex and Bossalini  
A nuchi give Versace cologne, now want to see me  
At my best or worst? I gets paper when I burst  
Repeatedly, heated, dumpin' low-low's, you know I'll burst  
To get my cash on, I spin the A-1 dolla  
For money by the ton, come get it with no soda

[Chorus]

Money by the ton, that's the way it comes

We all, get paid

Oh oh, we make

Money by the ton, that's the way it comes

We all, get paid

Oh

I'm all about the paper, nothin can come between that  
But Lexus, fully diamondback, ? and bald caps  
Holler "Thug", that's what we be, who you see?  
Steepin' out of rag boys, cornises and Bentleys  
Six million dollar homes, we stays to the flow  
Now how much cash can you stack in a twenty thousand pound boat?  
It's money by the tons, fo' sho' homey and all hunds  
And if ya get past the gate, cameras and pitbulls, you can have some  
Flossin', no one flosses like bosses do  
But caution, when they float 'cause the wrong step, bodyguards swoop  
To protect those, diamond Rolexos

Sippin' that X-O on chromed-up leaky's and Lexo's  
I put it down, pound for pound, surrounded by the millions  
Fancy cars, movie stars tryin' to make a billion  
Come show them my cash bundle, you are a pocket  
Addicted to money, they can't stop it, it's daily comin' by the ton

[Chorus]

Now how you picture mad loot, stretch Rolls and rag Coupes?  
Big faces laced, I want all my dollars brand new  
I stand true to the game, on loot to the money train  
Rolex's and diamond rings, big bodies with the blowed brains  
I bring the pain to get the cash like Jesse James  
Til the wild wild West is drained by Major Pain  
Who got the loot? Big bodied Coupes and S-Classes  
And when we swoop, kickin' the loot or catchin' casket  
Load up the rigs, with crazy big-faced hunds  
Headed for the drug, still weighin' it by the ton  
'cause money makes the world go round, stackin' off-shore accounts  
Waitin' on the ?  
So be a baller, got to keep it on the slunder  
Millions by the hundred, transactions through account numbers  
More money than you ever seen in big faced hunds  
Comin' in a hundred and twenty million every ton

[Chorus: x2]

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