# Money

## Zion

[Intro: Bizzy]
Bizzy Bone, you know what it is baby
After Platinum Records
Let's get this money '07 style

[Chorus: Bizzy Bone]
Mon-eyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyy
Gotta get that money money, gotta get that money money money money
Mon-eyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyy, mon-eyyyyyyyyyy
Gotta get that money money, gotta get that money money money money money

[Bizzy Bone]
I don't give a fuck what they sayin!
Buck buck buck buuuuuuck!

I'm ridin a Caddy and daddy I'm rollin it sadly, but I don't mind
If they laughin at me the movie I hardly think that they be singin singin
I never gave up on my lady, but she still ain't listenin to me
Gotta let them 24's spin, chins ain't chippin or flippin
And let me get another victim again, gain-gain-gain-gain
Whether they don't gimme any Henn' or befriend them, when they say I was
But I been right here cuz, you know what it is, you know what it was
So they wanna move dude, what'chu gotta do, who? Not me
I said I'm glossin, and who you thought of flossin baby
Baby I'm not 'Pac though, and I'm not God, no!
But I float like a butterfly, sting like a bee
Mo' money money money money money money, in the face of the crowd
Plottin now, I don't need no pride to hide, oh wow, oh wow
Mo' money money, in the face of the crowd
Plottin now, I don't need no pride to hide, oh wow
But baby I'm not 'Pac, no! (buck buck buck buck buuuuuuck!)

[Chorus]

[Twista]
You knocked out by the Windy City southpaw
No cookin in the kitchen homie we put out raw
Midwest outlaw, fuck with it? I doubt y'all
Somewhere between Chi-Town and Cleveland is where they found y'all
Rollin through the alley in a Caddy

Blowin Cali to the haters, oh what a pity
When they hit a nigga, Twista rockin city after city
they gon' ask, "Is he doin it with Bizzy?"
And you know why they done that (why?)
Because we two of the coldest motherfuckers
to spit these fast lyrics on one track
Buck 'em with a lyrical bullet in the body
because I gotta get the fire know the shit don't stop
Pull up in a Lamborghini or the Ferrari
I know I gotta get the props, cause I gotta get the drop
Gotta get the dough and get the money money
I could really feel it when I hear they comin for me
Try to get it if you think you feelin kinda lucky
Twin glocks so you know you better bring a buddy
And I got the ammunition for anybody
that wanna go against the Midwest Militia
A whole clip at the competition for Bizzy
A whole clip at the competition for Twista
A whole clip at the world, because it's us against
And then this shit about to get ugly
For static, I'ma hit 'em with an automatic
Run and do murder after murder, but I'm a baller so I gotta get

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]
Buck buck buck buuuuuuck!

Me and my brother Twista gettin it crunk
and drinkin that Goosey, with 'em a brew
Doin whatever we wanna do, get to the club, ain't nobody knew
Thought that we beefin they try to divide the truth
Talk about who really started the style
How 'bout everyone livin in harmony, look at the army now
General 7, the belly is purest and we gonna get it at heaven
We dancin our way to the gates, if you comin with me we'll need every Muslim
We human, we're all in the brethren
Veteran deep in the city I pity the fool who jump out of this fake
What do I look like massagin the thought
when they come with the matrix and say that we 'fraid
We'll never break, 'member that conny and Twista
we're gonna go through the fire
Never expire, give it the way that they want it
they'll front on you if you tired (what about)
Money you tell me what's money to you, pay for the rappers and corporates

The office that burn wood, but the burn good and the brain wave
Puts the energy certainly, I don't have time for emergencies
Baby the word and we walk with the covenant
Party and poppin the melody baby, I know that the ladies be lovin it
Brush the dust, enemies way, get 'em a drink, we look too lovely
The spirit is present and never be hesitant
Twista and Bizzy, we gettin this money nucca

[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/