

# Money (feat. Omillio Sparks & Mr. Porter)

## Freeway & Jake One

[- Omillio Sparks - talking] (Freeway)  
(I need some fuckin money, man)  
I feel you Free  
Goin through this recession and shit  
Now them hoes actin up  
Bills keep comin in, shit, focus I used to get money from slingin the dope  
But since they cracked down on that dope slingin, I'm broke  
And I used to get money from slingin the crack  
But since they cracked down on that crack slingin, I'm cracked  
I used to get it there, expert at bringin 'em back  
But now it ain't no packages to get there  
Prior to that I was fillin apps  
A few years before that was in the Barbershop sweepin hair  
Little Barbershop sweeper kid, cop a hustle  
Was sellin incense and oils to all the people there  
Sixth, seventh and eighth grade I kept a couple  
Dollars for work and fresh sneakers, I was hurtin 'em  
Yep, now it's a recession and I'm stressin  
I need it for lesser, I'm not tryin to be a working man  
I'm sure not tryin to do carpentry like my pops  
Big pain in the bottom of his back and it be hurtin him, damn!  
Ohhh, I close my eyes and all I can see is that money (money, money)  
Money (money, money)  
A list of things that my people need but first is money (money, money)  
Money (money, money)  
It ain't like I found a pot of gold (no)  
This ain't a dream, this is reality homes  
That's why my main focus is on that money (focus on the money)  
Money (money, money) Just broke a new broad, she wants the fancy car  
A nigga stacked up a yard, she tryin to spend it all  
I'm out slingin the hard and don't respect the law  
Bent a few wrong corners and that, of course, involved  
From C-A to D-A, they tryin to take it all  
I think I need a vacation, reach out through calling cards  
Or make the mind frame vicious and start a Holocaust  
I figure man, what's the difference? That shit'll all a cost  
Fuck it, let a nigga ball  
Money, money, money  
Money is my bitch, ho breed envy, I keep pourin Henny

Screamin "fuck 'em!", that's the nigga in me  
Y'all ain't come from the trap or trenches with me  
When cops knocked and locked me  
Guns plural, serve riches to El Toros  
From the projects, suburbs to the Borough  
Runnin through your small town  
Spit Philly game and lock it down  
Focus and only here for one purpose, that is  
Philly Free on his grind, I need my paper straight  
So I'm creatin these rhymes without a paper mate  
That got me bustin these lines, they got me rackin my mind  
They got me standin in line behind my label mates  
No, I'm not Jay but I am on the way  
And I am not Kanye but I can produce +Heartbreaks & 808s+  
And reduce the studio costs  
Cause I'm recording in the hood, I'm not lampin in the Mandalay  
I'm makin hits, I need the same attention they get  
Them niggas throw a temper tantrum, you don't hand 'em pay  
Record labels tryin to jerk me like a hand job  
If they don't hand me mine, I know how to handle this  
Leave somebody slumped, Riot Pump pistol grip  
But fuck sittin in prison wastin my plans away  
I guess I gotta find another way to make the pay  
Let me know if you can find a way to make the chips  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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