

# For The Money

## Editors

Ladies and gentlemen, Flight 10 from LAX  
Is now arriving into JFK International  
What, what you do, motherfucker?  
[Incomprehensible], nigga  
How many, hey yo, how many niggas is really makin' money now?  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
It's '98, I'ma tell y'all cats somethin'  
This is the year of 'Do it or don't'  
If you gon' do it, you better roll on with this crew cat, Juggy  
People call me crazy but that's alright with me  
They ask me why I'm hustlin', I say for the money  
I duck down with Buckshot, Hoo Bang with Wu-Tang  
Won't hesitate to slang, so money ain't a thang  
Called Buck an' Dirty, asked them what they need  
They said, 'Send me two thangs an' some L.A. weed?'  
So my belief is fuck the beef, all money the same  
An' when I get to New York, I'ma show you the whoop game  
I make a bitch stay down 'coz I'm that type of guy  
Put the work on the Greyhound an' fly to the N.Y.  
Hit the east coast with a pocket full of cheddar  
Tan khakis on with a thick red sweater  
They see me with some hoes, couldn't be better timin'  
'Coz though a nigga G'd up, I got on big diamonds, so nigga what?  
People call me crazy but that's alright with me  
They ask me why I'm hustlin', I say for the money  
Yo, I am comin' over to your spot tonight  
I promise you, my baby, that I'm gon' do you right  
Through the gusty wind, I roll with fifty men  
Ready to get nifty an' shifty an' low  
So what's the movements, yo? Let me know  
'Coz when I come for motherfuckers, I'm comin' for throats  
It was sad I bled but the red in my eyes shed  
Light on the dark, I led the blind in sight  
Now I got all of them inside  
It's the reason why I do this an' I night ride  
If you an' a nigga outside, say the word  
An' I'ma splurge with my flight team, soarin' like birds  
Missed it on the Friday with my nigga Cube  
But the bomb blew Saturday when Mack lit the fuse

Who other than Buckshot come pick up the pieces  
An' straighten niggas out like creases  
Speak on it, yeah, nigga  
Buckshot, ODB, Mack 10, back at it again  
People call me crazy but that's alright with me  
They ask me why I'm hustlin', I say for the money  
Yo, I am comin' over to your spot tonight  
I promise you, my baby, that I'm gon' do you right  
Hey yo, most of you know me, some of you don't  
When it comes to challengin', none of you won't  
Arrange this battle to improve your style  
It's a brother with a totally different profile  
Most of you play cold front in your face  
Hesitatin' on the rhymes, shoulda been Memorex  
But you forgot, you're an amateur  
Mystery worshipper, yo, I prefer  
I mind you, tease you, who's the boss?  
Sucka amnesia, memory loss  
Well, hit this, just quiet as kept  
MCs on the charts from the start had slept  
Let's take them, wake them, you should be woke  
'Coz you take MC-in' for a practical joke  
I present myself to be  
A similar nightmare of an 'Amazing Story'  
People call me crazy but that's alright with me  
They ask me why I'm hustlin', I say for the money  
Yo, I am comin' over to your spot tonight  
I promise you, my baby, that I'm gon' do you right  
Yo, you ain't hearin' nothin' but a drop of the dime [Incomprehensible], Know what I'm sayin'?  
To all my dogs, I wanna give a shout out  
To the [Incomprehensible], know what I'm sayin'?  
You got my nigga, Mack 10  
You got my nigga, Buckshot shorty  
An' you got the one, Dirt Dog, know what I'm sayin'?  
An' we gon' do it like sweat hogs, my nigga  
This how we get down  
People call me crazy but that's alright with me  
They ask me why I'm hustlin', I say for the money  
Hoo Bangin' Records, pushin' weight in '98  
Cookin' nothin' but the bomb, you know what I'm sayin'?  
'Coz we got 'The Recipe', fo' sho'

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>