

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'se 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'