Money A Do It

Juicy J

I will gun creep you through your hood with that gun on my waist
Tell me what's the procedure with the gun on your face
We did a couple of talkin we just out here gettin money
Out here fucking these hoes my young ins servin them junkies
I got partnas that smoke, I got bitches that sniff
I got killas and goons, and they all with the shit
Send them bust in your home, if you play with my chips
They gon come in shoot them choppas bullet shoot through them bricks
Comin shoot up your house, comin spray up your wealth
I need money my nigga, say them gangsters for your bitch
Catch you out on the town, then you [?] all up
I don't play in my walkin, but I been up my buck, hol up[Chorus: x2]
I see ya got some haters, yeah a money do it
Shawty do some strands for some change, yeah a money do it
If I want a nigga dead, yeah a money do it
If I want it I'm a get it, I got money to do itTake your bitch home then I'm all up in that pussy
Old school pimpin she ain't fuckin with no rookie
Juicy J be cooler than a phantom on a ho
Watch me take her out the club, and drop some bands on that ho
Buy that bitch a bag, buy that bitch some beans
I keep her caked up nigga that's a happy me
Full of codeine in my styrofoam cup
I can turn a church girl into a stone cold slut
Bad red bone, puttin on the show
No I'm not gon wife her up cause she errbody ho
Fuckin with them broke niggas, so what does she think
Need to get your mind right, bitch, and come get these Franklins[Chorus]Fuck niggas don't want to go to war
Got a AK and a snub nose
Shoot em up, he talkin shit
With a ski mask on, and a pumpin shit
Kick in the door, and leave em dead
With a aim so precise, two shots to the head
One for the money, two for the Feds
Lord forgive, but I mean what I seen
All in your house, and I'm looking for a dope
Cause I got to get paid or else no hope
I'm Juicy J throw with some [?] to the boat
Best believe I'm a pimp, nigga ain't goin broke
Ride in the car with a body in the trunk

Three niggas deep, and we rollin up a blunt
Straight to Mississippi, sweatin up a pilly
Crazy is hell, you niggas gotta kill me
You niggas don't, wanna die,
Chest out, and acting hard
Calico, and a 45
Hollow tips, that pull apart
Keep it G, my G
Or you could meet your makers, body count stackin
I was in Jamaica, with Alabaisse
I be flyin by bitin down I'm flying high
Hatin ass niggas gotta die
If they mad then I'm a let them try
I could kick a door, or I could snatch a nigga
My niggas ridin with me, and they yellin let's crack a nigga
North Memphis full strapped up with a 2
Police pulled me over I'm a play it cool
I ain't going to jail (no sir)
I shoot and I run, that's how a nigga post bail

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