

# MoneyMaker

## Ludacris feat. Pharell

[Chorus]

Praise your God, Lord have mercy  
My mother warned me, my father cursed me  
Grand design, time to meet yo' maker  
Go on honey shake yo' moneymaker  
Baby don't be lazy come get yo' paper  
Go on honey shake yo' moneymaker  
Walk a little road, see where it gon' take ya  
Go on honey shake yo' moneymaker

Baby I'm a sinner, all I've done is wrong  
Everybody clap yo' hands, sing a simple song  
Whiskey it spills and we all get along  
But Louis keep it real take a hit from the bong  
Do the Lionel Richie go (All Night Long)  
Three times a lady, easy like Sunday morn'  
On and on until the break of dawn  
Hot butter on - say what - the popcorn  
Yes yes y'all and, creditors callin'  
Dow Jones fallin', push your chips all in  
Get your poker face and hit the World Series  
Run the rat race, yo' conspiracy theories  
I'm kinda upset about the new world order  
You wonder how they're leadin' all the lambs to the slaughter  
Sign up become a new world Nazi storm strooper  
Or wind up just like a William S. Cooper

[Chorus]

Twenty five, five to one  
We got 'em outnumbered but they got the guns  
What's wrong is law, what's might is right  
You wanna give peace a chance then put up a fight  
The solution's a fact, revolution's the act  
Keep us crazy 'bout money, 'bout pollution and crack  
Keep us scared of Al'Qaeda always on the attack  
Just in case you get by and start a war in Iraq  
Ship your ass overseas and get shot in the back

Keep you down on your knees like a hoe on the track, singin'

[Chorus]

Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh!

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written by SCHRODY, ERIK

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