

Cake (Featuring 50 Cent)

Lloyd Banks

Money, money, money, money

Cake

I need the cake niggaThe Unit don't play, we rap but we strapped

Buck got the shotgun, 50 got the mack

Spida got the sweeper and you bound to hear it clap

You won't have another birthday cake afta that

Cause Yayo got a temper and he don't know how to act

I've been gone all winter but now a nigga backTo get the money, the money

The money, the money, the cakeAnd you mutha fuckas lookin' like steak

Food on the plate for the wolves, follow wolves

Don't get moved by the tools

Blood will ooze on ya shoes wait, control ya hateYou ain't ridin' in dem 6s

Cause you spendin' all ya cake on dem bitches

I need the bread lil' niggas need Christmas

Banks don't rap wit a back packI'm in it for the money, the money

The money, the money, the cakeYou heard Banks said so I know I got the mack

I pull up, pull out spray hollows at your back

I don't give a fuck, it's goin' down like that

I done been through every hood, dead niggas gone rapIn the heart of a victim murda is monumental

I don't complicate shit, yeah I keep it simple

My bullet wounds will tell you a story 'bout wut I been through

Southside trama drama wit' gallamasI conversate wit' killas, it's usually about life

Politiccate wit' lawness, it's usually 'bout white

I'm da poster child of violence, I'm the boy on the poster

When the shots start to rang out I'm the boy wit' the toasterYeah, listen up clicko, I hustle I get though

You fuckin' wit a sicko, I spazz let a clip go

Cannon out da rental, beam to ya temple

I squeeze blow your mental, all ova ya friendsMe I'm from the street, where nothin' sweet

The home of the hommies, there's a body every week

Now I don't hear the sirens but they prolly gonna creep

Plottin' to pull me ova, put the cake in my jeepSo I'll be skippin' cities seven states in aweek

Can't a mutha fuckin' breathin' tell me I can't eat

Show me the money, the money

The money, the money, the cake

Niggas slow down, pump ya breaksNo mistakes cause the jakes, run the plates

Then you headed up state for rollin' 'round wit' a steak

Niggas start up the beef and run straight to the cops

You a bitch ass nigga, the cupcake of the block

Any nigga disrespect the click gettin' shot

'Round here niggas get found upside down
Ova the money, the money
The money, the money, the cake
Cake
Money, money, money, money
Cake

Songwriters

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