

# Money Don't Own Me

RZA

My woman and my money don't own me  
I've got to keep holdin my own Heaven, heaven  
The dangerous dynamite dosage, mind full of explosives  
Digital brain is the closest to Moses  
Civilizin came, the flame inside the holster  
Revitalize the game, the name's on the poster The mask with no cape, the flash'll crush grapes  
The dancer on the lap, the ass with no face  
It's shaped like an ace, say your grace before you taste it  
Haste makes waste, slow down or you may waste it The bunny in the car look like an Indian squall  
The honey's in the jar, the money's in the bra  
It's funny ha ha ha, how dummies, ha ha ha  
Think 'cause we call 'em sunny they can be a star I implement the instrument, disintegrate the 10 percent  
You entered the square but you don't know where the circle went  
You ain't worth the cent, you cursed, I birthed the Prince  
Drenched the baby from creators that the nurses sent You can't still convent, don't have seven cents  
Grave the raven, my birds are heaven sent  
Where the brethren went? Where the Reverend went?  
I told you these words are heaven sent My woman and my money don't own me  
I've got to keep holdin my own It's time to show you how them rugged MC's rock  
If that's steel you see, it's that steel I pop  
If that Benz I want, it's that Benz I got  
Who rock them white tees first, get a West Coast props Can't nobody do it better than the West Coast veteran  
Three six letterman, Monk's the name  
Black Knights the gang, I'll ignite the flames  
Strike my hood up on the wall and cross out your name With a K on the end of it, that won't be the end of it  
'Til them guns is drawn and you standin on the end of it  
Poof be gone, I'ma write that wrong  
I'm the shit all by myself, nobody writes my song Peep my technique, strictly gangsta classics  
Gun talk nigga, muthafuck theatrics  
My flow is matchless, ain't no way you could surpass this  
Level I'm on, better go home and try to practice Why yes, am I next to impress  
D T S, bless the best, no cess  
Stress from guess to gold press  
The quest to protest, we head the Pro-Keds  
But this is the new improved shit  
'08 from the AMG, '92, bitch My woman and my money don't own me  
I've got to keep holdin my own Keep holdin, keep holdin  
Keep holdin, keep holdin, no

Songwriters

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