

Makin Money Smokin

DJ Drama

[Chorus - LA the Darkman]

Makin' money smokin' weed nigga front a nigga bleed makin' money fuckin' hoes nigga thats just how it goes
Makin' money smokin' weed nigga front a nigga bleed makin' money fuckin' hoes nigga thats just how it goes

[Verse 1 - Willie the Kid]

This ain't rap it's a drive-by
This shit is real catch ya man slipin' walkin' outta Popeyes
The bullets fly through yo' bag fly through yo' drink
The bullets cut a man down, blood on your mink
There's blood in the street, you see the crowd formin'
You had a show for the the crowd, you puttin' on a performance
Take a bow, it's kinda hard you on the ground twitchin'
Your brotha hopin' you recover, downtown snitchin'
"I know who did it, them niggas from the other side,
They recognize my face, and know ma brother ride"
Meanwhile in the hood Chevy's still rollin', the fiends still smokin'
The cops still patrollin', sing sing is the shooters, the gargoyles
How you want it you can get it beef charbroiled
The Mongolian, we get them forties in
Down South traffickin', bring your homie in

[Chorus]
{Makin' money smokin' weed nigga front a nigga bleed makin' money fuckin' hoes nigga thats just how it goes}x4

[Verse 2 - Willie the Kid]

Welcome to the Midwest, firearm central
Mad traphouses, and dope fiend rentals
In the club stuntin', we sweatin' mad bitches
Airbrushed 2Pac, backdrop pictures
Flick it up homie, lift it up homie
Hennessy it's a tab, pick it up homie
You pick it up nigga, I ain't payin' for shit
I'll see you outside I'm sprayin' ma shit

[Chorus]
{Makin' money smokin' weed nigga frontin' nigga bleed makin' money fuckin' hoes nigga thats just how it goes}x4

[Verse 3 - Willie the Kid]

All I see is money, weed, and crack
Police cars and guns
Leather coats and Cartiers, Air Ones
Where I'm from it's real, for the cromas we kill
For a piece of the pie, somebody gotta die
And not to mention the whole thing
A ki lloyd buck fifty yo' face, no cold creme
It's mad obituaries, printed up like Kinko's

We gettin' money, gettin' high, nigga poppin' click o[Chorus]
{Makin' money smokin' weed nigga frontin' nigga bleed makin' money fuckin' hoes nigga thats just how it
goes}x4[Outro - DJ Drama]
See it used to be money, power, respect
Now it's money, power, respect, and hip hop
And it take a nation of millions to hold us back
Call me public enemy number one
Nigga, AMG, Embassy
This is how it's done

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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