

# M.U.G. (Money Under Ground) ft

## O.C.

Penicillin on wax, the cure for rap  
Crooklyn Dodger number two back on the map  
Perhaps you thought I was gone, well surprise nigga  
Not physically, but I'm a massive figure Al Pacino status, the baddest, exotic  
Repetition like a automatic, can't stop it  
High floatin', po satin' like coke snortin'  
When I see a fetus, moms thought about abortin' Important, am I? Gotta ask myself  
But then I think twice like a Gemini  
Authentic, percentage, calculating my mind state  
Eat foods and fit it Bizarre pa, ain't it, flow you through like draino  
Lava, from a volcano  
Scorchin', torchin' the microphone I lost it  
Poppin' Freddie Foxxx with the twin millies  
Burn a temperillo  
Aiyo Foxxx fuck these niggas  
Slice 'em up like an ox pop Yeah, okay, it's time to bring these rap cats from Fantasy Isle  
I bring it to these fake niggas with a quick and a smile  
You know my style, America's most feared entertainer  
Yeah, from New York to Cali, I'm called an acid Rainer While you frontin' like ballin', son I stays in the mix  
Same bullets in your burner since '76  
Act like you can't tell, shit be live as hell  
Bustin' so much shots  
When my shells hit the ground it sound like "Rock the Bells" Call me Bumpy Knuckles 'cause my hands be swell  
From knockin' niggas out from the lies they tell  
Oh well, I bet you feel me all up in ya chest  
I make the sauce nigga catch a body blame it on stress And if he snitch, I bail him out and murder his bitch  
And then sedate her with my four pound clap  
Shit's only rap but I'm livin' like that  
So when while niggas be talkin' dogs and walkin' like cats Niggas mouths were gettin' way too fat  
But O.C. and big Fred Oxxx, we bought to bring it back  
"Let's go back"  
"I'm tellin' it just like that" We be money under ground but you can't get none  
Cause if you step into my round, you be one dead son  
We get love where niggas be scared to come  
And we got a whole lot to give, but you don't want none Any nigga play high post, I'm runnin' over  
O.C. weigh tons like a fuckin' Range rover  
(Tellin' niggas to they face that the fassad is over  
Now it's time for this real nigga shit, can you feel this?) No question, we manifestin', what we feel  
Bust up in your session, smack niggas up like adolescence

(Like a D&D, I can't see a gang, no motherfuckin' body  
Seein' me that's just pure fantasy) True indeed son, we ain't the one  
While niggas goin' out like that, we bring it on like Scarface  
(That's means murder case, I bring highs to any base  
Disrespect the profession) Mean that real niggas on the mic, bringin' it back  
It's mad potent, like good crack, it's type addicted  
All up in ya mind, you don't want hard times We be money under ground but you can't get none  
Cause if you step into my round, you be one dead son  
We get love where niggas be scared to come  
And we got a whole lot to give, but you don't want none What?

Songwriters

Martin, Christopher E / Foxx, Freddy / Credle, Omar Geryl Published by

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