# Made Man

## O

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo
I gotta story, about money, women, and power
and who truly has itHer name, seems to slip my mind
but her face is stuck in my brain
Can vaguely remember the day we met, see it had rained
the road over, on Soppovada was wet
And my car wasn't, huggin the terrain
So there I came into her lane
I was to blame but stopped my headlight in the front
cos I ran into her back
But she didn't, over-react, cos her cruiser wasn't even scratched
In fact, now that I think, back, I was gettin macked
by a tender, oh yeah now I remember
Vanessa from Maryland, aggressive and tanned
It was December, of '94 and she was finding O attractive
Lookin like an actress, skilled in the art of macktress
She asked if I was cool, I said "Sure
but damn I fell like manure because baby I ain't insured"
Her reply - "Poor baby, don't worry, I understand
but man makes the money, money never makes the man
She said[Hook x2]
Man makes the money, money never makes the man
Man makes the money, money never makes the man
Man makes the money, money never makes the man
And that's real, and that's realWe started chillin, it was all the way live
She flipped me a downtown highrise in 1995
8-50i, no more sess highs, strictly chronic and thai
Rolled in place in a gold cigarette case
Liquorice papers for sweeter taste, my pockets was laced
with big head Benjamins, crushed in cinnamon, linen and black Gators
Platinum, chains, rings and bracelets
Found out she was a mule for the Mob

Had plans to rob, and wanted me in on the job
Bust this, disgusted, one night in the middle of sex
She asked O-Press - "Are you down for this?"
And I said "YES! Baby yes!", ugh
I must confess it was a bit risky this way
But when she hugged and kissed me, uhh, I didn't care
Got to the point I didn't even wear underwear
cos she would want it everywhere and anywhere
(Man makes the money, money never makes the money)[Hook w/ variations x2]The matriarch was established,
we was after the cabbage
To continue livin lavish she had a plan - hit her ex-man
for three hundred grand, I just put him to sleep
and keep it movin to a spot where, we used to creep
Agreed, greed, bubbled up inside me indeed
So on Friday when he received loot, I walked in and proceeded to shoot
nigga's in they knees, fuck 'freeze', yeah yeah
there's the money, oh shit and seventeen keys
Stashed up and shit, shot to the designated spot
at the designated time, she was late I had to wait
Escalated my mind to stop the shakes
I had just shot niggas up, like a scene out of Carlito's Way
She walked in around ten
I was in the corner with my 9 sayin "I thought eight was the time
we had agreed upon" but I noticed she was nervous
I said "What's goin on?", that's when she blurted
"?? heard about the Mob, how we did it, the money - give it
Trust me baby, I'll be back in a minute"
Then she kissed me on my face, grabbed me up under my waist
and left, I sat for three hours and still not a trace
Soft nigga, I got the seventeen, I'ma just dip
That's when the cops showed up, talkin bout an anonymous tip
They got the dirty cookers and the pure uncooked
Took me and my attorneys hell just to get me one L
With no possibilities of parole I was lost
Vanessa made me made loot and made off
Uh, what?
I said Vanessa made me, made loot and made off[Hook to fade]
Man makes the money, money never makes the man
Man makes the money, money never makes the man
She said she said
Man makes the money, money never makes the man
Man makes the money, money never makes the man
What what, what what[Outro - over top of hook]
That's what she told me
But remember, the lips of strange women, soft like honeycomb

Her mouth drippin in poison oil

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