Money In The Bank (remix)

Lil Scrappy

Remix,
We gotta lotta money,
Come on we didn't have to hurt em' like
Dis 50, well anyway, g-unit!

[Chorus: x4]
I got money in the bank (yea)
Shawty what you drank

Nobody loves me so I guess I stay to myself
A nigga thinkin' bout change contemplating my death
Fell my pain as it reigns all over a nigga
And the only way I can get away is weed and liquor
Fuckin' niggas up on the daily if they didn't pay me
Niggas pullin' guns on me damn near drove me crazy
Young nigga went to school just to sell some dope
A lil' crazy ass nigga wit a knife in his coat
And in the streets broke heathens went through drama especially
Momma swung on a nigga, I stabbed the bitch in her head (nigga)
I dun scratch my head unless it itchs
An I dun smoke unless I'm bustin' at you hatin' bitches
Nigga we was brave to die, dont be askin me why
Ill rather hustle in the cold 'cause niggas sprayin' wit' fire
All the childhood fixin's wit' tha devil inside the kitchen
Got my mind on my gun and I'm finna pull a pistol

[Chorus: x4]

Flippin' Benz, bubble-lens, feed ya tank a number ten
If ya pimpin', her and friends, I ain't trippin' get ya ins
If ya been, in the pen', pop this in and lift ya chin
Tat skin, get some ins, and throw some glitter in ya grin
Man, once again, but this dank off in the wind
If you don't smoke, then that's for them, put some drank off in ya chin
Remember back about 10, majors wouldn't let us in
Servin' school is a lifestyle, but they treat it like it's a trend
Man, they like "koopa tell me where the hell you been"
Man, I been dealin' with family, and takin' care of ben
Franklin, ain't the end, I was here when it begin
See if ya ridin' davin rims, celebrate by lettin' em' spin

I bought some new ones in, to replace the older rims
What type of rims? that depends is it the truck, the bike, or van
Had to hop out, and stop my spinners on the rims
My alarm kept detecting motion pokin' out of them
Man, I'm just sayin', y'all know koopa don't be playin'
I'm just sayin', I be layin' with the flat tv's displayin'
Sometimes I feel like grippin', sometimes I'm tippin'
Niggas in the streets tryin' to find out if it's written
Haha, yo, chamillitary man!

[Chorus: x4]

I still remember them nights under the street lights
Fiends don't give a damn, they want who got the cheap price
I'm trying to get right, get it and go
You see people is dyin' fast, and the money is slow
We used to hang in front of the store
Flag down cars to be a movie star, go get a glass jar
Once you cook it and cut it homie, go stand out in public
See the work sell's itself, if ya got enough of it
Plenty thugs get shot, but see its all in the game
Even I took a couple of 'em, but still I remain
I ain't dippin' from that same lead project figga
I done went with no lights, and no water nigga
And I'm still hood, that mean I still cook
Get on the block and go get mine, like you should
How can I be good? when rappers wanna be Suge
Suroundin' myself with family, so I can sleep good

[Chorus: x4]

You know tha kid stay with his Nike's new, tha throwback is light blue
Came out around the time, my grandmother graduated high school
Most these rap niggas softer than Ja Rule
And they've been in and out as many walkmans as I do
Take time, to figure out who's walkin' beside you
Cause this sonic can feel like a fork when inside you
You mad, cause ya bitch like us
And all of my records get thumbs up, like I'm ridin' by hitchikers
Stumblin' out the g4, cause that's how tha stars land
Shit I prolly been through more trees than tarzan
On tha road, tha hoes take a look at tha cars and
It's back tha hotel, titties and bras man
Tha new "strap don"
You might call me ignorant, but if you cow you belong in tha phat farm

When tha lights get bigger I act calm
Prolly cause I'm a light skinned nigga with black arms (fucka!)

[Chorus: x4]

I'm ridin' on 22's
Youze a rewinder
Motherfuckers suck me
Then I fuck them back nigga
Now what you do em'
Give it to me baby, nice and slow
Climb on top, ride like you in the rodeo
You ain't never heard a sound like this before
Cause I ain't never put it down like this
Soon as I come through the door she get to pullin' on my zipper
It's like it's a race who can get undressed quicker
Isn't it ironic how erotic it is to watch em in thongs
Had me thinking 'bout that ass after I'm gone
I touch the right spot at the right time
Lights on or lights off, she like it from behind
So seductive, you should see the way she winds
Her hips in slow-mo on the floor when we grind
As long as she ain't stoppin', homie I ain't stoppin'
Drippin' wet with sweat man its on and popping
All my champagne campaign, bottle after bottle its on
And we gon' sip til every bubble in the bottle is gone

[Chorus: x4]

Yo nowadays niggas talk like they wanna get shot
Like I won't grab the glock and run up in your spot
Six double o drop I'll put two in your knot
And stick around and get every motherfucking thing you've got
Here I stand on the alley on godrule
Same spot where rob got shot
The block's high
Warrant squad flashing my mug shot
Everybody know I'm loco, kill the popo, blast the fo fo, rode dolo
Rock solo, I should be old t on the low yo
Pump the six and push the volvo
I hear they go kuku and go puff loco
I sell llelo and price up and down like yo yo
But keep that on the low do, nobody's supposed to know, yo
I make 16 hundred off of every ho do
Fucking with the cash flow that'll get you blast yo (haha)

I always get the last laugh yo

[Chorus: x4]

Ha ha we murdered em',
G-unit south bitch,
Wow, bitch I got
Money in da bank!

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