

# Gotta Make That Money (feat. E-40)

TQ

Yeah uh mm give it to me  
Mmm yeah yeah, mm no no no no Seems like every night  
Right before I go to sleep  
I say a little prayer to the Lord  
That he keep me  
I used to be the kinda nigga  
That didn't give a  
Fuck about anybody  
The slightest little thing would make me mad  
Especially if it involved my money And I can't tell you 'bout the next man  
But I love pullin' up in big sedans  
Wit' all my niggas in a caravan  
Holla if you hear me  
Now I'd love to break ya, bring you down and  
Take ya back again  
But that would take too much time  
And I gotta hit the streets again And even if the sun don't shine  
I'll still be hustlin'  
Gotta make that money make that money  
Keep it comin', if it takes all night  
I can't be strugglin'  
Somebody come help me can you tell me why  
Is slangin' always on my mind  
Must be buggin'  
I guess they figured I would quite and they  
Could get me if they tapped my line  
Don't me nothin', I still be hustlin' Now I hate to be the one to tell ya  
But I don't mind  
Niggas can hate if they want to  
And I'm still gonna get mine  
Yes I'll still be ridin' in a SC on dubs and I a  
Won't be seen at none of the club and I a  
All your women would know who I was and  
That you wouldn't like If everybody kept they mind on gettin' they scrilla  
Won't be no time to fuck with mine  
So won't be no killing  
I'll just sit back and recline and smoke this Philly  
And keep my fingers laced with diamonds like  
Big Willie

But for now catch me on Compton avenue  
 Wit' a handful of hundreds and a strap or two  
 Puttin' it down for niggas like they told me to  
 You need some candy so won't you come through And even if the sun don't shine  
 I'll still be hustlin'  
 Gotta make that money make that money  
 Keep it comin' if it takes all night  
 I can't be strugglin'  
 Somebody come help me can you tell me why  
 Is slangin' always on my mind  
 Must be buggin'  
 I guess they figured I would quite and they  
 Could get me if they tapped my line  
 Don't me nothin' I still be hustlin' Sometimes I'm suited up  
 Sometimes I'm bummy, lookin' like a crook  
 Hair all nappy and wild we call it the full nuk  
 Mashin', mobbin' and thrashin'  
 Whoopers, horns and tweeters blastin'  
 Throbbin', hoggin' and doggin'  
 Godzilla ballin' When it's money callin' war-rank  
 Just ride your runners fool  
 Be 'bout your bank  
 Sittin' fat like coupling  
 All about my money, duffel bags full of scratch  
 Artillery fire arms and gats Reep my mill, cap my feddy, get my bread  
 Harries on my tail, but I'm tryin' for them, but they want me dead  
 'Cuz I made it out the game without a clue or trace  
 Used to sell that bass  
 Rock cavvy candy  
 [Incomprehensible]  
 Never had to stop, enemies on the block, they knew it  
 As far as I was concerned, [Incomprehensible] man I do it  
 Check it out Money schemin'  
 Chis Alberchuck, Chocolate Philly, Glocks Garcia Vegas  
 Black and miles on the pack again  
 Yes  
 What you know about that?  
 TQ and E-40 Fonzarelli A.K.A. Charlie Hustle, easy  
 Biatch

Songwriters

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