

# Things We Be Doin' For Money (part One)

## Busta Rhymes

Huh, yeah, fuck that,  
Niggas go out to get it,  
Niggas is out there holding until I see niggas,  
Niggas is out there holding,  
Starving nigga, fuck that, I'm a broke nigga,  
And I gotta see any nigga out here holding something,  
Fuck that. Everyday, me and my son stay scheming,  
On how to maximise the level on day to day creaming,  
While you remain faking,  
Yo, I ain't tolerating, no mistaking,  
We on the move to study paper-making,  
Round up the whole squad quick,  
Plot the scheme with my niggas, get on some full clip bullshit,  
Before I solidify manslaughter, my unit form on the streetcorner,  
We surprise like fiends in disguise,  
Laying for the right shit so I can receive another grand prize,  
Greeting niggas like a homeless nigga,  
The way it happened son, you'd never figure,  
How the homeless nigga gun is much bigger,  
Now give me everything you walking with and everything your man is holding,  
Even the watch that got the platinum moulding,  
And as the situation start unfolding,  
You scared to death you little bitch, go ahead,  
Report it stolen, see what happen...(Crazy fighting going on, mad punches, smashed glass etc.)Cocks drwan  
nigga, holding my dick,  
Wilding for the night, splurging with my click from the fit,  
Open like a motherfucker, itching and ready to do the next stick,  
Get any my nigga Dit can pick,  
What you said I said even if it causing bloodshed,  
Getting paid for even if we robbing a fucking chickenhead,  
Word to mother son, I ain't fronting,  
I'm taking everything I been always wanting,  
So I continue to peep out, in the jam will be the most blidded,  
Rob 'em in the corner bounce to the bar with they money and buy drinks with  
it,  
I stay on some real trife shit, test your life shit or even stab you on some  
knife shit,  
Fake it if you wanna fake it, if I see it, then I want it, then I take it,  
Leaving niggas ass naked,

Sometime I know it seems so shocking,  
How you the next victim to be listening of the sounds of a trigger cocking,  
All in your ears, cold steel all against your face,  
I feel your blood chilling, your heart racing at a rapid pace,  
And if you thinking that's strong,  
I dare you even to flinch wrong, fuck around,  
You feel the full five long,  
The victim contemplating what to do,  
Or how the fuck top get out of the situation that he's going through,  
This nigga tried to grab the gat, you know I started clapping,  
Bet y'all niggas wanna know how the rest of the story happened...(Fades to Outro/Intro to Things We Be Doin'  
For Money - Part 2)

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