

The Money

Mobb Deep

[Chorus:]

Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money
(Leavin' permanent scars, like getting splashed on the island)
Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money
(Gimme yours, or get your manhood taken)
Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money
(Put you on your back, send you on your way, yo good lookin)
Stop smilin', be still do nothin' but the money

[Verse 1: Havoc]

Hey yo what you wanna do with that black deuce deuce
Hit you up, take that cash you ain't slug proof dude
 Takin yours to survive
 It's only matter of time
I'm snatchin, livin grimy, runnin, never look back
 The root of evil got me acting like that
 Life ain't a game, the streets is mortal combat
 I wasn't blessed with the silver spoon
Since my born, I was doomed, confined to one room
 Now you a customer

Copping from natural born hustlas (that's what he thought kid)
 Stupid son, he get extorted

[Chorus][Verse 2: Prodigy]

Open your eyes, get wise, and look alive, pay attention
I'm manifestin, my slugs be leavin'niggas guessingTime is of the essence, and yours is runnin out fast
 You won't last, livin out your life like that
You shoulda got down with my crew, slingin cracks international
 But instead, you wanna merge with the rivals
 And moves like that could end up, homicidal
 You suicidal, and I'm (alive on arrival)
Play the drug game with precision, and never with division
 I'm tryna see addition
 Food to fill my kitchen
 Some faggot niggas snitchin givin info
 We'll do a drive by, in a stolen black pinto
With tinted windows, bullets will flurry through your system
 Your man ran, lucky for him, because we missed him
 We'll catch him on the rebound, but see now
We tryna make this money and you tryna stop me, what's it gonna be now
 You stand up to my crew and get laid down

On the ground with the big four pound
You hear the sound on the other side of town
Where caps get peeled
Break you off, love, love, give you somethin to feel
[Chorus][Verse 3: Havoc]
You don't have to tell me twice
I know when to chill when I have to
But if I have to, I'll still clap you
I'll crack through your fortress
You couldn't hold it down, so you lost it
No crew could withstand the forces
Never second guess me, just bless me
Stop smilin, bodies stackin, dead presidents pilin
We wildin, lifted, terror three sixes
They got a petition, for my conviction
Rise to the occasion
When it's time for blazin, on the 41st side
Niggas is cravin for drama, we can handle it
It ain't nothin cause we use to it
It's all good, the hood we ran through it since young
It used to be candy, but now it's guns
Stickin niggas son, my job ain't done[Chorus]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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