

Money a Do It

Juicy J

I will come creeping through your hood with that gun on my waist
Tell me what's the procedure when that gun in your face
We didn't come for no talkin' we just out here gettin' money
Out here fucking these hoes my youngins servin' them junkies
I got partners that smoke, I got bitches that sniff
I got killers and goons, and they all with the shit
Send them boys to your home, if you play with my chips
They gon' come in shoot them choppas bullet shoot through them bricks
Come in shoot up your house, come and spray up your whip
I need money my nigga, save them games for your bitch
Catch you out on the town, then you shit outta luck
I don't play in Milwaukee, but I been bout my buck, hold up I see ya got some haters, yeah money a do it
Shawty do some stands for some change, yeah a money do it
If I want a nigga dead, yeah money a do it
If I want it I'ma get it, I got money to do it I see ya got some haters, yeah money a do it
Shawty do some stands for some change, yeah a money do it
If I want a nigga dead, yeah money a do it
If I want it I'ma get it, I got money to do it Take your bitch home then I'm all up in that pussy
Old school pimpin' she ain't fuckin' with no rookie
Juicy J be cooler than a fan on a ho
Watch me take her out the club, and drop some bands on that ho (Bandz a make her dance)
Buy that bitch a bag, buy that bitch some heels
I keep her caked up nigga that's a happy meal
Full of codeine in my Styrofoam cup
I can turn a church girl into a stone cold slut
Bad red bone, puttin' on the show
No I'm not gon' wife her cuz she errbody ho
Fuckin' with them broke niggas, so what is you thinkin'?
Need to get your mind right, bitch, and come get these Franklins I see ya got some haters, yeah money a do it
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If I want a nigga dead, yeah money a do it
If I want it I'ma get it, I got money to do it Fuck niggas don't want to go to war
Got a AK and a snub nose
Shut em up, he talkin' shit
With a ski mask on, and I'm poppin' shit
Kick in the door, and I leave 'em dead

With a aim so precise, two shots to the head
One for the money, two for the feds
Lord forgive, but I mean what I said
All in your house, and I'm looking for dope
'Cause I got to get paid or else no hope
And Juicy J throw with some Taylors on the boat
Best believe a pimp nigga ain't goin broke
Ride in the car with a body in the trunk
Three niggas deep, and we rollin' up a blunt
Straight to Mississippi, sweatin' off a pill
Crazy as hell, you niggas gotta kill me
You niggas don't, wanna die, chest out, and they acting hard
Calico, and a 45, hollow tips, that pull apart
Keep it G, my G
Or you could meet your makers, body count stackin'
I was in Jamaica, with alibis
I be flyin' by bitin' down I'm flying high
Hatin' ass niggas gotta die
If they mad then I'ma let them try
I could kick a door, or I could snatch a nigga
My niggas ridin' with me, and they yellin' let's crack a nigga
North Memphis fool strapped up with a tool
Police pulled me over I'ma play it cool
I ain't going to jail (No sir)
I shoot and I run, that's how a nigga post bail

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