Money & Power

JMega

Chorus: Manny Fresh (2x)
If you could be me for an hour
Have Money and Power
Stand tall and ball and send your records to Tower
You Would love that (Hot, Hot)
You Would love that (Hot, Hot)
Baby:
Nugga ge yo shit together
Tell the homeboys, we gone shine in the rainy weather
Strap up we gon' ride tonight
Cause all I wan' do is play with hoes tonight
And my Rollies with my bezzel speak through the ice
Let my Jag drop top speak through the gold head lights
Man, I'm on an all night flight
Worth about a millie on a silly night
On the really,I'm worth about a hundred millie on a rainy night
Playboy and my game be tight
I wanna holla at my little brother L, he restin' in peace
My daddy Johnny, playa he restin' in peace
Or my momma Gladys or my sister Noreese
Man half of my family already deceased
But this baller life don't mean nothin' to me
Playa if I can't share it with my muthafuckin' family
I'ma roll with my heat and ride with my H.B.'s
And make all my hoes say the love me
Fitted hats, stayin' strap, Ree's on my feet
Ask 'Lac playboy if you don't believe me
You better stay straped rollin' in the UPT
Besides all these cars and all these broads
Holla at me playa thangs for 10 a ki
Playboy you could believe me
Chorus: Manny Fresh (2x)
Manny Fresh:
It was one summer night in the middle of June
Me and Belle blowin' blunts up under the moon
When this nigga croos the street start talkin' shit
Tellin' all his jive niggas that my music don't hit
See I payed it no matter
Every album gets hotter, than the last one partner

What's ya real reason nigga, for hatin' me man
Cause the bitch that ya wit', was datin' me man
You bout hoe shit
Keep it on the down low shit
Hoe broke and lonely don't know shit
Usually Captain Kirk a bitch
I'll rough a bitch

'Til she say, "I had enough shit"
I know ya bumpin' Cash Money, ya like Manny tracks
Got ya Sony CD pumped up to the max
You should be on Jerry Springer, 'cause nigga you the king of
Hatin' on niggaz that's keepin' it real
Big Tymers had money before the record deal
Uh, If fuckin' music don't work nigga then I still got the wheels
Hmm, How you diggin' that
How you diggin' that
How you diggin' that
Chorus: Manny Fresh (4x)
Baby:
I owe my dedication to my homeboy Manny
Cause I'd probably still be in a penitentiery
Or still sellin' yey on these dark city streets
Or duckin' these haters tryin' to visit me
Or the feds, want me to face 4 to 40 for conspiracy
Playboy this life is real to me
I'm rollin' Uptown wit' automatic artillery
All I can say s Fresh kept it real wit' me
But I know my lil B.G. could feel me
That's why I'm hollin' Chopper City in my song nigga
And you wearin' earings with bezzels 'cause I bought 'em nigga
But you the reason why I keep it real with niggaz
Juvenile came and formed this Hot Boy Clique
And Lil Weezy I know you planted the seed
And when it come I know you gon' name it after me
I owe it all to the Lord and to Suga Slim for savin' me
>From these guns, round the white
And puttin' that ron on another nigga son
And tellin' me that I can be all gravy
And tellin' me that I could save this nigga baby
And if you don't believe me playa I put it on that 99 big body Benz
And the Lord and My friends cause Cash Money out to win
Playboy you could believe that
How You Luv That Boy
Hah Nigga, How You Luv That Playa

Tell Me nigga, How You Luv That Playa
Hah Nigga, How You Luv That Playa
It's all gravy baby
Nigga been havin' shit nigga
Ridin' flossin' before we did all this shit nigga
Million dollar homes nigga
Everybody in my clique ride on chrome nigga
I don't make nah nigga wait for shit
Once we want it we gon' get that shit
Playboy you could believe that

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