

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' ye 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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