

# Money On My Brain

## Kool G Rap

Ninety five keep it live  
Yeah to make papers knahmsayin'?  
Motherfuckin' Kool G. Rap and B1  
And my motherfuckin' man Grimm  
Just comin' with somethin' to keep the brain stem

It's Big 1 son Jamaica Queens is the turf  
And I'ma exploit heaven and earth for what it's worth  
It's the MC extraordinaire the jewels glare  
The God is rare I'm takin' bitches back to my lair  
I want mines and yours, strippin' niggaz to they drawers  
No probable cause, with the chrome double 4's  
It's the Queens New Yorker with a bulletproof parka  
In eighty-four, it was Calvins and British Walkers  
Now I'm sippin' Harvey's Bristol Cream with the glock 17  
As the sirens race to the scene  
Tryin' to get dough, like Pablo, today, fuck tomorrow  
Seats for carro, as I recline in Monte Carlo  
I got the game down to a science, it's the clients  
That turn small time hustlers into giants  
Three course meal, waitin' for my appetizer  
Blowin' like a geyser, time only makes me wiser  
Paraphenalia, and material, makes the crew imperial  
I put the fear in you, sippin' beer with two  
Handlin' business properly, form a monopoly  
Storefront property, if not, another robbery  
I'm puttin' forth the effort, murder's the method  
The steak is peppered  
Son when I let off you meet your Lord and shepherd  
Bloody money gets niggaz deaded and wetted  
Don't forget it, money's the metal and my hand is magnetic

[Chorus]

I gotta flip these bricks  
'Cause bein broke drive me insane  
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain  
From O-Z's to ki's  
The triple beam brings fame to my name

Money's on my motherfuckin' brain  
Niggaz be schemed teamin'  
But still I maintain  
Money's on my motherfuckin' brain  
'Cause money and murder go hand in hand  
It ain't nothin' but a game  
Money's on my motherfuckin brain son

Cryin' hopin' God forgive me for the ones I killed  
But until still, I dry my eyes with hundred dollar bills  
Like McDonald's, makin' mills servin'  
Fuck a Landcruiser now, pulls a ? to Suburban  
Stressed out, sittin' thinkin' past bed time  
Scared can't sleep, nightmares about fed time  
Diamonds, linens, ostrich and all that  
Fat shit I'm talkin' code cause my phone's tapped  
Crackheads worship me like I'm Jesus  
Uncle Sam can't stand me cause I'm fuckin' all his nieces  
Cuties every color, who I wanna fuck next?  
Buy a new car, maybe Lamborghini trunk next  
Look at the jealousy in the eyes of the roughnecks  
Bulletproof glass just in case they wanna buck Tecs  
A large ratio in this game dies  
But I'm flippin' pies, til the Senate legalize

[Chorus]

I'm sportin' flavors and Timbs, a ninety-five Benz with the chrome rims  
Presidential Rolex, two carat diamonds with the stone gems  
Pockets filled with Gucci leather wallets designed by Gucci  
Parlay in restaurants, eatin' shrimp, scampi and sushi  
Fly minks, with icicles that blink inside Cuban links  
Lookin' ?, brothers stink, got loot like I'm doin' banks  
Hundred dollar bottles of chammy, condos in Miami  
Front row seats up at the Grammy's, the broke niggaz can't stand me  
Hold the flame low, hotel suites inside the Flamingo  
Just home by the dingos, I step up in em rockin' Kangols  
Straight up fakin' no jacks, cause all my crackshacks are jam packed  
My mad stacks, show that I'm on the right track, like Amtrak  
So stand back, 'cause I'ma make whatever it takes  
To shake Jakes, and shoot snakes, and bake more snowflake cakes than Drake's  
Cut up your grill like I'm the Barber of Seville  
Still like Gotti bodies are found inside the harbor cause I'm ill  
It's war, but no more kids are bein kidnapped, matter of fact  
Ain't with the shit black, I was young when I did that

There's dope in the Copa Cabanas, cock back the hammers  
So niggaz in pajamas get they wigs split like bananas  
Stable of hotties, niggaz with shotties catchin' bodies  
Neighborhood John Gotti with more notes than Pavarotti  
Yeah, paid as a motherfuckin' bank teller  
The Goodfella, I stay a motherfuckin' drug seller

[Chorus]

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