

Money went same as it came
Money spent, it was all pocket change
End of the day, day-traders make minimum wage
Pennies on the dollar once it's all said and paid
Penny stocks, stocking cap pulled over the face
Out of habit, the presidents facing the same way
Somebody made a killing, I just dug the grave
Capital gains, and gains (And gains, and gains)
Skim the indictment for old code names
Little Sambo grinning on a can of pomade
Dueling banjos open the stock exchange
Paper chasing, it hard to stay on the same page (It is)
"No hard feelings" the turn of phrase, Twain adapted for the stage
A lifetime in the game, now the league folding
Contracts voided, Mohamed Atta, fly in the ointment
It's hot on these streets monsieur, I might shoot a Arab
If it's hot on the beach the plug just jet to Paris

One in a million makes a killing off the curb
Nine ninety-nine thousand, nine ninety-nine in the dirt
A sign above my head to count how many patrons served
Every time the number flips somebody get what they deserve
God is watching but I guess he got a lot of cheeks to turn
Ain't no shoulder colder once the fire die from bridges burned
Keep your mind off what is mine or you'll be smilin' on a shirt
It ain't ever over 'cause the fat lady forgot the word
Rain or sleet or famine and disease, I'm in the streets steppin'
With a reason, somebody deceased dangling from each necklace
Stuck inside the belly of the beast, she forty weeks pregnant
Might pull out the hammer, hit your knees and check your reflexes
Feeling like a million bucks - all twenties
And all I got is time and I heard that this shit's money
So you can count on me if you ain't in a big hurry
If you got mouths to feed I'ma make sure they stay hungry
God bless the child that took yours and got away with it
Won't testify if he caught and holla, "They did it"
Thought all this time that he bought was what he'd take with him
Fiends take the drugs and have dreams with his face in 'em

If you want it on the arm I charge an arm and a leg
And every other body part until there's none of 'em left
They say they'll miss you when you're gone until they find out they n
ext
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