

Three for the money, two for the hustle and one for the  
Night time spread over the city like a comforter  
Prime time for the predators who come to hunt for the chumps  
Carryin' them high notes like a trumpeter  
They shoot as straight as arrows and run through the shadows  
As sons of a gun or dirty young caballeros  
With marks on they collars where they hung from the gallows  
Their lust for the dollars keep 'em red like the tarots  
Makin' fiends, influencin' people, Dale Carnegies  
With big dreams to get rich quick that fail horribly  
Now they play the avenue of Amsterdam  
With other pickpockets and thieves and gambling mans  
And they just come at all the noodles where resistance is futile  
Business as usual to blow out your wig like French Poodles  
Never-endin' pursuit of the American dream  
Winner takes everything is still a regular theme, listen

Ayo, one for the will of man, two for the kilogram  
Three for the cold killer who can still be a millionaire  
Fillin' the Frigidaire, big plates and silverware  
Where everybody eat except the one who was ill-prepared  
Due to circumstances, there's no more chances  
We was raised by wolves, grizzly bears, and panthers  
It's wild, yo, I'm surprised we ain't grown no antlers  
The whole house is fucked like Jo Jo Dancers  
It's hopeless to drift into a deep psychosis  
Do the most for just another bleak prognosis  
Out of respect for the dead, the names is changed  
When whoopie pie lit in his wig, his aim was flames  
If one thing them young boys not playin' his games  
Now that'll teach an old-timer how to stay in his lane  
I guess the moral of the story is  
Any sip you pour me is a toast to the warriors  
Who bit the dust before me, kid  
Be grateful